1915.

1915

SATURDAY, June 26. Heavy shower p.m.

Just before the shower arrived the following:
Kenny Richards
Alice M. Richards
Rosalind Richards.

The Richardsewand Duke cameby automobile, the Professor on his faithful motorcycle. Carleton A Shaw

The motor party had an adventure at the foot of the hill. The rim and tire of one hind wheel came off, and went gaily off across country. The repairing took some time, and while their machine was occupying all the road, along came another machine, very anxious to get by. Its driver tried to turn out, went too f far, and stuck in the bog. We should be sorrier for them if they hadn't been so nasty about it.

When we came down, there was Captain John, the proud proprietor of Fourway Lodge, waiting to receive us, and pumping the float to pass the time. Fourway Lodge is just beyond the north boundary of the scouting field, and there he is going to live this summer. The town of North Belgrade thinks that he is starting a rival camp, but the fact is that he was afraid that he would have to row in the Wabbler with Dome Lowell. But we shall see him pretty often, all the same. John Richards

The shower was a fine one, but after it was over things dried up enough to let us put up three tents.

Mayo arrived this afternoon, with White, one of the two new cookees. The other, Mizer, came yesterday.

Very few mosquitoes so far.

SUNDAY, June 27, Fair, Light showers p.m.

Getting to rights.Shutters coming off,float systematically pumped.It is rather warped this summer.

J.R. made a handsome table for his establishment.

The Professor went out fishing,and caught two good bass.

A.M.R. went out strawberrying,and got one good bowl.

A.M.R. and R.P. went foresting,and set out many willows and junipers.The firs that were set out last year look well, and the yew that Dr.Wynne set out by Faculty Coffee is alive.

In the afternoon an automobile hove in sight,and there was our distinguished secretary,

Russell P. Chase.

We thought he couldn't get down till Monday.Hurrah for R.P.C!

MONDAY, June 28 Fair Hot

All the rest of the tents went up to-day,and infirmary and two dormitories cleaned.Professor and Chasey did all sorts of things in the shop and the store room.Not bad for a hot day.

Late in the day the Professor caught two good bass,and A.M.R. went strawberrying and got a good bowl.(This is not yesterday's entry repeated by accident,but a whole new crop.)

Oh,Mayo made a chocolate pie!

Keep away!Keep away!

He built it up six inches high!

Keep away!Keep away! (Chorus repeat)

Hurrah for good Mayo!

We didn't keep away,however.We ate a great deal of it.

Evening boats for all hands;a great relief after a hot day's work.

TUESDAY
June 29
Fair
Warm
N.W.

We haven't so far commented on the lowness of the water,but it is not because we have not noticed it. There was very little snow last winter,March and Apri were dry.Result,the pond is as low as it usually is in August. Deep divers must look out for their heads.

Someone started to burn some brush over behind Rickford Hill this morning,and got a good fire going,that burned most of the day.We haven't heard yet how much damage was done.

Infirmary set to rights,big room and south dormitory cleaned,books all put up.As for what Professor and Chasey did in the store room,it must be seen to be appreciated.

Late in the afternoon came two automobiles,full of folks. L.E.R.,Mr.and Mrs.Charles Wiggins 2nd,Mr.Gregory Wiggins,John Wiggins,Charlie Wiggins,and last but not least,Laura Elizabeth Wiggins 2nd.Pretty fine?They aren't all going to spend the summer,but some of them are,and we mean to keep the rest as long as we can. Laura E Richards

John Gregory Wiggins Laura Elizabeth Wiggins Charles Wiggins 2nd. {John Charles Laura Elizabeth

The mosquitoes were out in full force for a while this evening,and all sort of limp and unpleasant things that die all over the table.

Professor and R.R. went fishing,and got a good bass.

WEDNESDAY, June 30
Cloudy
Warm
S.W.

A smoky sou'wester,with wind stiffening towards night. The Professor left at six o'clock for Groton.We hope he had a good ride,and wish we could have kept him longer.

To-day the eggs were put out,also the six rangeleys.We look much more civilized.

FISHING AFTERNOON.

Hornpout.
C.W.
L.E.W.
J.G.W.
20 white perch.

Who says the fishing isn't what it used to be?

A.M.R. went out after strawberries,and had good luck.

Two arrivals this afternoon,to wit: Alan Gregg
Barbara Bennett

Our faculty is accumulating fast.

We had also a call from Mr.and Mrs.Vaughan and Miss Vaughan, who motored out from,Hallowell.We had afternoon tea on the piazza, and felt very dressy.At least,some of us did.The sufferers who were rigging J.R.'s sail-boat remained in the toils till supper-time.

No mosquitoes this evening,thanks to the wind.We had a story, and some of us tried to light a match from a cigarrette,while sitting on a board balanced on a very smooth round log.It is a very nice game to watch.

THURSDAY, July 1, Rain S.W.

A steady rain; the first in a long time. It was raining when the earliest bird woke, and still at it when the last bat went to bed. Fortunately there was plenty of work to do in doors, and the more we can get into the pond the better.

A rainy day is seldom eventful, but there is one welcome event to chronicle for the afternoon, the arrival of the Chief Musician, whose signature follows below. Pretty nice to have him back again.

Twining Lyman

In the evening we had a story and a rousing game of Mythology. J.R. spent the night in the South, as he thought it would be damp going back through the woods.

FRIDAY, July 2, Frequent showers, Variable.

We tried to think that it was clearing, but take it altogether, it was a wet day.

In the afternoon the three little Wigginses went in to Gardiner, under the care of their good nurse and Miss Bennett. Their Ma is to stay a day longer.

It was too wet to be good fishing, but late in the afternoon a strawberry party, A.M.R., R.R., and T.L., went out and got a big bowl full. There were really enough for a few second helps.

This afternoon arrived the Master of the Short, Mr. G.E. Abbot. Running the Short seems to go in the Abbot family.

Music, a story, and Hearts made up a delightful evening, though the rain kept up at frequent intervals.

SATURDAY, July 3, Rainy. Variable.

This morning it frankly pored.We tried to think that it was a shower,because there was some thunder,but it kept right on.

J.G.W. left in the rain,to catch the morning train.We hope that he may come down later in the summer.

The great feat of the morning was Mr.Gregg's heroic dealing with the drain-pipe,which had taken this opportunity to get plugged. He lay in the rain half the morning,doing strange things with a long wire,in the face of most horrid smells,and got the thing clear. It was agreat relief to everybody to know that it was all right.

Arhhur Terry,our new prefect,arrived late in the morning,bringing Chanler Chapman.Guido and Raoul Pantaleoni came over by boat from the Mills with their mother.We put all the signatures together,though, as it is handier.

The rain prevented us from doing some things that we should have liked to do,but we got on so well that at four o'clock most of us were sitting on the piazza having a cup of tea!Think of it,the day camp opened.

The roads,after three days of rain,were horribly heavy,but at last the wagons came in sight,toiling slowly along.Jamesy was first up over the bank,with the rest close behind,and soon the water was full of boys of all sizes,from Sammy Hun to Pierpont Stackpole.

Sammy and Harry Cross are half-past niners now;a weighty addition to that honorable body.

Gus Aspinwall and Foster Batchelder are prefects.Don't leave your things about,or they will get after you.

The trunks made a record performance;only one missing.Poor Piggy!

Killian Lansingh is not coming till Monday,but everyone else is now here.

Louis C. Jackson

Arthur Lemy Jr

Leonard M. Van Stone

Charles F. Batchelder Jr.

Augustus Aspinwall.

Wm. L. Payson

Roger Coolidge

Lewis Thompson

John D. Leland

Ranlet Miner

Tom Curtis

John H Fay

Robert S. Paine Jr

Thomas D. Bennett

Nicola Pantaleoni Jr.

Hugh Whitney

J. D. Wheelock.

F. G. Bonis.

H. H. Whittemore

E. P. Wheeler

C B Newbold.

C. A. Chapman

Raoul Pantaleoni.

J. J. Hollister Jr.

Prescott Bradlee

Philip S. Parker Jr.

Hugh R. Parrish

H Pelham Curtis

S. G. Houghton

E. A. Hoffman.

[illegible] Carvill

John Corning.

Lindsley Austin

Samuel H. Hunt

Gordon Abbott

P. F. Sturges, Jr.

Andrew G. Carey.

Robert Winthrop

Harry K Cross.

John D. Houghton

James R Reynolds

J. Arnold Lowell, Jr.

Laurence James.

Killian V. R Lansingh.

SATURDAY (cont'd.) After supper there was much unpacking.There was also a good deal of experimenting to see how much the new hammock would stand.It appears to be tough as well as roomy.

At quarter of eight we started for Jerusalem,according to time-honored custom.There were two trips,and Foster Batchelder won both.The second was remarkable,being a tie between him and Parrish, which had to be played off.

After the second trip we hadn't time for a third,so we had one round of "Monkey in Sight".The monkey puzzled some ofus a good deal, as it was on R.P.C.'s finger,and he doesn't often wear one.

Then came a story,followed by table-setting,faculty meeting, and bed.

But bed was very late for two people.The Skipper went in to Gardiner at seven by motor,taking Mrs.Wiggins with him;she to go to her young family,he to attend an important meeting.He returned with Miss Bennett,also by motor,at half-past two in the morning! The roads were very bad,and in the dark they took a wrong turn,and went east of Messalonskee instead of west.But they got here safely, and the cheerful chauffeur went back to Gardiner.

GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

L & B

N. R.

T. T.
A. U. R.
Z. E. W.
H. H. R.
J. R.

1900

S. C. Bennett Jr
John W. Simmons
W. A. G
1901

Eliot Farley
"Tuck" Carter
Charles Woodbury Barron Jr.
F. W. Barton
1902

Philip W. Simmons
Abbot Stevens

1903
Henry Jan Eyck Berry
George Colton Moore
Barbara Bennett
Roger W. Bennett
1905

Edward Harding
R. G. Henderson

1907.
Russell P. Chase.

1908
J. Amory Jeffris
S. E. Peabody.
Asher E. Hinds

1909

W. G. Rice Jr.
Oakes A. Ames

1910
Prescott H. Wellman
Charles E. Ames
Hallowell Davis
Rosamond V. Bennett

1906
Henry W. Lynn
Geo. Abbot

1911
A. F. Jackson.

1912
Twining Lyman

1904
J. R. Abbot
Arthur Sweeney

WESTERN UNION

TELEGRAM

Form

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, VICE-PRESIDENT NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT BELVIDERE BROOKS, VICE-PRESI

RECEIVED AT HOTEL BRUNSWICK, 520 BOYLSTON ST.

110 B R 12

YU NEW MAVEN CT 530PM

HENRY RICHARDS

301 PIERCE BLDG COPLEY SQR

MAY ECSTATIC RAPTURE RULE YOUR WASSAIL ELI ABSENTEE

TELEGRAPHICALLY HAILS ENVIED REUNIONERS

L Z

620P

GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

The reunion this year was a wonder. Look at the list on the preceding page. We made it as much like a Sunday picnic as possible, with tin cups, and doughnuts on two real doughnut sticks, which Mr. Dick brought from Groton in his motor.

Some came late, from dinners, and others left early, for dances. Some of these grand folk came in dress suits, and were properly scoffed at. F.M.B. left early for another reason, to catch the Portland train. A certain young lady lives in Portland.

We had supper, story, games, and songs, and all were abundant and good. Here's to our next merry meeting.

John Simons was married December 5.,and is living in Springfield.

Lyneham Crocker was married to Mary Thorndike,June 1.

Mr.Barton was married onhis birthday,June 19,to Miss Anna Davis.Captain Jack and Captain John were ushers,and the Skipper,A.M.F.,and R.R.,all went to the wedding.

Eliot Bacon was married on June 5 to Miss Hope Norman.

Tudor Richards,Mr.Dick's third boy,arrived this spring. It looks as if he would be bigger than either of his brothers judging from the way he is growing.

Anna Gardiner was married to Roger Draper in December, and a few weeks layer he left for the front.When we last heard he was on his way to the Dardanelles.

Marcel Gourd joined the French army last summer.

Victor Chapman enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French army last fall,and has been at the front ever since.

Lawrence Hemenway has been serving in Paris with the American Ambulance Hospital Motor Corps.

Dr.Tobey sailed June 22 for England,with the Harvard surgical unit,for service in London hospitals.

Mr.Pat Barton is head of the Hillsborough school,near San.Francisco.

Russell Chase,Lawrence Hemwnway,and Harry Parkman graduated from Harvard this year.Parkman is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Henry Hun entered the Harvard Medical School last fall.

Maynard Rees has been ill this year,but hopes to enter

the Harvard Medical School in September.

Eliot Farley stroked the Harvard Alumni crew,which won at New London this year.

De Witt Peltz and Francklyn Lawrence entered Yale last fall. Lawrence stroked the Yale freshman crew,which also won at New London.

Howard McHenry,who graduated from Yale last year,is in St.Louis, with the Southern Railroad.

Edward Pousland is in Portland,Oregon,with the Cattle Loan Co.

Ten Eyck Perry is in London,studying for a thesis at the British Museum.

Hal Davis entered Harvard in the fall.He and Francis Perkins were in the first group in examination honors.There were only twelve in the group,so it means a good deal.Francis has been at Oxford this year.

Mr.Hackett has come back from Colon,and is at present in California.

R.E.Andrews died in Brookline,May 22.The Log owed a great deal to him in its early years.

Gus Thorndike graduated from the Country Day School this spring. He was captain of the football team last fall.

Gus Aspinwall graduated from Volkmann's this spring.He was captain of the football team last fall.

Bill Platt graduated from St.Mark's this spring.He was captain of the football team last fall.

Hamilton Coolidge and Charlie Fuller graduated from Groton this spring,Charlie was captain of the baseball team,and Hamilton

was senior prefect and captain of the football team.

Hamilton Coolidge and Bill Platt are both at the military camp at Plattsburg this summer.

Russell Chapin has been at Milton Academy this spring.

Ned Billings stroked the Roxbury Latin second crew,and rowed two in the first crew in the race for the championship of Greater Boston.This race was won by the Noble's crew.

Foster Batchelder rowed in the Noble's first four and eight. He has points enough to get into college now,but is going back for another year.He is now captain of the crew.

Francis Leland coxed the Noble's eight and second four.The school won six rowing championships in ten days.

George Cutler has finished his course at Noble's.

George Abbot played second base on the nine this spring.

J.P. Abbot is drawing the plans for a house in North Andover. He and Dale Stevens hope to get to San Francisco in the fall.

Abbot Stevens,Gardner Coolidge,and Bill Houghton are all out West this summer;not together.

Eleanor Browne is on a ranch in Montana, and is coming home by way of the expositio and the Yellowstone.She has been teaching all the year at Miss Madeira's school in Washington.

P.W.Timons is in a paper mill near Springfield.

SUNDAY July 4 Early shower, clearing. S.W.

The early shower was very slight,and by service time it was a lovely day.Swim wad splendid,and the following passed the test:: A.T.,Abbot,Bemis,Chapman,Coolidge,G.Pantaleoni,Parrish Payson,Hollister,Hoffman,Thompson,Wheeler,Wheelock,and Winthrop.

Several others who wanted to try were left over for lack of time.After all, we cannot swim all day.

At dinner we had flags in our Washington Pie,and "surprise oranges" to liven things up.

After dinner Mrs.Richards began "Julius Caesar".

PICNIC TO HEMLOCK POINT.

CAUGHCOMGOMOC.	WORROMONTOGUS.	ABOLOCKAMEGUS.	EBENEZER.	IDENTICAL.
Leland	Carey	A.M.R.	Hun	R.Pantaleoni
Austin	Paine	P.Curtis	Lowell	Parrish
G.Pantaleoni	Bennett	James	Wheeler	Sturges
G.E.A.	R.P.C.	A.A.	C.W.	T.L.

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	TERROR.	EREBUS.
Stackpole	Whitney	J.Houghton	Miner	Coolidge
Reynolds	Fay	Fairchild	Cross	Hollister
Wheelock	A.G.	A.T.	S.Houghton	Parker
C.F.B.	L.E.R.	R.R.	L.C.Z.	Whittemore.

OUANANICHE.

B.B.	Abbot
Chapman	Bemis
Corning	Hoffman
Payson	Thpmpson
T.Curtis	L.M.V.S.

H.R.
Newbold (pass)
Winthrop (pass)

Conditions could not have been better,and we reached Hemlock Point in good time and good order.On our way we met J.R. in the "Bob White",sailing gaily along.

Most of the company went right up to the field,for "Wolf",with wild strawberries in the pauses of the game.The mosquitoes were rather bad, but the strawberries made up for them.

We had time for some singing,and when we got home there was a good half hour of hymns,followed by "The Missionary Sheriff".

MONDAY, July 5,. Rain, clearing p.m. Not a very auspicious sort of day.We tried to pretend that it was only fog,but the mist grew heavier and heavier.The climax came in afternoon reading,when the rain drove right in at every window,and we had to shut them all.

Still,we set off a good many crackers,and several people found out that modern developments have made the torpedo,which used to be given to infants and invalids,a rather formidable weapon.Two packages went off in pockets, and Jack Hollister had one go off in his fingers.

And when Harry Cross's trunk came,it was full of sawdust and torn paper,where his torpedoes had burst.Reprot says that Mr.Williams,down at the station was in a fine state of mind when they began to pop.

At afternoon reading we had"Zadoc Pine".Some day we are going to ask G.E.A. to pass an exhibition exam in this story.

As soon as the decks were cleared,we began Progressive Ping-pong, with following results:

SENIOR TABLE.	JUNIOR TABLE.
G.E.A. beat A.A.	T.Curtis beat Austin.
G.E.A. beat Cross.	R.Pantaleoni beat P.Curtis.
G.E.A. beat A.A.	T.Curtis beat Austin.
G.E.A. beat L.M.V.S.	Austin beat R.Pantaleoni.
L.M.V.S. beat G.Pantaleoni.	T.Curtis beat R.Pantaleoni.
A.A. beat G.E.A.	Austin beat T.Curtis
	R.Pantaleoni beat Austin.

By this time the sun was out,so all hands went up to the field for Soccer.No,not quite all.L.C.Z.,Parker,Carey,and Payson went over for the mail in a canoe.

The score of the game was 1-1.It was a lively one,and every one was ready for the swim which followed.

Two arrivals this afternoon,and thereby hangs a tale.The wagon went to the station to get"a passenger".So when Francis Leland got off the train,the driver took him aboard and came along.But that left Killian Lansingh alone by the sad sea waves.We sent right back for him,and he

MONDAY (cont'd.) wasn't so very late after all,as he got a lift part of the way in a friendly Ford.Here are the signatures of both gentlemen,and glad we are to see them. Edmund Francis Leland Jr.

Just after supper there was a little shower,which gave us a wonderful rainbow.It was perfect a semi-circle as you would often see,and very bright

When it was dark enough the fireworks.We didn't need to worry about setting the grass on fire,and by keeping carefully on rubber blankets and pantuscles we avoided rheumatism.

We have never had better fireworks.Everything went well,except one bad tempered object which tipped over,and no one got blown up.The rockets were superb,and there were one or two parachutes,which are always fun.

The wheels,big and little,wre gorgeous;and the sparklet brigade was in great form,whether doing gymnastics,planting hedges,or turning out their toes.

Taps was a fine performance,with three circles.And so ended a Fourth that was fine in spite of the weather.

-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-

A TALE OF A TRUNK.

Why is the station crowded?
What makes this stir and din?
Is it a train arriving?
Has someone fallen in?

The baggage-room re-echoes
To sounds ofdread and fesr;
The stalwart station-master
Shakes in his shoes to hear.

And when he opes the portal,
He shakes still more to see
A bulky trunk, that bounds about
As in unwieldy glee.

It leaps and dances wildly,
By some strange forcewithin.
"Ak me!" the station-master cries,
"The Germans, sure as sin!"

But when he learned the secret,
His anxious tremors sunk.
The noise that had his feelings racked
Was caused because our Piggy packed
Torpedoes in his trunk.

A.M.P.

Please excuse irregularities. I am not used to this type-writer, and the regular one is out of order.

TUESDAY, July 6, Fair, Cool, N.W.

This morning Skipper began to tell us about boats, beginning with the construction of the birch canoe. Then L.E.R. read us the week's war news from the Outlook, and began ~~"Through the Dark Continent"~~. The Memoirs of Robert-Houdin.

The yard squad had a big job to-day. But interesting things happen, even in the back yard. Bobby Paine found a fossil just outside the back door of the North Dormitory which is different from any that have been found here before. It had a cone-shaped hole running in half an inch, neatly spiralled.

The hog-frame squad is going through the whole line of tents; and when they get through we shall have no more flapping tent flies.

By swim time it was too rough for swimming tests, but a grand day for canoe practice, and the Squannacook was kept busy.

At afternoon reading we went on with "Woodstock". It should have been mentioned that we began it yesterday, after finishing "Zadoc Pine".

FIRST BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
7.5 CENTIMETRES VS. HOWITZERS.

We have never had an opening game with a closer score. Often things get slack toward the end, and the runs go soaring up into two figures. But 8-7 is decidedly close. Most of the runs came one at a time, and the score was tied four times.

The game was won in the eighth. Lowell, running for T.L., took advantage of a dropped third strike to get round to third, and was scored by C.W. G.E.A. followed with a two-bagger, scoring C.W., and crossed the plate himself a moment later.

The Howitzers made one run in the ninth, but their chances were ended when Bennett made the only outfield catch of the game.

The retrieving squad did good work down the bank collecting balls. It is fine when people hop right up and look for the ball without being told to .

TUESDAY, (cont'd.)

BUSH LEAGUE GAME.
TADS VS. POLES.

This game was not so close,as the score will show.The Tads seemed to be unable to connect with Cross's pitching,while their various pitchers were rather easy to hit.But practice will improve things.

After supper it was"Games on the Hill",as most of us had expected.The opening game was a lively, one,and inspite of the cool evening,many came down at quarter of eight mopping their manly brows..

The only trouble with the game of"Spin the Platter" which followed was that we spun it too well,so there were not so many forfeits as usual. Still, the redeeming brought some unsuspected talent.John Houghton,though he can't sing,can sit and on one leg for an indefinite period.like the old person of Cromer.

Carey balanced a chair with a dash and boldnes thatthreatened serious consequences to the spectators ,and Miner played a brief but interesting piano solo with his nose.

S.Houghton and Austin danced a Russian ballet,wich we have no doubt rivalled the best that Muscovy could produce.

In the match race Austin beat Carey,bya number of lengths."e don't feel sure whether it ought to be lengths of the nose,or of the whole person.It would make a difference in the figures.

Then came volunteer spider races.

Parker beat Lowell. Bemis beat Stackpole.
Coolidge tied Winthrop,but when they tried again Winthrop won.
Wheelock beat Lansingh,or P.Curtis,we are not sure which.The last two races were hard to judge,as Skipper was just coming to send the racers to bed.

The half-past nimers finished"The Missionary Sheriff",and then had a lively game of"Earth ,Air,and Water."

7.5 Centimetres vs. Hamilton of July 6 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
7	4		1	A. A.	2	◇		◇		K		F-3						4	2	2	
8	0		2	T. L. *	3	K		8 1-3			◇		◇					4	2	0	
0	6		3	C. W.	1	K		K			8 3		◇					4	1	1	
6	2		4	G. E. A.	6	◇			◇		◇		◇					3	3	2	
3	2		5	A. T.	4	K			(K) 2-3		8 3		K					4	0	0	
2	0		6	Lowell	5		K		(K) 2-3				2					3	0	1	
0	0		7	G. Pant.	7		K		8 5		K		F-3					4	0	0	
1	0		8	Bennett	8		K			8 1		8 3						3	0	0	
0	0		9	Austin	9		-	K		3		3-1						3	0	0	
			10																		
			11																		
27	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	0	1	1	0	2	0	3					32	8	6	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				1	7			2		
						1-b. on errors.				

* Lowell scores.

Hamilton vs 7.5 Centimetres of July 6 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. bits.
12	2		1	A. G.	2	K		8 4		8 5		◇		F-6				5	1	2	
1	2		2	Parker	5	(K) 2-3		◇		2-6		◇		◇				5	3	1	
1	0		3	R. P. C.	6		7 6-2				1-6	6-4		8 1-3				4	0	3	
2	4		4	L. M. V. S.	1	8 5					◇							5	1	3	
8	2		5	L. C. J.	3		◇		◇					F-8				3	2	3	
0	0		6	R. Paul.	9		K		8 3		K	F-3						4	0	0	
0	0		7	Parrish	4		K		3				K					4	0	1	
0	0		8	F. Leland	7		03		4				8 3					4	0	0	
0	0		9	Bennis	8			8		8		8 3	1					4	0	0	
			10																		
			11																		
24	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	1	1	1	0	1	2	0	1				40	7	13	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base bits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
				2	14			5		
						1-b. on errors.				

vs. Pilot ... of July ... at ...

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	Wheelock	5		8			1-2	K		◇	◇	K
2	Fay	3	◇	◇	8 1-3		◇	8 1-3		◇	◇	
3	[illegible]	7	◇	◇	8 4		◇	◇		◇	◇	
4	Cross	1	8 1	8 3	8 3		8 1-3	1-3			◇	
5	T. Quinn	2	◇	◇		◇	◇		◇	8 3	◇	
6	Winthrop	9	8 3			K	◇		8 1	8 3	◇	
7	[illegible]	8	◇	8 1		8 1	◇		◇	8 1-3	◇	
8	[illegible]	4	K	◇		◇	K		K		K	K
9	[illegible]	6		◇		K		8 3	3		◇	◇
10												
11												
	Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	4	6	0	1	3	2	2	4	3	4

vs. ... of ... at ...

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	[illegible]	2			K		◇		K			
2	[illegible]	9	K		K		◇					
3	[illegible]	4	K			K	◇					
4	[illegible]	6	K			K	◇					
5	[illegible]	3		K		◇						
6	[illegible]	7		8 3		K		K				
7	[illegible]	5		K			◇					
8	[illegible]				◇		K		K			
9	[illegible]	1			◇		K					
10	[illegible]											
11												
	Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

WEDNESDAY, July 7, Fair, S.W.

This morning Whitney and Fairchild passed the swimming test in good form. Newbold looks like the next man.

A weeding squad began work on the blackberry patch. The withgrass is fierce, but they made an impression on it.

The first boiling of bathing-suits and towels came this morning.

-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-.-

SUNDRY STUNTS.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	ARKLET.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.
L.E.R.	R.R.	H.R.	P.Curtis	Paine	T.L.
Carey	Lowell	F.Leland	C.F.B.	A.T.	A.G.
Hollister	Fairchild	Payson	L.C.Z.	Parrish	L.M.V.S.
Whitney	S.Houghton	Bennett	Coolidge	T.Curtis	Corning
		James	Lansingh	BBmis	Abbot

OUANANICHE.

C.W.

		IDENTICAL.
G.E.A.	R.P.C.	Wheelock
Chapman	A.M.R.	A.A.
Austin	Fay	Parker
Cross	Reynolds	J.Leland
Hun	G.Pantaleoni	Winthrop

B.B.,
Stackpole
R.Pantaleoni
Thompson
J.Houghton

The Yammerschooner and the Pantasote went over to Gleason's shore, where L.E.R. and R.R. made some calls, while the rest visited the hatchery. They found the wind lively, and were not wholly dry, but came and went in good time and good condition.

The Ouananiche and the other four rangeleys went to Oak Island, and had three ten-minute games of scouting. We give the score card on the next page.

T.L., L.C.Z., R.P.C., and G.E.A. acted as patrols, partly to see that no one got lost, and partly to observe the new players. C.W. chaperoned the Ouananiche, as there was no possible harbor for her. He finally had to anchor her.

As will be seen, the first game was very uneven. The Cherokees started with a rush, and were killed to the last man. Two youthful Micmacs

WEDNESDAY finding no enemies left to kill,began with their own side,
(cont'd.)
and were responsible for at least two murders,if not three.

In the second game the Cherrokees profited by experience,and beat by twelve shots to seven.

Then the Mic macs got annoyed,and came back,with three runs to one.

Altogether it was a good start.Some of the new boys show already that they have got the idea,and will do good work"when Algonquin and Iroquois meet on the field." Here are some figures::

Bemis.....shot 5,killed twice,1 run.
Wheelock.....shot 3,killed twice.
Corning.....shot 5,killed twice.
Wheeler.....killed twice,2 runs.
Miner.....shot 3,killed twice,1 run.

Among the veterans,A.A. heads the list,with eleven shots,two runs, and three times killed.

Micmacs

	1			2			3		
A.A.	X	∴	/	X			X	∴	/
L.M.V.S.			/	X				·	
Parker			/		·			··	/
P. Curtis	X	··	/		·		X		
J. Leland	X	·	/	X			X		
Payson	X	·			·		X		
Crois	X	··		X				··	/
Fay									
Bemis		··	/	X	··		X	·	
Wheeler	X		/	X					/
Coolidge				X					
Chapman		·		X			X	··	
Thompson				X			X	·	
Miner		··	/	X			X	·	
Burges								·	
Winthrop				X	·		X		
Abbot			/	X			X		
	6	17	9	12	6		10	1	4

WEDNESDAY
(cont'd.)

Cherokees

	1			2			3		
C. F. B.	X			X			X	...	/
A. G.	X	.		X			X		
A. T.	X				.		X	.	
Austin	X				.		X	.	
G. Pantaleoni	X						X	.	
T. Curtis	X						X		
Corning	X	.			..		X	..	
Hun	X	.			.		X	.	
Reynolds	X			X	..		X	.	
P. Pantaleoni?	X						X		
Parrish	X			X			X		
Whittemore	X				..		X		
Stackpole	X			X			X	.	
Wheelock	X				...		X		
J. Houghton	X								
Newbold	X			X			X		
Hoffman	X			X			X		
	17	3	0	7	12		16	11	1

The crew of the Arklet spent most of the afternoon on shore, cleaning the aquarium of leaves and rubbish, and making it tidy. Then they went over to Cook's beach, and brought back fresh sand. The next step will be water, followed by plants and mussels. After that it will be ready for the fish to set up housekeeping.

After supper there was a brief interval of games on the hill, and then we came in for our

FIRST SING-SONG.
PROGRAMME.

1.	Nonsense Rhymes.	B.B., L.C.Z., A.G., R.P.C., A.A.
2.	Graduates' Song.	Faculty and Prefects.
3.	Duett	T.L., A.M.R.
4.	Choruses.	John Peel, Camp Chantey, Camptown Races.
5.	Song.	A.G.
6.	Stunt, "Widdecombe Fair."	Fairchild, Stackpole, A.T., Whitney, T. Curtis, S. Houghton, Payson, Hollister, Thompson, Wheelock
7.	Stunt, "Inspection."	C.W., T.L., G.E.A.

CAMP SONG.

WEDNESDAY (cont'd.) It seemed odd to begin without our historic overture, but we hope that by and by we shall have it again.

The illustrated rhymes were splendid. A.G. as the "virulent bull" would have terrified any young lady less valiant than R.P.C., who in spite of pink dress and black lace hat showed the courage of an Amazon.

B.B. endured the shutting in the door with cheerful calm.

The rudeness of A.A. as the old person of Buda was painful to see. We shouldn't have dared to let the younger boys see it, except for the speedy retribution which follows.

As for A.G. as the young lady of Lucca, he was truly an amazing damsel. The final running up a tree was enough to disturb the people of Lucca very much.

The duett was one of the best of the Haydn symphonies. We are sorry for the poor people who have an idea that music began in the late nineteenth century.

A.G. sang us a song about a little pig that is one of the best things we have had in a long time. We want it again, and yet again.

The first stunt was our familiar "Widdecombe Fair", in full action. The scene began with Tam Pearse smoking his pipe, in the doorway of his Dartmoor farm. To him enter Stackpole, to borrow the grey mare. A.T.'s length made him a particularly good person to take this quadrupedal part. Then followed Bill ~~Be~~ Brewer and company, fat and thin, with Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh bringing up the rear. It is hard to say which part they did best, but perhaps it was the death scene, when one by one they all burst into tears. And last came the mournful procession of ghosts, headed by the mare, with "skirling and groans" proper to such a tragic occasion. The full cast is given in the programme.

Dormitory Inspection is such a serious matter that we are glad to know just how it is done. We saw three cubicles, marked "Dutchman", "Proxy", and "J.J. James". Then in came C.W., T.L., and G.E.A., armed with flashlights, and searched, with

WEDNESDAY (cont'd.) eagle eyes.The Dutchman got a pig because his shoe was sticking its tongue out.Prexy had left his comb without parting it in the middle.And Jamesy got the biggest pig of all,almost as big as Harry Cross, because the label on his trunk showed that he had crossed on the Allan Line.

So,with the Camp Song,anded a splendid sing-song.

What did the half-past niners do next,you ask?Why,they were only -playing"Boston".And they smashed neither chairs nor limbs,which was doing well.You see we have now Hunny and Piggy i n the circle,and they fill it very full.And when C.W. is roused,he is fierce.

The people who mistook A.T. for James,and Cross for C.F.B.,need a course in observation.We wod't say who they were,for fear they might be embarrassed..

Boston

Hunny kicked him when they met,
Jumping from the chair he sat in,
You who keep the log and get
Things to write about, put that in !
Say he's fat or say he's bad,
Say that Mr. Wiggins kicked him,
Say he pulled a beard, but add,
Hunny kicked him. T.L.

THURSDAY, July 8, Rain. Wind light, variable. Rain hardly expresses it.Itwas a deluge.The only change was when it stopped raining hard,in order to rain harder.We needed webbed feet; especially people who stepped out of the Tutorium in the evening.

Knot and carpentry squads were popular,yet there were out of door squads too.One crew went up to our north boundary,and rafted down logs for fence rails and keg frames..

The depesters all said"Ping-pong tournament".But since Foster Batch became a prefect,and has given up his office of depester-in-chief,the art of doping has fallen off a little.The following list was posted,as for an expedition:

ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	WORR.	RIP.
G.E.A.	L.C.Z.	C.W.	H.R.	Parker
Fairchild	Parrish	P.Curtis	Hoffman	Reynolds
Wheeler	James	Bemis	Hollister	Bennett
G.Pantaleoni	Fay	Hun	Carey	Lowell

YAMMERSCHOONER.

A.G.			
Cross			
Pain e			
S.Houghton			

LAND PARTIES.

R.P.C.	T.L.	A.A.	
Payson	R.Pantaleoni	Austin	
Winthrop	J.Houghton	Sturges	
Corning	Stakpole	Whittemore	
T.Curtis	Newbold	J.Leland	
A.T.	C.F.B.		
Wheelock	Lansingh		
Coolidge	Whitney		
Chapman	Miner		
Abbot	Thompson		

But this was not exactly an expedition,neither was it sundry stunts,for all were to do the same thing .All were to go out an d try to build a fire and boil a kettle of water.We did it last year,or at least some of us did, on a day when it had been raining hard and had stopped,but this was playing Prometheus with a vengeance.We give an account of what happened partly from observation,partly from the reports of the various captains.By the way,the head of each party simply timed and observed.He did not coach .

A.G.'s crowd went to Oak Island in the Yammerschooner.They made the best time of all,for they took only an hour and five minutes from the time of landing to the time of boiling.From the first match to boiling point was

THURSDAY thirty-four minutes.
(cont'd.)

A.A.and his men started on foot,and picked out an overhang of the bank,just at the edge of the little slide by the path.Here they dug a hole, and Leland hung the kettle on a root.Incidentally he dumped it once.They used dry roots and birch-bark to advantage,finding a wet shingle and soaked poplar punk not so good.Their time was one hour,ten minutes,and six seconds to boiling,but they made no tea,as so much dirt had fallen into the kettle that the water looked like soup. They used seven matches.

G.E.A.'s gang went to Oak,and had the luck to fall right into a good camping-place.They had Guide's rubber blanket,and spent thirty-five minutes collecting fuel before they lighted anything. They had a two-quart dipper instead of a pail,so it could not be hung,and holding it was a painful job, especially after the handle melted off.They boiled water in one hour, thirteen minutes,on their first match,and had tea a minute and a half later. Ten minutes more gave them a lean-to which was big enough for one man,for Guide crawled in to prove it.

H.R. and his merry men also went to Oak,and landed in the little cove on the east side of the south end.They pitched their poncho first,and then began collecting rather peculiar fuel;wet leaves,a rotten hemlock stump,etc. But when they got to birch bark things went better,and with their eighth match they got going.Their kettle boiled in one hour and sixteen minutes,and four minutes later they were drinking tea in their lean-to.

Parker and company sped away up the shore past Fairway Lodge,and picked a place under the overhang of the bank.They had an anxious time,as it was not till the tenth match that they got fire that would really go. But they boiled their kettle in one hour and twenty-six minutes,not to mention forty seconds,and had their tea with great satisfaction.

L.C.Z. followed the prevailing nautical fashion,and went to Oak Island. They got their fire going in twenty-three minutes,on their first match,but

THURSDAY, (cont'd.) it was evidently not a very large fire at first,as it took them an hour and five minutes more to get their kettle boiling.Their total time was one hour,twenty-seven minutes..

C.W. went to Gleason's,under the generalship of Munny,who stood in the and told people what to do.They kept a fire six inches high going for about forty-five minutes ,but di n't get their kettle slung at all.One of their difficulties was wet sand,which got all over everything.

R.P.C.'s men liked the idea of the overhanging bank,and went down on the beach.They used up all their matches,prtly because they scratched them on wet trees.One of the crew waded into the pond to look for fuel,and another was keeping an eye out for interesting bugs.They then adjourned to the woods to try again,and got two fires going,one after another.The first ran up so high in the split tree that they had chosen that they had to put it out.At the suggestion of R.P.C.they tried scratching matches on their trousers,and found that it could be done..

A.T. also had a place under the bank,too steep to be convenient. His crew began with red pine bark,while Chapman whittled sticks into a wet rain coat.They struck their matches on a knife blade,and soon used them all up. Wheelock also used his finger up,more or less,and had to go home for repairs. A second ten matches went a bit better,but they had no chance to try a kettle,. as there was not room for it.

T.L.'s band did very well,except that they got no fire.They had a hard time to get a bucket,and finally had to go up to Four-way Lodge and borrow a lard-pail from J.R.They made a good hole for a fireplace,into which the water ran. Finding that one match did not light very well,they tried two together,and put out the result with wet fuel.After trying twenty-one extra matches,they turned their attention to tree study, and learned to spot four kinds,besides telling the difference between red and waite pine..

C.F.B.'s people settled in the ping grove,where they experimented with wet pine needles and damp poplar punk,crumbling it fine.They put a mat over the

THURSDAY (cont'd.) fireplace to keep the water in, and Duke drank all the water in their pail. Owing to these facts, they did not get very far.

The Fireless Cooker

What is he doing, the great god Hun,
There at the edge of the forest?
Making a noise like a gatling gun,
Crashing and stamping with feet like a horse,
And shaming to sad and complete remorse
The bear in the dark, wet forest.

He tore out a tree, the great god Hun,
From its bed of moss in the forest;
The scudding clouds shut out the sun,
And the broken bushes shook with woe,
And the bear had beat it long ago
Far into the dark, wet forest.

Hard by the shore sat the great god Hun,
While turbidly grew the forest;
And hacked and hewed like anyone,
With his wobbly knife at the patient tree,
Till there was not the sign of a leaf, by Zoe,
To prove it fresh from the forest.

He cut it up, did the great god Hun,
(How tall it stood in the forest)
Then he skinned the bark as he ate his teeth were one,
Steadily from the inside trunk,
And notched the wet and sodden punk
In holes, as he stood in the forest.

"This is the way" laughed the great god Hun,
(Laughed as he stood in the forest)
"The only way since gods begun
To make a fire they could have thunk".
Then dropping a match to the rain-soaked punk,
He blew in power in the forest.

Blow, blow, blow, O Hun,
Blow like the deuce in the forest!
Hang it! Blow! O great god Hun!
The clouds in the heavens forgot to scud,
The bushes laughed, and through the mud,
The bear came back to the forest.

Done, ~~half-done~~ (cured) is the great god Hun,
Who grunts as he blows in the forest,
For his fire is always underdone;
And the woodsmen sigh for the work and pain
Of the Dutchman who blows with might and ~~main~~
On sodden punk in the forest!!

T. L.

THURSDAY (cont'd.) One energetic party was not scheduled.B.B. and Francis Leland went out on the point,where they got a kettle boiling in forty-five minutes. They not only made tea,but baked potatoes,and had a regular party.

By the time supper was over it was raining so hard that we went out to the Infirmary for"Digestion Club". We began"Mrs.Leeks and Mrs.Alexaine,"which went merrily.The pond in fron of the Infirmary was a serious matter to deal with ,but we put in a box for an island,and none of us got much wetter than we had been already.

, The towel game warmed everybody up ,and after half an hour of it we had reports of the afternoon's performances.Their was not time to hear from everybody,and the tutors were otherwise engaged,which is why some of our notes are less full than others..

Then we began" The Vanished Messenger",which began with an account of the weather we were having.And then we splushed to our tents and dormitories.

The northeast wind was fierce up on the hill,and the flies of the Crows' Nest and the Mammoth Cave played wild tunes.L.C.Z. got up went out,and tried to improve matters,but apparently he and the fly came very near blowing away together..

So ended a damp but exciting day.

FRIDAY. July 9, Heavy rain early, clearing before swim. N.W., fierce.

Somewhere in the small hours the wind turned the corner, and by half-past six the waves were coming in high. The boats, already half-filled with the rain, made heavy weather of it. The Pantasote swamped first, and before long two more followed suit. But by eight the rain was over.

Not the wind, though. The mail crew found it advisable to land in the mouth of Damren's stream, and got very wet coming home. By eleven it was blowing a living gale. Three valiant men tried the canoe test, but couldnot get very far, while the two rowboats that acted as escort and stake-boat had a lively time. It was such a wind as we do not often see.

There were wash-outs reported on the railroad, and there was no morning mail. Luckily it was beyond Winthrop, so R.R., we took the morning train, got to Gardiner all right. She has gone for over Sunday, but will be back Monday.

There are land-locked salmon in Damren's stream. At least, there was one this morning. He was a big fellow, lying in water so shallow that A.M.R. almost touched him. He got away, however, with a great flounce and a splash.

J.R.'s sail-boat came ashore in the wind, breaking her anchor. We hope that she isn't damaged. Of course it was impossible to get her off in such a wind.

TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

In spite of the recent heavy rain, the wind had dried things up in amazing fashion. There was still plenty of wind, yet it was not too cold. Altogether a fine scouting day.

The Algonquins and Iroquois were re-christened Pimas and Yumas, and the new men were distributed alphabetically, first on one side and then on the other. This offered as good a chance as any other method to get at abilities and disabilities.

The Yumas won all three games, by steadily increasing scores. The first was a firing game entirely, 13 shots to ten, with no runs.

PIMAS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.P.C.		•				/	X		
A.M.R.				X	•		X		
A.G.	X	••		X	••		X	••	/
A.T.	X			X	•		X		
L.M.V.S				X			X	•	
Bennett					•		X		
Chapman	X			X			X	•	
Corning	○				••	/	X		
Curtis, P.				X	•	/	X	••••	
Fay	X				•		X		
Hoffman	X			X			X		
Houghton, J	X	•		X			X		
Houghton, S	X	•				/	X		
Hun	X			X	•			•	
Leland, J.		••		•	✕	/	X		
Lowell		•		X			X		
Pantaleoni, R	X			X			X		
Parker	X	•		X	••		X	•	
Payson				X	•		X		
Reynolds				X	•		X	•	
Sturges				X			X		
Wheeler	X			X			X		
Whitney	X			X			X		
Whittemore		•		X			X	•	
Winthrop	X			X			X		
	13	10		19	16	5	24	12	1

YUMAS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.		•			•	/	X	•	/
G.E.A.		•				/		•	
L.C.Z.					••	/	X	•••	
A.A.		•••••		X	•••		X	••••	
C.F.B.	X			X					//
Abbott	X			X					/
Austin				X	•			•••	/
Bemis		•		X				••	//
Carey							X		
Coolidge	X			X			X		
Cross	X	•		X			X	•	
Curtis, T.		••		X			X		
Fairchild	X			X					
Hollister				X			X	•	
James						/		••	//
Leland, F.	X			X	•			••••	/
Lansingh	X				•				/
Miner		•		X	••••	/	X	•	
Newbold	○				•		X		
Paine								•	/
Pantaleoni, G.	X			X	••	/			/
Parrish	X				•	/			
Stackpole				X					
Thompson	X	•		X			X		
Wheelock				X	•		X		
	10	13		16	18	7	12	24	13

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) In the second the firing was heavier,but the game went on runs,7-5.

In the third,all the Pimas except Hun were killed,and the Yumas also made thirteen runs to one.

There was more or less very keen playing,but some people haven't much idea yet as to what they are supposed to be doing.Almost every rule was violated,and one young man maintained that he was all right in walking along through the sweet fern,because he knew that everyone was dead along there."I counted them,"said he.

The score was rather mixed,and it took many interviews with different players to straighten it out.But after all,the season is young,and we can hope for a great improvement next time.

After supper we had "Games on the Hill,"followed by "Quiet Games". Then came "Compendium" for the half-past niners.We print the following valuable information:

Cyclamen,a tree.
Cochineal,a flower.
Anaconda,a bird.

During the evening,in spite of wash-outs and bad roads,who should arrived but Mrs.Wiggins,to spend Sunday?

Laura Elizabeth Wiggins

SATURDAY, July 10, Fair, Cool, N.W.

The wind was not like yesterday's blow,but still it was a good ^ a
[illegible] sence test day.Two tried it,and Francis Leland passed.Better luck next time,Donny!

This morning a motor boat put in,to land its ladies,while its men went after their rowboat,which had filled and broken away.When last seen they were circling round and round in the bay.We hope they got the boat.

FIRST JUNIOR LEAGUE BALL GAME.
U.NO.S. VS. U.DO.S.

One rather expects the first junior game to be a matter of large scores, but this was an exception.After the first inning,there were no runs made till the fifth,when Lowell crossed the one plate and tied the score.The sixth and seventh were blanks,but in the eighth a combination of hits with an error gave the U.NO.S the victory.It looked as if they were going to get several runs, but Parker and C.F.B. were caught at the plate.

C.F.B. did the best batting for the afternoon,with .750.To be sure,Chapman batted for a thousand,but as he only batted once,it merely amounts to so much. Figures are not always so truthful as they are given credit for being.

FIRST PUDDING BALL GAME.
SIMPLETONS VS. BOOBS.

The score here was very one-sided,but we are assured by one of the officials that it was a much keener game than would appear from the runs.After the first inning,when the Simpletons made seven runs,things steadied down,and the two teams were pretty even.

Both Simpletons and Boobs were so energetic,or so eager to get a swim,that after their game was over they played soccer till the ball game was finished. Result,swim all round,one muddy boy.

We doubt if we have ever got both baseball leagues and scouting started in the first week before.And incidentally the week broke the record for July in rainfall.Picket pond never looked nearly as high as it did,and the difference in the depth of water by the float is very noticeable.

U.NO.S. vs. I.NO.S. of July 10 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1		1 Benis	4	K								K				3	0	0
20	3		2 Parrish	2		K			K								4	1	2
0	0		3 Lowell	5			K										3	3	1
0	2		4 Parker	1	K		P-3										4	0	0
6	0		5 C.F.B.	3													4	0	3
1	0		6 Carey*	6			0-3										4	1	0
0	0		7 Austin	8													4	0	0
0	0		R. Pant	7		K		K		K							3	0	0
0	0		2 Fairchild	9				K									2	0	0
0	0		10 Wiedock	7													1	0	0
			11 Chapman	9													1	0	1
27	6		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0				33	5	7

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				8	23	1-b. on errors.			

* Fairchild runs in for 6th.

I.NO.S. vs. U.NO.S of July 10 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
3	2		1 G. Pant.	6		K					K		K				4	1	1
0	7		2 F. Leland*	1	K	K											2	0	0
13	5		3 A.A.	2													3	1	1
6	2		4 A.T.	3					(K) 2-3		K						3	1	0
5	0		5 Cross	5	K		K		K								4	0	0
0	0		6 Bennett	4			K		(K) 2-3				K				3	0	0
0	0		7 James	9	K			K		(K) 2-3			K				4	0	0
0	0		8 Payson	8		K		K					K				3	0	0
0	0		9 Paine	7						K							1	0	0
0	0		10 Winthrop	8						K			K				2	0	0
0	0		11 Reynolds	9															
27	16		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				29	3	2

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	10	1-b. on errors.		1	

* Bennett runs in for 6th.

After supper, as it was charade night, nothing definite was arranged, but most people went out in boats. Observe Edmund Francis Deluse Jr., as he takes out his first canoe.

CHARADES.

PYGMALION. The first scene was in a Chicago packing house. The pigs were slid squealing down a chute, and killed by merry butchers. The "mail" in the second was drawn by Carey and Ascot, and went at a fine pace with an old hammock for runners. "L ca" was the scene; the Lion of Lucerne, lying against his background of grey blanket, while A.G., as guide, explained things to a party of tourists through a megaphone. The whole was a wonderful scene. A.G., the sculptor in Greek robe and crown of myrtle(?), was revealed in his studio, working at

SATURDAY, his block of marble,and murmuring to himself in his native ongue.
(con't.)
We guessed by his first wo ds"en ei hen exelaunei",that he was in a state of artistic exaltation.As he worked the features of the statue (S.S.)grew more distinct, until his fond dream was realized,and she came to life.

PHEIDIPPIDES. We seemed to be very classical this evening,though we can't follow the pronunciation adopted for this name.It began with a gambling scene. T.L.,C.W.,and A.T. were cheating Phil Sturges in every way,when his mother suddenly descended and rescued him.The second scene was the first of April.A crowd of small boys fix a stone under a hat,and C.W.,very old indeed,kicked it. Need we explain that this was"dip?"The last two syllables went as one.The Roman scenes,looking very fine in mosquito-net togas,were assembled,with G.G.Fay as Pompey's statue in the background.To them enter T.L. as Cæsar.He has played this part before,though he didn't wear a silk hat.He hung the hat on the statue and demanded oysters.Brutus demurred .Caesar retorted with"Et (or eat?) tu (or two ?) Brute!"This was more than the noble soul of Brutus could bear,and he slew the dictator.For the whole word,a group of Athenians were discussing the possible news from Marathon.The wires being down,it might be some time before they could hear anything.Suddenly Pheidippides rushed in with his message of victory, and expired gracefully.

ACCIDENTAL. The first syllable was rather painful.Pomey made a lovely and pathetic Mary Stuart,and wailed that he didn't want to die in tones that wrung our hearts. In the second scene Hugh Whitney was courting Hunny,a vision in pink gingham,but being shy he didnot get any further than"I--I-- etc.""Dental" was harrowing . F.F.C. as the dentist,and Hunny as his assistant, dealt with various patients, till they struck G.E.A.,who rose and smote them both.The whole word was an automobile accident,in which a good many people were killed.We didn't get the exact number,but we distinctly heard G.E.A. demanding two dollars damages for his wife.

COASTGUARD. The first scene showed a crowd of boys coasting down a hill,one one getting hurt.(There was to have been more of it,but the victim was not quite

SATURDAY, understand.) The second syllable was a football scene.A.A. acted as
(cont'd.)
coach,and told Piggy what he thought of his performance as guard,in a fine flow of language.The whole word was a rescue.C.F.B.,pacing up and down the beach in his oilskins, suddenly spies a wreck.The clothes-basket was launched, and after a terrific struggle with the waves all the crew were hauled ashore.

After this,as we had had a pretty lively day, we continued"The Vanished Messenger."

The first pointers went out tonight.A.A., who acted as escort,expected many mosquitoes,but they all seem to have been busy farther inland,judging from the report of the Medical Department.

About eleven o'clock there was a most wonderful aurora.It was a low arch over Philip Mountain,with brilliant streamers running up from it.

SUNDAY, Cool in, Fair, Warm, S.W.

The springboard went out this morning,for the first time. ~~The~~ The warped condition of the float makes it rather difficult to put it up.

Just after service Mrs.Pantaleoni came over for a final talk about Guido's tutoring.She stayed to dinner,but had to hurry away right after. J.R. was also here to dinner,so we were a big number.

A strawberry squad did a hasty job after swim,and we had strawberries with our icecream.Was ever anything so greasy?

To-day being Henry Whittemore's birthday,he was given the usual congratulations at dinner.He responded in a speech,which though brief was to the point.

PICNIC AT THE SECOND BAY.

WORRY.	ABOL.	CORKER.	EBEN.	RIP.	PANTASOTH.
C.F.B.	R.P.C.	C.W.	A.A.	G.F.A.	A.G.
Bemis	Corning	Fairchild	Paine	Winthrop	Chapman
Austin	Hoffman	J.Leland	Lamming	S.Houghton	Whitney
A.M.R.	G.Pants	Bennett	F.Leland	James	Stackpole

TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
L.M.N.S.	A.T.	L.C.Z.	Parrish
Fay	Carey	Parker	Lowell
Miner	P.Curtis	Thompson	T.Curtis
Sturges	Newbold	Abbott	Coolidge

OUANANICHE.

	T.L.
Reynolds	Payson
R.Pants	Wheelock
Wheeler	B.B.
Hollister	Whittemore
Cross	Hun
	L.E.R.
	L.E.W.
	J.Houghton

We hoped that we might be able to get to our favorite sand beach,but when we came to the point,we found that our fears were well-founded.Camp Runcia has bought that beach and field,and there were girls all over the place.So we went into the next bay. It isn't so good for a landing,but we found a lovely place to picnic,and after a swim bathing,a good place for Wolf.And if it was also a good place for mosquitoes we made the best of it.

The paddle home was made in good time,and we had plenty of hymns.

As it was getting pretty hot,we sat and lay on the piazza,while Mrs. Richards read aloud "The Private Honour".

MONDAY, July12, Cloudy, Clearing. Light shower p.m.

Two much regretted departures this morning, L.E.W. and Francis Leland. She will be out again later, fortunately.

We are very glad to get back to our own type-writer, even though we still have to turn the ribbon by hand. Don't you find the type much clearer?

SQUAD NOTES.

A boundary squad is at work, marking out the scouting field with the usual little white flags.

A birch squad is clearing out the grey birches, where they are too thick on the scouting field. The grey birch is as persistent as witchgrass.

Sunshine Alley is very grateful for the noble work done on its particular slip. It is handy to have a good place for tooth-brushing, and it is fine to sleep on.

Skipper is telling us about the manners and customs of storms. We had some pretty good illustrations last week.

Did you ever see such fine squad lists as we had this morning? This comes of having five type-writers in camp.

Newbold swam to the Point this morning. Sturges and J. Houghton, please hurry up.

BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

We don't give the crews, but there was much good experience gained. Some crews had rowing first and then paddling. Others paddled all the afternoon. Some went near and some went far. One crew saw a red-wing's nest, and photographed the young family in it.

Reports of the individual performers are very interesting. Some of the New brethren are doing very well, others very badly. It does

MONDAY, not seem advisable to go into particulars just now,but
(cont'd.)
boneheads and lazy men had better look out.

L.C.Z.took the Ouananiche to the Mills for necessary and unnecessary supplies.

OUANANICHE.

L.C.Z.

Carey	Lowell
Austin	Parker
Cross	Fay
Paine	James
L.M.V.S.	Hun
F.R.	
G.Pantaleoni	
Stackpole	
J.Houghton	
Lansingh	
Abbot	

After supper,as most of us had been on the water all the afta afternoon,it was "Games on the Hill."

Then came two wild circles of half-past eight Boston.We can hardly expect the younger boys to reach the calm dignity with which their elders pursue this noble sport,but they did very well.

By this time people felt as if they had been well exercised, so the Messenger continued to vanish.The plot is as thick now as cold pea soup.

Two welcome arrivals to-day,to set off the two departues. Mr. Rawle came by the morning train,arriving while swim was in progress. Francis Rawle. Jr.

R.R. came back in the evening.She reports all the little Wigginses as well and lively.They mostly are.

Pointers again to-night.Is the bone-yard too full of mosquitoes?

TUESDAY, July 13 Back to the other typewriter,alas! What seemed to be a per-
Fair, manent improvement improvement was only temporary.
Warm,
Wind Great swim this morning.Corning and Miller swam to the
light,
Southerly Point easily.A squee went out to Pickeral Rock,and there were all sorts of doings in Mono.

James caught a good bass off the float,between swim and dinner.

FISHING AND QUANANICHE TRIP.

WOBBLER.	BERLIN.	HORNPOUT.	CHUB.	PANTASOTE.	CATAWAW.
G.E.A.	C.W.	T.L.	A.A.	A.T.	C.F.B.
Chapman	Bemis	Austin	Corning	Coolidge	Cross
Payson	Whittemore	Abbott	Newbold	Lowell	F.Pantaleoni.
	Lansingh	S.Houghton	1 bass	Stackpole	Sturges
	2 bass	2 bass		1 bass	1 bass

YAWLFRSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	QUANANICHE.	
L.C.T.	L.M.H.	R.P.C.	Parker	H.	
Hunt	Hollister	James	J.Houghton	Carey	La Pearle
Miller	G.Pantaleoni	Reynolds	Parrish	F.F.	P.Curtis
Thompson	Wheeler	Wheelock	Winthrop	B.B.	C.Delano
1 pout	1 bass	1 bass	2 bass	Ray	Bennett
	1 y. perch		1 pickerel	Paine	A.G. Whitney
					T.Curtis
					Hoffman

Total for the day,15 fish...

Not a great catch,but it might have been worse.

Only one boat drew a blank.The breeze came up late in the afternoon,and the Hornpout sailed home in style.

The Quananiche was scheduled for a trip to Blueberry Hill;as it was very hot,however,she went up Meade Brook instead.

The breeze made Games on the Hill a possibility.Then came"Predicament and Cure",with one round of"Scandal"to follow.

By half-past eight the breeze had died again,so we had our"Vanished Messenger"on the piazza.

A good letter to-day from Gardner Coolidge,telling of his western trip.

Pomander Walk is risen again!Cheers!

WEDNE DAY, July 14, Rain a.m., Clearing. Westerly.

Out of,door squads came in very wet,and two gallant commanders were in such a state that they went in swimming clothes and all.

While we were reading a motor boat hove in sight,and there were Mr.and Mrs.Parker,come to see how Beef and Bill Payson were getting onn Just as well that Bill's poison ivy was better,or they would not have known him. We tried to keep them to supper,but they could not stay.

The other arrival of the day appeared on foot,his motor having given up at the hill.We haven't seen him here for several years.

Lawrence J. Hutchinson

SECOND BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
BEARDS VS. BARDS.

This was not such an even game as the first,for the bards were able to score only in one inning.It was also marred by our fist baseball injury for the season.In the fourth inning,R.P.C.knocked a two-bagger.Just as he reached second, G.E.A. drove the ball hard to the baseman to get him out.The baseman did not get it,and it took the runner right in the head.This ended his playing for the day.

At the same time the Doctr's arm began to get pretty sue,so there was a gn general shake-up.G.E.A. pitched for the Bards,Lowell went to short for the Beards, Cross came in from the field to third,and C.F.B.,who was umpiring the Bug League game,came over to occupy left field.

G.E.A., T. A. T.,and Lowell batted for .500.G.E.A.batted for 1.000 on one team,and for .000 on the other.

In the second inning it looked as if the Bards might score,but three men in succession were caught at the plate.

We don't often get put-outs in the out-field,but G.Pants and Bemis got one apiece.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
FRIGHTS VS. FREIGHTS.

This game was an improvement over the first,but there is room for more improvement,and better spirit.A fellow who thinks himself too grand to shake the last balls had much to learn.He will not be valued very highly,in camp or out of it.

Beards vs. Beards of July 14 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	1		1 Lowell 5th	5	T-6			(K) 2-3			(K) 2-3						4	0	2
1	4		2 C. W.	1		K			6 1-3		6 f1						4	1	0
10	0		3 A. A.	2	(K) 2-3				6 1-3		6 1-3						4	1	1
1	4		4 G. E. A.	6													2	2	2
11	0		5 T. L.*	3	T-6		K			4 6 3							4	1	2
1	3		6 A. T. 5th	4		6 f6	6 1-3										4	1	2
0	1		7 Cross 5th	7			6 f6			K		K					4	1	1
1	0		S. Pants	8		K		6 1-3				6 f1					4	0	1
0	0		9 Bennett	9				K		6 1-3							3	1	0
0	0		10 Batchelder 5th	7					K			6 1-3					2	0	0
			11																
27	13		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	2	2-4	2	6	0	6	0	6	1	7	0	7	1	8	35	8	11

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. ou errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				0	7				1	

* A. A. runs pt. 6th; Lowell 8th.

Beards vs. Beards of July 14 at

UT T.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
7	3		1 A. G.	2	K		K					6 3					4	0	1
0	1		2 Parker	5	6 3				6 f6			6 2-3					4	1	1
4	0		3 R. P. C.	6	K			+									2	1	1
0	3		4 6th L. M. V. S.	1		6 1-3 f6				6			6 1-3				4	0	1
11	0		5 L. C. Z.	3		6 1-3		6 2-3		K			6 2-3				4	0	1
0	1		6 Parrish	4		6 f6 3		6 1-3		6 f8			6 2-3				4	0	0
1	0		7 Bemis	7		f		K			6 1-3						3	0	0
0	0		8 Austin	8			6 1-3		6 1-3		6 f4						3	0	0
0	0		Fairchild	9			K		6 f1		6 f6						3	0	0
1	4		10 G. E. A. 5th	1						K		6 f6					2	0	0
			11																
24	12		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	0 2	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	33	2	5

ts.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				0	6 4					3

ed y.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.

* R. P. C. runs at 1st, A. G. & Parker 6 & 9th

+ Parker runs from 2nd base.

R. P. C. leaves at beginning of last half of 6th. changes date from then.

vs. of

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
			1										
			2										
			3										
			4										
			5										
			6										
			7			K							
			8										
			9										
			10										
			11										
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

vs. of

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2									K	
3									K	
4				K						
5										
6					K			K		
7										
8										
9			K							
10										
11										
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) After supper it was too lovely on the water for anything but boats,even though sing-song on the time short.At seven-thirty all bands were in their seats,ready for the performance.

SECOND SING-SONG.
PROGRAMME.

1. Overture"Chopsticks".....Leland,P.Curtis.
2. Duett,.....T.Curtis,P.Curtis.
3. The Camp Motto.....G.E.A.,L.M.V.S.,A.M.R.,Parker, Lowell,Reynolds.
4. Choruses.....The Voice of the Bell,Ouananiche,Scouting Song,Ric.
5. Piano Solo.....T.L.
6. Stunt.....The Fatlings,Stackpole.
7. Stunt"Heinrich und Liza".....B.B.,C.W.
8. Fishing Song,Camp Song.

Our new chopsticks team performed with grace and agility.They had only been asked to play the overture just before supper,too.

The Curtises did a delightful duett.More another time,gentlemen both.

The Camp motto"Hop When the Horn Blows",is needed every year.If we will all hop as promptly as the soloists in this performance,four-forties will be few,and pigs will be conspicuous by their absence.

It is good to have real music in the midst of all the fun and nonsense, and when Mr. Lynes plays us things like the Moonlight Sonata, we are very lucky people.For encore he gave the Chopin waltz which is said to have been played in one minute.He doesn't think this a probable tale,and neither do we.

The first stunt was a fine performance of three trained elephants.Need we explain that these noble animals were represented by Hun,Cross,and Reynolds? The intelligence of our readers had guessed that already.They showed remarkable training,and went through their paces with ponderous grace.Stackpole as the trainer was superb..He was master of the situation from the rise of the curtain till the final exit,and when he sat on the pyramid of pachyderms and

WEDNESDAY, and waved his tall hat,we felt that he had chosen his proper career in li
(cont'd.)

He must become a ringmaster.

"Heinrich und Liza" is anew song,which we owe to B.B. It makes a delightful scene.C.W. as Heinrich,a massive figure in green dressing-gown and night-cap,with his German pipe,was alternately bored by Liza's stupidity and enraged at it.

But Liza got even with him when it came to the encore.We cannot give all the lines, but they began with,

"Where is you bathing-suit,liebe Heinrich,liebe Heinrich?

"In the miz-tree,liebe Liza;liebe Liza,in the Mmiz."

As it was in the Miz this very morning,there was plenty of point to her remarks.

The half-past niners played telegrams.The word was"Compendium",the subject Bryan's resignation.We give some of the best.

Bryan to Wilson.

Chatauqua or millennium!Peace,good!not death in useless maelstrom.

Bryan to Mrs.B.

Coming on midnight.Prepare ether.No dope in ultimate madness.

To Wilson.

Come on,Mr.President.Eternal nothing doing is uninterestingly maddening.

Not addressed.

Chatauqua oratory makes people entirely nutty.Dictionary is uselessly mangled.

Lansing to Shade of Cleveland.

Curious old muddler prattles endlessly.Neither Daniels isn't utterly mum.

Not addressed.

Canned old Ma Peacemaker.Exit National Dave-talk in unintelligible mumblings.

WEDNESDAY (con'd.)

Wilson to Lansing.

Cheers!our maudlin pal scrumps;nation doesn't invite ugly marauder.

Col.Roosevelt to Lord,Kitchener.

Come over!muddled phrase-maker eschews national duty.I undertake millennium.

Bryan to the Papers.

Calm,obese,magnanimous,perpetually eloquent,now daily I urge multitudes.

Bryan to Wilson.

Can obsolete methods,piffling eremite.New dispensation is uniquely magnificent.

Newspaper Announcement.

Chautauqua opens more photographic establishments.Even near-Democratic issues urge manifestations.

Someone to Someone else.

Cancel ordered munitions.Pacific European nations dominate in unsigned messages.

We had time for a hasty second round,with "Telegraphy" for the word,and Mr. Bryan's grape-juice for the subject.

Bryan to Confidant.

Told everybody lies.Excellent grape-juice really a powerful hilarious yag.

Chief Doctor to Daniels.

The emaciated liars enclosing gin rickies are passing heavenward yet.

Bryan to Carranza.

Tis elegant liquor!Eating grows rapture accompanying process.Hi ya!

Not addressed.

Teetotallers excited.Let each grape receive a partly hulled yam.

Ditto.

Thunder!Even liquor establishment get run after.Pretty sad.Yes?

Disgusted American to Kaiser.

Tell enemy lubbers eat grape-juice.Regular army plays handball yearly.

THURSDAY, July 15, Fair, Warm. Light showers.

Blankets went on the hill to-day, and as often happens, there was great wrestling out behind the Infirmary. We give the results below:

Abbott downed Newbold twice.

P. Curtis, and Miner, a draw.

Bemis downed Austin.

Whitney downed Whittemore.

Cross beat Hun; a heavy-weight event.

T. Curtis and S. Houghton, a draw.

Winthrop downed Thompson.

Bennet downed James.

Leland downed Sturges; a very lively affair.

Winthrop downed Abbot.

Fairchild downed Payson.

Leland downed Stackpole.

Abbot downed Thompson.

Wheeler downed Hollister.

Several more were prancing for a chance but reading was due. Never mind. There are plenty more days to come.

The first camping-trip of the season whose list is posted above, started in good time and good order. They headed west, which looks like Long Pond. Good luck to them.

Camping Trip
July 15

Corning
Fairchild
Hoffman
Lowell
Reynolds
G.E.A.

Yammerschooner
Williwaw

SQUAD NOTES.

YYesterday Pomander walk was put into good condition.

The new bathing-suit rack behind the boat-house is, we believe, done. It looks very fine.

The gate leading to Faculty Coffee has been rebuilt. The architect has kindly left a good wide gap for the cows to get through.

THURSDAY, (cont'd.) Swim was long and loud to-day. Pickerel Rock was explored again, and the spring-board. Some people are beginning to talk about Oak Island.

In the middle of the morning Mrs. Abbott and the two Miss Abbotts came over for a look at Gordon, and stayed to dinner and reading.

FIRST TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

CLASS A.	CLASS B.	CLASS C.
Parker	Austin	Lansingh
Carey	Paine	Abbott
Fay	S.Houghton	Coolidge
James	Bemis	J.Houghton
Chapman	P.Curtis	Newbold
G.Pantaleoni	T.Curtis	Stackpole
Parrish	Hollister	Sturges
Cross	Miner	Wheelock
Hun	R.Pantaleoni	Whitney
	Payson	Winthrop
	Wheeler	Leland
	Whittemore	
	Thompson	

Five campers were out. Carey was not in the running, because of his bad ankle, Bennett is not allowed to compete, and Austin is not allowed to run.

CLASS A SHOT PUT.

Parrish	27'5 1/2"
Parker	26'6'
Cross	25'9 3/4"

Prefects cannot win the cup, but they can make records that count. C.F.B., who made last year's record, broke it twice this afternoon, landing the shot finally at 37'4 1/4". He means to beat this next time.

CLASS A BROAD JUMP.

Parker	15'5 1/2"
G.Pantaleoni	14'4"
Parrish	13' 10"

Fay was the only other above thirteen feet, and the jumps ran down to 9'2" C.F.B., however, broke Horace Davis's record of last year, with a jump of 18'6"

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

Fay	14 1/5 s.
James	
Hun	

Fay had a good lead over James of about three yards, and the others

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) wre spaced at about the same distance.

SECOND HRAT.

G.Pantaleoni 12 2/5 s.
Parrish
Parker

This was a much faster and closer heat.Parrish was hardly more than two feet behind the winner,and there was a scant yard between him and Parker.Chapman,finding that he wasn't placed,walked in.

Finals were not run in this event.

CLASS A POTATO RACE.
FIRST HEAT.

Fay 37 s.
James
Chapman

Cross should have been second,but he left out one potato.

SECOND HEAT.

A.T.
Parrish
G.Pantaleoni

Parker crossed the line first,but as he missed a potato,his time does not count.The three prefects entered this race,but were handicapped by wearing ordinary clothes.

CLASS B HIGH JUMP.

T.Curtis 4 '
Bemis 3'11"
Whittemore 3'6"

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

Hollister 14 1/5 s.
Paine
R.Pantaleoni

Hollister had a long lead at the finish.Paine's lead over Pantaleoni was not so good. Viner was ten feet farther back,and S.Houghton was a good deal slowed down by tumblin over.

SECOND HEAT.

Whittemore 14 1/5 s.
Bemis
Payson
T.Cuttis

This was a good heat,with a tie for second place, and T.Curtis barely six inches behind.

THURSDAY, cont'd.)

FINAL HEAT.

Bemis 13 4/5 s.
Hollister
Payson

This was a good heat, with a decided improvement in time.

CLASS B POTATO RACE.
FIRST HEAT.

Bemis
Hollister
R.Pantaleoni

Time not counted, as two men crossed the line without putting in alltheir potatoes.

SECOND HEAT.

Payson
T.Curtis
Wheeler

Wheeler had to go back to put in a potato.

FINAL HEAT.

Hollister
Payson
R.Pantaleoni

It looked for a moment as if Bemis had won, but he was found to be one potato short.

CLASS C BROAD JUMP.

Coolidge	11'9 3/4"
Lansingh	11' 6"
Leland	11' 1"

No one else did anything over eleven feet, and these three got above eleven only after their places had been announced.

CLASS C HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

J.Houghton 15 1/5 s.
Coolidge
Lansingh

A good heat. Coolidge was only three feet behind at the tape. Lansingh was not so close; and Newbold trailed a good way behind Abbott.

THURSDAY, (cont'd.) (The regular type-writer has gone to be mended, and this is a "lender." It can do all sorts of things. For instance, it can write like this. Or if you object to the colour, like this. But on the whole we will stick to the black for the present. It has fractions, too: ⅛, ¼, ½, ¾, and more besides. Did you ever?)

SECOND HEAT.

Leland — 15 2/5 s.
Sturges
Stackpole

Sturges was very close to Leland, with Stackpole about two yards behind. Whitney was a very good fourth.

FINAL HEAT.

Leland — 14 4/5 s.
J.Houghton
Coolidge

This was a close race. J.Houghton was only three feet behind Leland. Coolidge got his place by a sprint at the very end, and led Lansingh at the tape by a foot.

CLASS C WHEELBARROW RACE.

Lansingh, COolidge.

Stackpole, Leland.

No others finished, as the course was rather long. Coolidge tried walking on his doubled fists, and apparently found it a good scheme.

OBSTACLE RACE.
CLASS A

A.T. — 2m.24 1/5 s.
Parker
A.A.
G.Pantaleoni
James

This was a very fierce contest. A.A. led on the outward crawl, but A.T. gained on the run. Parker made second place by a magnificent sprint in the home stretch, with A.A. close behind.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

CLASS B

Bemis 3m.57 s.
P.Curtis
T.Curtis
Wheeler
Payson.

A lively contest,with T.Curtis and Wheeler tied for third place.Whittemore and Miner,who came in later,were also tied.

CLASS C.

Leland
Sturges
Stackpole
J.Houghton
Lansingh

Sorry we did not get the time,as it was a wild race. Leland led from the start,starting on the home crawl before the tail-enders ended the out-going crawl.Sturges was a good second,and Stackpole a spirited third,in spite of a sore hand. Lansingh was close on J.Houghton,and Coolidge came right behind, with Abbot actually overlapping him.

The course was the same for all three classes.Crawloutin scouting fashion,front to ground,to a given point;get up,run to tent fly,and wriggle under it;drink a glass of water;run down one path and up the other;wriggle back under fly;run to certaim point;scout back to finish line.Pretty fierce.

Well,that ended the regular events.There was a special hundred,in which C.F.B. beat L.C.Z. by about eight feet,in twelve seconds.

After such an afternoon it was pretty sure to be Boats or Digestion Club,and the water was so calm that we took to it and stayed out 8-15.Some paddled,some fished,one party went ashore and camped by a fire,and many loafed.

And the seniors had "The Vanished Messenger."

FRIDAY, July 16, Foggy, Warm, S.W.

L.E.R. went in to Gardiner this morning,to spend yhe day and night.

The two sides for scouting have been made up,and were posted this morning.The cup is to win,and we'll all go a-scouting as soon as wind and weather permit.

SQUAD NOTES.

The new bathing-suit rack is now in full operation.The old lines have been cleared and taken down,which is a great improvement in the looks of things.

The aquarium was filled this morning by a fine bucket brigade, to see if it leaked anywhere.When last observed it was still full.

The gentleman who made the hospitable gate beyond the Infirmary had to render it somewhat less hospitable this morning.We cannot carry the policy of the open door too far.

S.Houghton pumped two thousand strokes on the cess-pool pump. We dln't know whether this is a record or not,but it is good solid pumping.

This morning Parker and Cross swam to Oak Island;Cross in forty-two minutes,Parker in a few seconds over.They took it easily,as they meant to swim back,but the breeze got up,and spoiled that part of the plan.

Gordon Abbott's family came over about noon,and carried him off for the rest of the day.

The Pantaleonis went off after reading,and spent the afternoon with their mother.

It might be interesting to note that early this morning the fog was so thick that we could not see Pickerel.

FRIDAY, (Cont'd.) FISHING AND OUANANICHE TRIP.

IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.	ARKLET.
T.L.	A.A.	L.C.Z.	L.M.V.S.	A.T.	C.F.B.
T.Curtis	Austin	Bennett	Hun	Chapman	Bemis
Parrish	Winthrop	Cross	Wheelock	S.Houghton	James
9 w.perch		Stackpole	Thompson		C.F.B.
1 kivy		1 bass	3 bass		1 bass
			1 pout		2 w.perch
			1 eel		

WOBBLER.

A.G.
Payson
Hollister
2 bass

OUANANICHE.

C.W.
Parker
Carey
Paine
Fay
Lansingh
F.R.
P.Curtis
J.Houghton
Leland
Whitney
Whittemore
L.J.H.
Wheeler
Miner
Newbold

Total number of fish,21.

The Ouananiche crew went up Blueberry Hill.The old barn on the north side has at last fallen down.It looked ready to fall fifteen years ago.In spite of the thick and foggy air they saw the mountains,and came home in good time and trim.

After supper it was Digestion Club in the shop.The Infirary is really too small except for cases of necessity.

At quarter of eight we had our first try at the "Voice Game."We tried two circles,and found that it worked very well.

"Indoor Wolf" finished the evening for the half-past eighters,Andthen came "The Vanished Messener."

The great event of the day was the return of "The Camp Beyond the Ranges",at about 5-15.They wre in fine shape,in spite of feet and sunburn.They camped on the far side of Sandy River!Other people have walked to Sandy River from their camp,but that was a very different matter,as they didn't have to carry anything.We await the report of the trip with impatience.

SATURDAY, July 17, Cloudy, Mugg, Rain p.m.

The Skipper's birthday .We celebrated it earlier than usual.Just before the Skipper came in to blow the horn, C.W. hid it under the megaphone.The delay of hunting for it gave time for the whole crowd to getctogether on the piazza,wonder-if breakfast was to be late;and then the signal was given for a rousing cheer.Skipper was all surprised.

This morning the pair-oar made her first trip.Arthur and Foster had her out at swim time,and report that for a craft of her years she is in very good condition.

The Sloane family,from Rochester,friends of Ranlet Miner,came to look him up this morning.

T.Curtis caught three good bass before dinner.

L.E.R. came home this afternoon,bringing with her L.E.W.This was delightful;but right after supper L.E.W. and C.W. went in to Gardiner,which was not quite so delightful.At least,it wasn't for us.At the same time,we realize that to them the arrangement may have seemed not a bad one.He is coming back Sunday evening.

SECOND JUNIOR LEAGUE BALL GAME.
SHRIMPS VS. TOADS.

Some people wondered how it would work to have G.E.A. pitching in a kid game,but after a little time to settle down,the game was a good one.The Toads got the best start,with two runs in the first, but the Shrimps got together in the third and tied the score.Three runs in the fifth gave them a lead,which they slowly increased.An error and two bases on balls gave the Toads three runs in the ninth, but it wasn't enough,and the final score stands 8-6 in favor of the Shrimps.

Lowell took G.E.A.'s place on the mound in the eighth inning.

G.E.A.batted for .750,and A.A. for .600.C.F.B. made the longest

SATURDAY hit of the day, a long three-bagger.
(Cont'd.)

Various substitutes were given a chance, and there were various accidents which made changes necessary. In the second inning Carey gave his ankle a bad turn and had to leave the game. In the seventh A.A. caught C.F.B. at the plate, but in so doing sprained his wrist so that he could not go on catching. He shifted to third, and finally to second. Baseball seems to be rather a dangerous game these days.

Shrimps vs. Toads of July 17 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. hits.
1	1		1 Austin 2nd	8	K		6-1					4-3					5	2	0	
1	4	✓	2 Parker	1	3-3						K						5	3	2	
14	0	✓	3 A. A.	2	6-1												5	2	3	
6	1	✓	4 A. T.	3									5-3				5	0	2	
0	0	✓	5 Carey 2nd	6													1	0	0	
4	1	✓	6 Cross 2nd	5													5	0	2	
0	0	✓	P. Curtis	9													3	0	0	
1	2	✓	8 Bennett 5th	4													3	1	0	
0	1	✓	R. Paul	7													4	0	0	
0	0	✓	10 Miller 2nd	8													4	0	0	
0	0	✓	11 Payson 7th	9													2	0	0	
27	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	2	0	3	0	1	0	2				42	8	9	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base bits.
				7	16	1-b. on errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
	4		

Toads vs. Shrimps of July 17 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.
0	0	✓	S. Paul 3rd	6	K	4-3		K			3-3						5	1	1	
3	1	✓	2 Lowell	5			1-6										3	2	0	
14	1	✓	3 C. F. B.	3	K								K				5	1	1	
2	6	✓	4 G. E. A.	1													4	2	3	
1	3	✓	5 Bennie	4													3	0	0	
6	1	✓	6 Parrish	2			K		K				K				4	0	0	
0	0	✓	7 Paine	7	K			K		K							4	0	0	
1	0	✓	8 James	8						K							1	0	0	
0	0	✓	9 Fairchild	9		K		K									2	0	0	
0	0	✓	10 Hollister 6th	9						K							2	0	0	
0	0	✓	11 Chapman 8th	8								K					1	0	0	
27	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	0	2	0	2	1	3	0	3	0	3	34	6	5	

alks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
	1				4	1-b. on errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1	1	

SATURDAY (cont'd.) The rest of the company worked on boats till half-past four,and then turned out for a lively game of soccer.We could not see it as we haven't yet learned to be in two places at once,but the score was 1-1.

The rain began while the ball-game was going on.There had been spatterings before dinner,but they hardly.This was a light shower,and no one minded it.When we started down the hill after the game, a big shower was piling up over Howland Hill;as black as shower as one would often see.We remembered a certain walk to Howland Hill, and were gald we were within reach of tents and camp.Our own particular shower came while we were at supper.Skipper took a look at the weather,and announced that all who wanted to close tents had better do it now.There was a lively scattering,and before things came down in earnest,Bachelor's Row ad d Sunshine Alley were all ready for the storm.It rained merrily all the evening.Poor old Pickerel will soon be out of sight at this rate.

At supper Skipper's birthday was once more celebrated.Mayo and the boys,very trim in their white clothes,came in with a cheer,and a cake that we really think was bigger and finer than last year's, though that is saying a great deal.Mayo made a speech,and Skipper made a speech;and then we ate the cake,which was as good as it was handsome.

Then came hasty consultations and planning,and we were only five minutes late in starting charades.

We were rather crowded for time last week.As a result every side had evidently said,"We must be quick,and have a shorter word." Result,the fourth word finished at eight-thirty,and time for a fifth.Twas ever thus.

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) CHARADES.

INNOCENCE. It is hard to think of new ways to act "in", but we think we did it this time. If Francis Perkins were here, he might say, "No, in August, 1908, the same thing was done." But we have not our living concordance to refer to. The scene began with the start of a race, A.A. and C.F.B. acting as officials. The runners made good time, and crossed the line in good shape, all but one. Where was her? After a long pause Piggy appeared in the doorway and collapsed; "all in". The last two syllables were acted as one scene. L.M.V.S. conducted a class, and a pretty class it was. There was "no sense "in anything that anyone said or did. For the whole word we had a murder trial. A.A. was judge, very imposing in scarlet robes. C.F.B. was accused, and the villainy of Parrish made things look badly for him, but the finger-prints on the coat of the victim showed that Parrish was himself the murderer.

HANDSOME. The first scene was very mystic. We could see nothing but hands, extended or clutching at us from behind doors and other coigns of vantage. (Can you get behind a coign? It is a fine word, anyhow.) The second syllable took us back to school, this time with T.L. as schoolmaster. His class was better behaved than the Doctor's, but his method of doing "sums" was unique. For the whole word we had Bubbles, sitting on a platform, and admired by all passers-by. Of course we guessed it at once then.

PALACE. This was really thrilling. The two syllables were acted in one scene. Two desperadoes, G.E.A. and Lowell, the former with a wounded foot roughly bandaged, were talking over their financial straits. Lowell finally went out to hold up

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) the coach,with the understanding that he must not come back,but meet his friend somewhere else.A brief interval,during which G.E.A. trifled with a pack of cards,and tucked one or two into his bandage,in case of need.Suddenly his pal rushe in,hunted and desperate.They were after him!He had under the bench,not a moment too soon,for Sheriff Hun was hot upon his trail.G.E.A. did his best to prove that "Bill" could not possibly be there,but the Sheriff was firm.At last they agreed to play for the hunted man,who was watching from his place of concealment.Card after card was thrown upon the table.At last G.E.A. won,with a card from his extra stock,and the baffled sheriff withdrew.(Unfortunately it was the jack and not the ace that he took the trick with,so we did not guess the word very well,but it was a spledid scene,and that is the main thing.)

For the whole word we saw life in a palace.Hugh Whidney,majestically enthroned,clapped his hands,and was presented with a syrup jug to slake his regal thirst.At a signal a dancer appeared to amuse his royal mind.Lastly J.Houghton appeared as a damsel so bewitching that we think it must be rather pleasant to be a king.

ADDY HUMPS. Our third educational scene was a painful one.A.G. was tutoring L.C.Z.,and his sufferings over addition were most realistic.(I'm not quite so bad as that"says Clem Newbold.)The second syllable looked like scouting at first,with Leland and others hidden behind bushes,but when they burst into song,and the bull-frog began to croak,we realized that we had been on a wrong track.The entrance of Professor Zahner and his nature class gave us much valuable information,especially about the chickadee,that rare bird found commonly in the wilds of Africa.Hofmann "chickadee-dee-dee'd" like a good one.The last syllable took us to Africa in earnest,for there was the Great Pyramid on the blackboard,with a palm tree in the

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) offing.The caravan which passed under the leadership of L.C.Z. consisted of camels of all sizes,so there were plenty of humps.The whole word was delightful,with fore-finger exercises and crossing the feet rapidly.

DUTY. The train that was due brought all sorts of people together,bothering the station-master with questions,but L.M.V.S. was calm through it all .For the second,we had the Boston Tea-party.Stealthy forms,muffled in blankets and cloaks, glided in,and flung the tea-chests in to briny deep.(Perhaps the piazza was not exactly briny,but it was good and wet.) For the whole word we had the people of Pompeii fleeing from Vesuvius,C.F.B. as the sentry remaining heroically at his post.

And then Lucius Fairchild,by way of final celebration of the day,set off his big sparkler on the piazza.It sparkled in great style,and lighted up the whole neighborhood.

C.F.B. says that he heard evry word of "The Vanished Messenger",but he didn't look it when he sat up.As for our Piggy,he was dead to the word,and even singing "Taps" didn't wake him.We shook him up,gently but firmly,and he finally woke up sufficiently to go to bed.

Finished under my hand and seal,July 18,6-35 a.m.
A.M.R.

Oh who will do my little Log,

When I am far away?

~ WALKS ~

Picnic at Stevens Beach

Class A - Belgrade Hill

L.C.Z.
A.M.R.
A.T.
Austin
Bemis
Bennett
Cross
Fairchild
Fay
James
Paine
Paulaleoni 4.
Parker
Parrish
Payson
Lowell
Hunn

Class B. - Bickford Hill

A.G.
B.B.
C.F.B.
Chapman
Corning
Curtis P.
Curtis T.
Hoffman
Hollister
Houghton S.
Miner
Paulaleoni R
Wheeler

Class C - Furbisher's Beach

G.E.A.
L.M.Y.S.
A.A.
Abbott
Coolidge
Houghton J.
Laursugh
Leland
Newbold
Slackpole
Sturges
Thompson
Whitney
Whittemore
Winthrop

- GRUBSTERS -

H.R.
L.E.R.
R.R.
T.L.
R.P.C.
F.R.
Carey
Reynolds
Wheelock

Sunday, July 18
Bright & fair, Camp Brisk N.W. breeze.
Heavy rain & wind squall in the night.

A glorious day, one of the few of real weather that we have had all summer.

A.A. caught two bass, after service.

P. Sturges passed the swimming test, though it was good rough weather.

We had the great pleasure of having J.R. in his old place at the middle of the table , at dinner; though the sadness also of missing C.W.! J.R. and his two guests, Messers.Glendinning and Wreath, fellow class-men of A.T.'s at St. Paul's, came down from Four Way Lodge, to share our chicken and pine-apple ice-cream.

L.C.Z. and C.F.B. took the pair-oar out before swim, C.F.B. and A.T. afterwards. A.T. went up to swim at Four Way Lodge.

The lsists of the three different walking parties follow on the next page. All three divisions report fine walks, with no misadventures. Lindsley Austin brought back a purple-fringed orchis.

After the walking parties had started, we had the great pleasure of seeing Smeddy and his family, who motored over from Mommataka for a call. We finished (almost) the pine-apple ice--cream, on the piazza.

The Ouananiche was taken to Steven's Beach by probably the most remarkable crew on record, see list. Only three paddlers, who, however, all batted for a thousand.

Just for old sake's sake, we forgot the butter, so that a slightly re-inforced crew made a return trip.

At the picnic, Pelamon misjudged the bending qualities of an extra tall birch, and came down some eight feet fast enough for Graham White.

SUNDAY (cont'd) We sand "Liebe Heinrich und Liebe Liese", for the first time, and it went very well. Coming home, all the company but te Ouananiche crew were marshalled in fours, and marched all the way to Camp, to a rousing chorus of John Brown's Body. They came in in fine form, marching down the hill just as the Ouananiche touched the slip.

In the evening, Mrs Richards read "His Duty", which thrilled us; and just before, ######, C.W. returned by motor from Gardiner, and the Log Editor, for almost the first time in the Camp's history, went away for a short visit. She is going down to Chebeague Island, to visit Mr and Mrs F.M.B., till Wednesday. The temporary editor apologizes for many errors and omissions.

Before leaving the day's record, we will report that the laundry lists were fuller and better this week than last. A good many boys, though, have mixed up their clothes with those of their friends, with the result sometimes of much confusion, and neither party getting his full complement.

A.A.'s sprain, alas, amounts to more than we thought at first. The wrist bone seems to be slightly cracked, which will mean a tryingly long deprivation of baseball, paddling, etc. After last summer, this did not seem necessary. T. Curtis has tried to scrape all the skin off his knee, succeeding very ##### fairly, and Mr Rawle's sprained hand is in a sling and very painful. Dr. Van Stone's clinic is growing, but we hope it has now reached its maximum for th summer.

We forgot to record that Dr. Henderson (Dr Chug) left us, by the morning train.

The first camping trip of the 1915 season left promptly after reading on the morning of July 15th. The start might be described as rapid but not spectacular, the boats getting off in quick and clean-cut fashion, without, however, breaking any records. The two Rangeleys, Willwaw and Yammerschooner, were pointed towards the Mills in their respective coxswains Corning and Hoffman and proceeded on their course propelled by the willing arms of Reynolds, Fairchild, Lovell and G.E.A. The trip to the Mills was conservative, that point being reached at 10.30. The boats and dunnage were immediately carried over into Long Pond and then the party adjourned to the neighboring drug store and indulged in light refreshments. By 11 o'clock we were off again and our camping place at the north-east end of Long Pond was gained in three-quarters of an hour.

Here, following our regular scheme of working first and playing afterwards, we at once unloaded the boats and placed them, bottom up, on the shore. Then all hands went in for a swim. Lunch followed, and, as the rain was now gently falling, we held a discussion over our wands as to whether it would be advisable to proceed on our long walking stunt. We decided after due and careful deliberation that, if the rain had not increased by the time we were ready for the start, the trip should be undertaken. This trip was to be no less than a walk continued until it was dark and then a camp at the furthest point reached. Such an expedition, it may be imagined, required that we take considerable luggage with us. And also it was necessary that we cook food before leaving, for we intended to lose no time in such messential work as cooking. By half-past two the food necessary to sustain life was prepared, and as the rain was now so mild as to be hardly worthy of the name

we packed up and set forth. C.E.A. and Donie carried gunny-sacks containing all the blankets, Bubbles was burdened with the paraffin tied on in an extraordinary manner as dictated by the fertile brains of all the others, Lucy lugged the camp-kit minus the larger pots, and to John "Pop" Corning and Artie Hoffman was entrusted the small basket of food. We left the car under the boats together with the extra food, miscellaneous articles of all descriptions, and some dry fire-wood in case we should be mistaken in our weather analyses. For should it come on to rain hard we intended to return to this camping-place. Thus we set out at a good pace at 2.40 by the watch, our trip to be measured only by the strength of our legs.

FIG. 1.

THE START

We walked north to Rome Corner and there took the left hand road north west. From the very beginning the road worked up and down hill with discouraging regularity. But we kept cheerfully on our way for a solid hour and then, figuring that we had covered something under four miles, stopped at a road-side spring for water and a five-minute rest. Here we had our first meeting with Herbert, a little boy from the farm before which we had halted. He told us to our surprise that he had never been to New Sharon, which we now began to consider as

our guide and in fact had only been to Rome two or three times, a matter of about four miles down the road. Furthermore he had never seen a ball-game - his one recreation being fishing with a boy friend who lived about a mile away. He seemed to find us a great attraction for when his mother called for wood he only turned his head and retorted, "You ain't go'in to git no wood for quite a spell yit, so shet up!" We thought it would be better for Herbert's health if we moved on about now so we started out for another hour's fast walking. Here we came up against the regular Maine farmer's hazy idea of distance for we were told that New Sharon was anywhere from three to twelve miles away within that hour's walk. This shifting distance seemed to discourage the two younger members of the party and they formed a rear guard, every now and then calling most piteously for a drink of water. We hardened our hearts however, and no stop was made until East New Sharon (marked by one house and one school-house dated 1895) was behind us and the full hour had passed. This time we tore a man away from his afternoons shave to serve us with water. He was very pleasant and completely won our hearts by telling us that New Sharon was only three miles distant. But his encouragement soon wore off for we walked and walked and walked seeing always the valley of the Sandy River before us but never seeming to draw nearer to it. The country here was different from Camp country altho' we could not tell just what made the change. At last we crossed the Mercer and Oakland road and came in sight of New Sharon. Fifteen minutes and we were on the outskirts of the town. A long uninteresting road had first to be traversed before the center of the town was reached but finally we crossed an old covered bridge over a very pretty water-fall, stumbled up a sharp hill and arrived at the heart of the metropolis.

Our watch registered six o'clock, so, stopping only to buy tea at the general store, where by the way movies were advertised for the next week, we walked on thru' the village to the further outskirts where we intended to camp. Milk and eggs were purchased from a farmer on the way, a purchase well worth while from other than a gastronomical point of view, for the man told us of a near-by camping place and also offered us his barn as a refuge in case of rain. A five-minute walk brought us to the field which he described and leaving our luggage under cover we went on to the river for a swim. Here it should be said that the Sandy takes a sudden bend at New Sharon so that the river was both before and behind us in a straight line. (See Fig 2.)

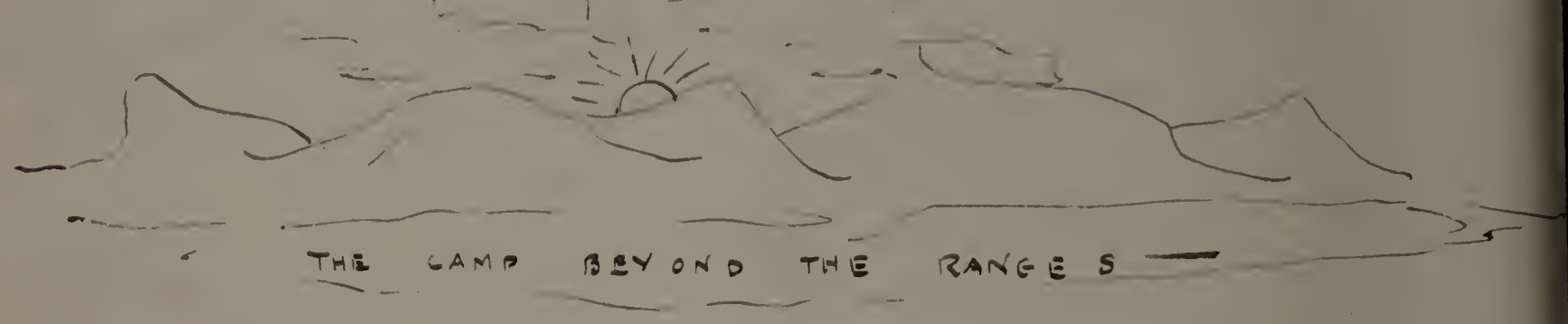
FIG. 2

By seven-fifteen we were back at our camping place where we enjoyed a wonderful meal of eggs, crackers, milk, tea, cocoa, and rice. Not much of the latter was consumed for its long journey in the camp kit had not exactly enhanced its attractiveness. By nine o'clock we were ready for bed so we spread our our blankets on a grassy ridge and lay down. But John and Artie, likewise Bubbles, so tired but a minute before, had no idea of going to sleep so the best part of two hours was wasted in squelching them-

Finally we all dropped off and slept the sleep of the just but it was all too short. At 6.30 the next morning we were on the move again. Breakfast came first and then we started north-west up the road for no other reason than to increase our mileage. A swim was a secondary object and this we had after we had walked some three miles up the road which here closely followed the course of the Sandy. Then back we went to camp, packed up, and at 10.30 began the weary tramp to the Belgrade Lakes.

We walked in hour stages as we had done on the way up but now they seemed like two hours. However we made just as good time as on the previous day, stopping at the same places. It was now that we noticed the distinct and separate ranges of hills which we had crossed to reach the Sandy and realized that the little rises which we were continually ascending and descending were but parts of really good-sized hills. Thus it was that our brilliant Donnie, plodding unromantically along under a gunny-sack, conceived the poetic name which appears at the head of this history, and we were christened "The Camp Beyond the Rangers." Herbert met us again and this time his sisters appeared in the back-ground but we had no time for gallantries and at 12.45 started on the last lap of our walk. An hour later and we were on the shores of Long Pond, an hour and thirty seconds later and we were in Long Pond. One more rite connected with our trip remained to be performed before we attacked our lunch and that was to examine our blisters. We all had them and they were large and important enough to be named. For instance Donnie had the King and Queen of Hearts, G.E.A. the Jack, Ruthven the Joker and Len, and Dome the nine also. They were christened according to size and their names do not exaggerate.

Lunch took up the greater part of an hour so it was not until three o'clock that we were packed and ready for the final dash for home. The Mills was reached in a half an hour more or less and the carry completed immediately. Then a thirty minute recess was declared for refreshment which was enjoyed to the utmost. The four-mile pull from the Mills to Merryweather began a little after four o'clock and by five the Camp Beyond the Ranges had passed into history. We had carried packs twenty-five miles (a camp record) and had made a total walking distance of thirty-one miles. We were proud of our blisters !!



THE CAMP BEYOND THE RANGES

Captain John.

Scrape with spades the paving-stones with all your might,
Pull a woolen mitten through your teeth at night,
Lock the windows, bar the door,
Pile the silver on the floor,
For of Captain John of Fourway Lodge, I write!

Of Johnny, who amid the scenes of youth,
Did a lot of chewing with an early tooth,
Rubbed hot salt upon his pate,
And tobacco, too, he ate,
Which I really never unerstood, forsooth.

Of Johnny, who was able, any day,
To turn an honest penny pitching hay,
He would fatuously walk
With the squirrel and the stork,
The while he trolled a merry roundelay.

One summer,- in the middle of July,-
(What summer makes no difference, bye-the-bye,)
He procured a little boat
That would sail as well as float.
(This is an awful rhyme. I wonder why?)

Oh that day of water, willow and blow,
I shall carry to a moving-picture show,
Cinematically seen
On the surface of my bean
Till a hurry-call is sent me from below.

However, Johnny boarded of his craft,
Set the sail and tied the Jersey cow well aft,
Bored the gunwhales full of holes,
Grounded on six dozen shoals,
And, finished, tied his bowsprit to the raft.

Though its tepid horror shock you to the bone,
(As happens when your razor cuts your hone,)
I must tell you of the fix
Of the saucy "Apterix";
He went to bed and left her there alone!!

He dreamed that he was walking on a shore,
The like of which he'd never seen before,
He saw his craft alight
With a bowline on a bight,
And disappear beneath the cellar-door.

He found boiled onions, more than he could eat,
And pools of mustard lying at his feet,
Great piles of feathered jam,
Strings of ice and sheets of ham,
And seven quarts of spun and carded meat.

(over)

Now enters my grim horror in a lump,
And my heart is going bump-a-bump-a-bump,
For even to this time
(Which is quite a happy rhyme,)
When I recollect the episode, I jump.

(Will some kind poet please finish this darned thing?)

T.L.

When Coleridge was writing "Kubla Khan",
He had to stop a bit to see a man.
The poem, though hard to beat,
Remains still incomplete,
As you'll find when his collected works you scan.

So if your inspiration leaves you now,
We really must confess we know not how
To keep the pace you set;
So with very deep regret,
We can only pay our compliments and bow.

Monday,
July 19
Mostly cloudy,
Spattering rain,
off and on.

Mr Lynes' first morning talk on the history and customs of the Esquimaux was extremely interesting.

The Hardy Lumbermen brought down a fine lot of firewood. Some of the boat loads were very heavy, with big logs.There were nine men on the Birch Squad, and much was accomplished, but there is still work for an army ahead.The Carpentry Squad are putting up new shelves in the Store Room, thereby winning the blessings of ## Secretary and Housekeeper. The Quarter-milers laid out the four-forty track again, and for## the future round the Soccer Goal will be required of those wishing to get back sweaters, etc. from te piazza miz, instead of cutting across, as has been sometimes done.

In spite of frequent spatters of rain, and even short showers, the first regular ##########Scouting was played this afternoon. Thefirst game was won with great spirit by the Iroquois, the second, a slower game all round, was won by the Algonquins, the third, a fine and hot game, was a tie, two runs and fifteen shots on each side.

In the first game the Algonquin guard, Lowell, was killed by G. Pantaleone, and the remaining guard went back and slew the murderer, so no runs were scored. In the third game two Al## -gonquin guards were killed by C.F.B., one before and one after he had made his run. An Iroquois guard, Carey, was also killed on the return by one of te two Algonquin run-makers.The runs were made as follows,

Algonquins	Iroquois
Pantaleoni, R, I run	C.F.B., I run
Whittemore, " "	James, " " "

Monday, (cont'd) The new players showed up remarkably well, in great part, and some of them did fine playing. Some, though, still have a good deal to learn, and it was demonstrated that it is a poor plan to choose a large open space in the sweet fern , and either sit up straight in it, or lie down flat on one's back, even though this latter plan is for the interesting scientific purpose of seeing how many rain-drops one can catch in one's mouth.

The Skipper read the time-honoured Scouting Letter aloud at supper, amid much laughter.

The condensed score reads:

Algonquins	Iroquois
Ist Game	
I4 killed	6 killed.
2nd Game	
9 killed	I2 killed
3rd Game	
2 Runs, I5 killed	2 Runs I5 killed.

In the evening we played the first Observation Game of the summer.It was won by Harry Cross, with a score of II for the 3 second count, I7 for the 30 second count, total --- 28. Hoffman took second place, with a score of 8 for the first count,I6 for the second, total 24, and S. Houghton, James, Paine and Rey--nolds tied for third place, with a total of 23. We had four tables this year instead of three, each with twenty-five common objects,like pipes, nails, matches,a piece of soap, leaves, twigs, etc.

Tuesday,
July 20
Bright and fair,
Wind N.W., light.

The leaks in the aquarium were re-cemented in morning squad work by the Skipper, assistd by Messrs Corning and Thompson.

Another series of heavy loads of wood was brought down in boats by the lumbermen.

Harry Cross broke the simming record to Oak Island, making it in 24 minutes, 45 seconds. Not counted, because not timed with a stop-watch.

In the afternoon we had the first Supper Expedition of the summer. The Skipper and C.W. took their crews to the Caves, on the east side of Long Pond. All the others went to Philip Mountain, where a few further separations took place. Mr Lynes went smelt-fishing. He only caught two, but the point was made, and we hope soon to see some of the fine deep-sea catches, fifty to a hundred in two hours, which apparently the Ram--Islanders get, in the deep water west of the upper part of Hoyt's.

Mr. Gregg took a far journey, by himself. A.A. and Reynolds passed a peaceful afternoon by the shore. Jimmy afterwards milked a cow (a misdemeanor, in law), after he had watched her owner safely away, and got two cups full. He also got an eye-full, we hear.

One party, under L.C.Z., came down the steep side of Philip, which has not been done for some time, G.E.A. bringing the rest down the usual way; with either Stacky or Gordon Abbott as an occasional balance weight on his shoulders.

The Caves party appeared just as the rest of us got back to the beach. We made an excellent supper on bacon, meat-balls, etc, after which Mr. Lynes told us a thrilling"unfinished story by R.L.Stevenson"(!) before we embarked for home.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○			○			○		
L.M.V.S.	X			X			✓		
A.G.	X			X			X	•	
R.P.C.	○			○			✓		
A.T.	✓			✓			X		
A.M.R	○			○			○		
Benis	✓			✓			X		
Bennett	X				•		✓		
Curtis, P.	X	•		X				••••••	
Fairchild	✓			✓			✓		
Fay	X	•			••		X		
Hoffman	X			✓			X		
Houghton, S.	✓				•		X	•	
Hun	✓			✓				•	
Leland, J.	X	•		X	•			••	
Lowell	X				••		X		
Newbold	X			✓			X		
Pantaleoni, R.	✓			X			X		1
Parker		•		X	•		✓		
Reynolds	✓			✓			X		
Thompson	X			X			X		
Wheeler	X	•		✓			X	••••	
Wheelock	✓			X	•••		X		
Whittemore	X	•		✓			X		1
Whitney	X				•		✓		
Winthrop	X			X			X		
	14	6		9	12		15	15	2

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	✓				•		X		
L.C.Z.	X	•		✓			X		
G.E.A.	✓			X			✓	•	
A.A.	✓			✓			X	••	
C.F.B.	X	•		X			X	••	1
Abbott	✓			X	•		✓		
Austin	✓			X			✓		
Carey	✓			✓			X	•••	
Chapman	X	•		✓				•	
Coolidge	X			X	•				
Corning		••			••••		X		
Cross	X			✓			X		
Curtis, T.	✓			✓			X		
Hollister		••		✓			✓		
Houghton, J.	✓			✓			X		
James		•••		X			X	••••	1
Lansingh		•		X			X		
Miner	✓				•		X	•	
Paine		••		X			✓		
Pantaleoni, G.	X	•		X					
Parrish	✓			X			✓		
Payson	✓			X	•		X	•	
Stackpole	✓			✓			X		
Sturges	✓			X			X		
	6	14		12	9		15	15	2

Tuesday (cont'd) All te way down from Philip we were closely shadowed [redacted] ept when it broke down) by a motor-boat, ~~##~~ probably German.

S. Houghton found a good snake skin on the top of Philip (where a good game of Duck-on-the-rock was enjoyed); and everybody found the hornet's nest under the eaves of the boat-house on the beach. N.B., its inhabitants were not made much more peaceful by the fusillade of pe bbles they received.

When we came home, we hunted a very elusive monkey for the fifteen minutes left before 8.30. The half-past niners then had a thrilling game of Clothes-pins, the evening being won by C.W.'s team, which beat T.L.'s by two out of three single games, and one double game. After this we had a well-earned fif--teen minutes of The Vanished Messenger. The plot thickens.

Some interesting variations of the usual forms of spelling were developed in the Observation Game , last night; s-o-p-e, s-i-z-o-r-s, t-o-u-g-h-paste (tooth-paste), etc, etc.

We forgot to mention that the Prefects shifted their duies on Monday, A.A. now takes the mail, C.F.B. is new Shop Master, and A.T. rules the Boat House.

PICNIC = SUPPER OUT

General Party = Philip Mountain

Corker + Terror = The Caves

~ OUANANICHE ~

T.L.

Parker
Payson
Wheeler
Houghton S
Conway

Parrish
Reynolds
Pattakos R
Wheelock
Bennett

Passengers

A.A
Tinkham

Abbott
Whitney

Coolidge

ABOL.

L.C.I.
Chester
Wheeler
B.B.

EBEN

C.F.B.
Loveman
Curtis P.
Carey

WARRY

R.P.C.
Hollister
Paine
Lowell

WILLIWAW

L.M.Y.S
Hine
R.R.
Houghton J.

IDENTICAL

C.E.A.
Cross
Whittemore
Stockpole

YAMMERSCHOONER

A.T.
Pattakos G.
Curtis T.
Thompson

EREWON

AC
Fuller
Chapman
Stimpson

CORKER.

H.P.
Bennis
Lloyd J.
Fay

TERROR

C.W.
Symmes
Whittemore
Hopkinson

WEDNESDAY, July 21, Fair, Light, N.W. (Back to the army, again, sergeant; and perhaps it isn't good to be here. No matter what lovely places one goes to, or what delightful people one sees, and I did very well in both regards, there's nothing like Camp.)

The first navigating squad went out to-day, as follows: Bennett, Hollister, Wheeler. They went round Oak Island, but we doubt if they broke any records.

Winthrop tried his best to cut his leg off with an axe this morning, but only partially succeeded. Hard luck, Bob.

The wire is being taken down along the middle fence. We expect to see a decided decrease in the number of mutilated scouting shirts in consequence.

Newbold is having an uncomfortable time with a sore leg. He says the disinfectant smells like what they put on the trees. It has been pointed out to him that it is all right, as it is being put on a limb.(I did not make this pun.)

Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole were here to dinner, and Mr. Stackpole played baseball in the afternoon.

THIRD BASEBALL AFTERNOON.
WUZZIES VS. FUZZIES.

Not a very even game, but it was good fun to have J, R, back in the game. Fourway Lodge filled in nicely to-day, with pitcher and catcher. Lest anyone should think that Miss Rosalind caught for the Fuzzies, let us hasten to explain that R.R. stands for Robert Reath. Gus, having his wrist still in splints, could do nothing more active than scoring.

G.E.A. heads the batting list, with .800, including a two-bagger and a triple.

J.R. struck out ten men and C.W. six. Bases on balls were

WEDNESDAY few and far between.
(Cont'd.T

T.L. made an unassisted double play in the seventh inning, putting out Carey and Austin.

There was unusual activity in the outfieldas will be seen by referring to the score card.Too often an outfield fly means a base on an error.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
BOGS VS. FROGS.

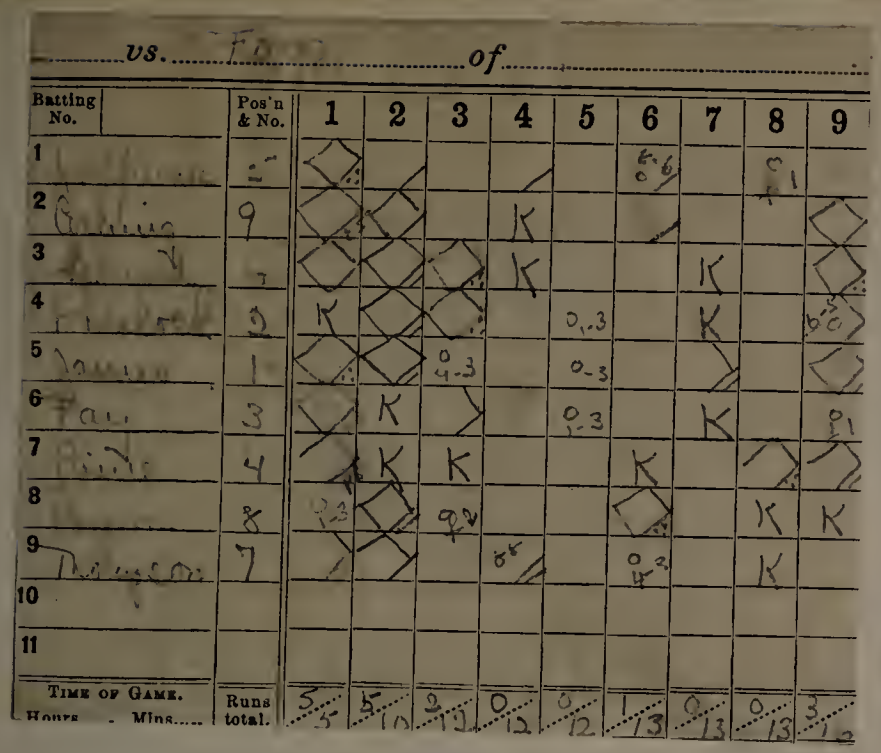
Rather a loosely played game,especially in the eraly inmnings. It is hard to get the two teams even.But the spirit of the game is improving,which is good.James heads the batting list,with .600.

Wuzzies vs. Fuzzies of July 21 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 Lowell	5	1-4-6						F 8	K (2-3)					5	1	1
1	5		2 C.W.	1.	2-4				K				K				5	2	2
10	0		3 T.L.	3.	1-3				K								4	2	1
6	2		4 G.E.A.	6		1-4	2-6-3						1-3				5	2	4
6	2		5 A.G.	2.		4-3				7-9	6-3						5	0	2
3	2		6 A.T.	4.		7-4		K			F7		T-1				5	1	0
0	0		7 Cross	8.			1-3	K		4-3							3	0	0
0	1		8 Bemis	7.								F 6					3	1	2
0	0		9 Parish	9			K		F9	K							3	0	0
1	0		10 Bennett	7								K					1	0	0
0	0		# Hollister	8													1	0	1
27	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	3	3	3	5	8	8	9				40	9	13
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				1	6	1-b. on errors.												2	2

Fuzzies vs. Wuzzies of July 21 at

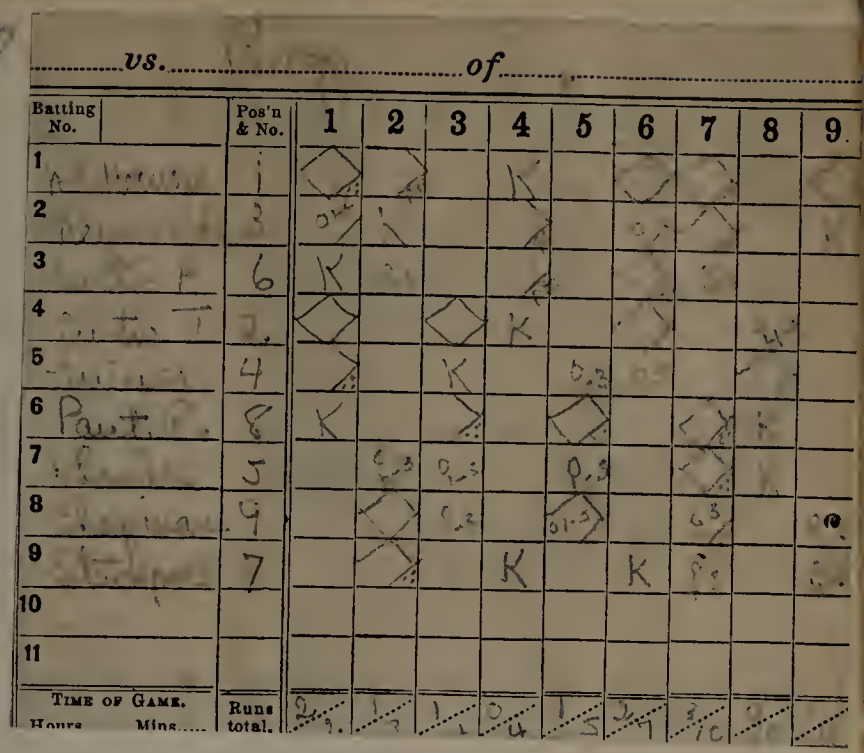
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
7	0		1 L.C.Z.	3.	F-6	F-6											4	0	0
9	1		2 R.R.	2.	K						F-6						3	1	1
2	2		3 R.P.C.	6			6-3		K			F 6					4	0	1
1	5		4 J.R.	1	K		F-4		F 4			3					4	0	0
3	2		5 M.W.S.	4		K	7-6-4			F 6		F-1					2	0	1
1	0		6 Parker	5		1-3		1-3		1-3			2-1-3				4	0	1
1	0		7 C.F.B.	8				4-3		4-3			K				4	1	0
1	1		8 Carey	7				2-3			3		F9				3	0	1
1	2		9 Austin	9		6			1-6		4 3						3	0	1
1	0		Fairlies	9													2	0	0
			11																
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	1	1	2	2	2	2	2					33	2	6
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	10	1-b. on errors.												2	



vs. Fa of

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2	9				K					
3					K			K		
4		K				0,3		K		
5	1			0 4-3		0-3				
6	3		K			0-3		K		
7	4		K	K			K			
8	8								K	K
9	7								K	
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours - Mins.....	Runs total.	5	5	2	0	0	1	0	0	3
		5	10	12	12	12	13	13	13	16

80



vs. of

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1					K					
2										
3	6	K								
4					K					
5	4			K						
6	8	K								
7	5									
8										
9	7				K		K			
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours Mins.....	Runs total.	2	1	1	0	1	3	3	2	
		2	3	4	4	5	8	11	13	

A.M.R. got back by the regular afternoon train.

After supper, though the time was short, we had boats. Four brethren, who did not take the shortness of the time seriously are in consequence debarred from boats for the presence.

THIRD SING-SONG.

PROGRAMME.

I. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.

2. Duet, Sixth Symphony.....T.L., A.M.R.

3. Song,.. .. ..A.G.

4. Choruses.....Merryweather Boys, My Heart's in the Highlands, Baseball Song, Merry Merryweathers.

5. Duet.....Parker, Cross.

6. Stunts from English History.....R.R. & Co.

7. Stunt, "An Exhibition of Magic".....A.G., L.C.Z.

CAMP SONG.

Hurrah for the old Chopsticks guard. At last J.R. has consented to emerge from retirement, and our overture once more made the rafters ring, to say nothing of the welkin. May it be ever thus.

The sixth Symphony is not so tremendous as some of the others, but it is perfectly delightful, and makes one think of all sorts of pleasant things.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) A.G. sang us an extraordinary Hungarian song.He has promised to write down the words for us,so that we can see what it looks like.The only word we could really make out was "Gosh",and we doubt if that was used in its ordinary English sense.And for an encore he gave us the Little Pig again.We are learning to join in the chorus,though it is not easy.

When Beef first came up he used to sing for us.He can't sing soprano any more,but he and Piggy gave us two good songs,and we hope for more another time.

The historical scenes were fine.In the first scene Tommy Wheelock made an ample and imposing Queen Elizabeth,with Pie-face as a gallant and dashing Walter Raleigh.

In the second,Bill Payson,as Alfred the Great,was finley berated by G-G- as the lady wh o owned the cakes.

The third was perhaps the best of all.C.W. appeared as King John,in a green dressing-gown and a bad temper.He stamped and stormed but the nobles,ably represented by Fay,Payson,Austin,Wheeler, Hollister and Wheelock,would stand no nonsense,and he finally signed Magna Carta.

The second stunt gave us an idea of the magic of India.L.C.Z. exhibited A.G.,whom he had discovered in the jungle while he was playing tiddly-winks.The Hindu language not being familiar to our readers,our report is taken from the showman's translation.

He took Stackpole from the audience,put a bag over his head, pulled the bag off,and behold,a goose! (It is said that some people are still trying to understand this.)

He did lightning calculation which left us speechless with amazement,and turned a clear bottle into a brown one with neatness

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) and dispatch.Lastly he sang to us in his native tongue,strange and haunting melodies,which we give below.That is,we give the words.

And the Messenger still vanishes.

SONG.

The only sum that Newbold hates
To do for Mr.Gregg
Is 4-4-0 plus 4-4-0
With a spank-stick on the leg.

Chorus: Yes,there is rest,
Yes,there is rest,
In this camping life,in this camping life,I tell you,
Yes,there is rest,
Yes,there is rest.
In this camping life there is rest.

Oh Campers all,I'll tell you now
A sight that's to be feared;
'Tis when Herr Wiggins angry is,
And bristles up his beard.
Chorus: Yes,there is rest,etc.

We love our dear old Gee-Gee,
His neck-ties are so bright.
The only trouble with them is
That they stay awake all night.
Chorus: Yes,there is rest etc.

Of all the fishes in the pond
I'd rather be a smelt.

He's the hardest fighter by all odds
Our Tyrus ever felt.
Chorus: Yes,there is rest, etc.

Said Harry Cross to me one day,
"I think I'd like a soak.
So if you'll take a boat along,
I'll swim ten times round Oak."
Chorus: Yes,there is rest etc.

At this great Stacky answer made,
"Well,I must be the goat.
I take a running start from shore,
And almost make the float."
Chorus: Yes,there is rest etc.

Oh,Gordon Abbott plays the game
Of scouting quite reversed.
He dodges cover,sits straight up,
And creeps along feet first.
Chorus: Yes,there is rest, etc.

Camping Trip
July 22nd

Bennett
Curtis, P.
James
Miner
Parker
C.W.
Worromontogus
Quahcomgomock

THURSDAY, July 22, Fair, Clouding, light shower p.m. Southerly.

The second camping-trip of the season wemt off this morning in canoes, headed westward.

Navigating squad again this morning. One navigator did very well until he ran into the point. It seems as if the point were big enough to avoid.

After dinner it rained for a while, and there wre so many showers piling up in every direction that it looked like a good day to stay ashore. The following announcement appeared on the door:

GREAT BIG SINGSPIEL

for a short time

and then

---Boat Building---

after which

a big Soccer game on the new Athletic Field

(Take Chestnut Hill car)

Then followed the lists of the sides, which we shall give later.

We began with half an hour of good singing practice. We worked mostly on rounds, and divided into pies which are probably to be permanent. This will save all the scrambling and questions about whose pie one goes in, at picnics. The leaders are T.L., L.C.Z., and A.M.R. For the lists, see next page.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)	T.L.	L.C.Z.	A.M.R.
	Bemis	Abbott	Austin
	Cross	Bennett	Carey
	Coolidge	T.Curtis	P.Curtis
	Fairchild	Chapman	Corning
	Hollister	Fay	Hoffman
	J.Houghton	S.Houghton	Hun
	Deland	James	Lansingh
	Newbold	Lowell	Miner
	R.Pantaleoni	Paine	G.Pantaleoni
	Payson	Parker	Parrish
	Sturges	Reynolds	Stackpole
	Whitney	Thompson	Wheeler
	Winthrop	G.E.A.	Whittemore
	A.T.	L.M.V.S.	Wheelock
	R.P.C.		C.W.
			A.G.
			A.A.
			C.F.B.

Boat-building began after singing.We note the following old friends:

The Bumboat is being re-fitted.

The Dark Hoss is having new deck-beams put in.to strengthen her.

The Sand-flea is having a new coat of paint.

The Comet is still swinging round her orbit.Her top spar broke last year,so she needs a bit of work before she tempts the briny deep.

BUILDERS AND THEIR METHODS.

COOLIDGE.

Recline upon your elbow,
And contemplate your boat;
For if you do this long enough,
Perhaps some day she'll float.

THOMPSON.

Keep dancing wildly here and there,
Don't work two minutes together;

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

And then your boat will surely go
In any kind of weather.

WINTHROP.

Now wave your boat around your head,
Or put it down your back;
For by such means you'll have a craft
To laugh at wind and wrack.

CROSS.

But this year Piggy is the man
Who's going to win,you bet.
He's worked an hour on his boat,
And hasn't split her yet!

Hunny split his,though;took a great big bite out of her, poor thing.

The new athletic field lies just where the old one did, but it is beautifully lined out.Just as grand!

PICKALILLIES. VS. LICKAPILLIES.

Whittemore	center	R.Pantaleoni
Bemis	forward	Hoffman
Leland	"	Corning
S.Houghton	"	T.Curtis
Wheeler	"	Winthrop
Wheelock	half-back	Abbott
Thompson	"	Lansingh
Sturges	full-back	J.Houghton
Coolidge	"	Stackpole
Reynolds	goal	Whitney

Score,1-1.

The goals were kicked by Whittemore and T.Curtis. Whittemore,Bemis,and Wheelock did good work for the Pickalillies,while R.Pantaleoni,Corning,and T.Curtis shone on the other side.It was a good lively game.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)	WAVES	VS.	WIND.
	A.T.	center	C.F.B.
	Fairchild	forward	Lowell
	A.G.	"	G.E.A.
	L.C.Z.	"	Paine
	Parrish	half-back	G.Pantaleoni
	Chapman	"	Hollister
	Fay	full-back	Austin
	Carey	"	Payson
	Cross	goal	Hun

Score,2-1.

A.G. kicked the first goal for his side.The second was made by L.C.Z.,who put Hun and the ball together across the line.C.F.B. made the goal for the Wind,straight from the kick-off.

After supper came "Games on the Hill",and then a deafening game of "Towel". "I wish I didn't make so much noise,"said one young man,after an ear-splitting shriek.

And at half-past eight "the lean,locked ranks went roaring down to bed".(Kipling,slightly amended for the occasion.)

It was suggested that we do not vanish till the return of the campers;but as we read while G.E.A. and his party were out,stern impartiality prevailed,and we finished one of the best "thrillers" we have ever had.As it didn't take the whole time,we finished the evening eith "Consequences."Here are a few pearls:

The wall-eyed Mr.Lynes smokes always in Beluchistan.

The measly Mr.Abbot bungles sorrowfully in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

The fat Mr.Zahner ogles sleepily in the Short Dormitory.

The intrusive Clem Newbold gormandizes neatly on the float.

The cross-eyed Mose proposes parsimoniously in Faculty Coffee.

The troublesome Cross rolls egregiously in the captain's boots.

The greenish Arthur loves nervously in the kitchen.

The sloppy Bubbles waggles his ears lazily in the fireplace.

— Camping Trip. —
" R·P·C's Vegetarian Muskrateers."

The weather was something elsquent — sure — sheeters — wet underfoot (part of the way) and dry overhead. Everyone felt quite spunky setting out in canoes — and of course we headed for the Mills. Enthusiasm was our christian name and we decided to frolic to the top of Muskrat Mountain, carrying our mess outfits, camp there and visit the neighboring points of fame. Our christian name lost a couple of letters after about two miles of juggling our dunnage — but a gentle rain forced a halt in the old house half way up the mountain, and here we regained confidence after disguising ourselves as german artillery and bombarding imaginary Russians through the unglazed windows with brick-bats from the Murdock-down chimney. We looked diligently for treasure in the cellar but 'pon my word we found none. One of the party found what he thought was a trap door - but it proved to be only a place where the floor wasn't — you get me? The rats found him first.

The rain having ceased we followed suit
& the open field above the Rd house we
found us on utter dismay — there very fierce
bulls who stood and "eudded" & watched us
sceptily. By very careful & thoughtful tactics
we managed to get around them and
arrived in perfect order (but very moist)
at the top.

Camp made we
found water about 1/2 mile west on the
road just about 100 feet south of a
deserted barn — whether this was due to
wet season or not we could not tell
— the stream was clear & very well
despised.

and had a look at the "funny hills" be-
- met some sad looking campers — decided
we were foolish and returned to camp
The evening was spent in separating Polly
and Josephens who insisted on occupying
the same spot for a bed. Jo had found a
silver buckle which made him feel, somehow
superior to the rest of us — naturally we
all sided with Polly. (I may state however
that Jo still has the buckle.)

Disaster! Ruination!! Confusion!!! Woe! Despair!!!!
Curses!!! *†☆ No Bacon! Try it yourself
if you think its funny. We all pretended
we were Vegetarians (it didn't help a lot)
and all prayed for a chance to get at
Chaney's throat.
All was quiet — our stomachs simmered themselves.
No sleep — "no bacon - chasey - no bacon — woe is me -
woe is Chasey - no bacon — "
The next day we went to Hippie Hill
blazed a trail to what we thought was the
David's Cave — The Jumping Off Place and what
we knew to be the Cave on the West side.
The trail will allow a Sunday stroll to
"do the caves" with the need only — easily.
Coming down to the water we had planned
a swim but finding quite a little southerly
blow we took no chance on Vine and
strolled for Merry water. We went North of
Hoyt & lunched the shore all the way home
and were pretty tired diddlers when we landed
at the Hoot.

R. P. CHAS.'S VEGETARIAN MUSKARATEERS.

P.P.
PERILOUS PASSAGE.

TWO FOR EACH ONE

SAFETY FIRST!

NICE DOGGIE!

MY HEARTS IN THE HIGHLANDS

BEING CHASED BY A BULL

HEY JO HIDE YOUR BEAM!

FRIDAY, July 23, Fair, Warm, S.W.

Great swimming this morning. J.Houghton made his first trip to the Ouananiche slip. It looks as if he might beat R.Pantaleoni to the Point.

Leland, Hoffman, and Bemis explored Pickerel, for the first time, and all swam part way back.

Reynolds swam to Oak Island. His time was not taken, but he and his escort were late to dinner. Hunny also tried it, but got a cramp in his leg. Better luck next time, Dutch.

At afternoon reading we finished "Woodstock".

FISHING AND SKOWHEGAN.

EREBUS.	TERROR	WILLIWAW.	YAMMER/SCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
L.M.V.S.	T.L.	A.G.	L.C.Z.	Lowell
Bemis	Austin	Hollister	R.Pantaleoni	Fay
Paine	Payson	Chapman	Cross	S.Houghton
6 bass	3 bass	Newbold	1 bass	1 bass

PANTASOTE.	WOBBLER.	ARKLET.	CHUB.
R.P.C.	A.T.	C.F.B.	A.A.
Carey	Reynolds	Parrish	Fairchild
G.Pantaleoni	Whittemore	Wheeler	Hun
1 bass	1 bass		

Total, number, 13.

It looks as if it paid to stay out for supper. The Erebus and the Terror were the only ones that tried it, and the only ones that got more than one fish.

R.R.
B.B.

Abbott	Coolidge	This bold company took their
T.Curtis	Hoffman	
Corning	J.Houghton	supper with them, and sought
Lansingh	Leland	
Stackpole	Sturges	the wilds behind Gleason's
Thompson	Wheelock	
Whitney	Winthrop	shore. Here they scouted, or

Skowheganated, for four fierce games. We have not a score card, but runs were made and men were killed, and it was fierce fighting. They supped merrily, and came home just before eight. On the way home J.Houghton found a dead snake, which he kindly brought home, we suppose

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) to give it decent burial.

By the way, an enormous leech was caught and put in the aquar ium this morning. And A.M.R. saw three black duck get up from the little pond in Alexander's field this afternoon.

"R.P.C.'s Vegetarian Muskrateers" came home at a fine pace, after many adventures. They had camped on Muskrat, and found all sorts of wonderful places on the west shore of Great Pond, to which they blazed a trail for future generations. Vegetarian? Why, R.P.C. forgot to give them their bacon.

Digestion Club was followed by "Indoor Wolf". Our powers of observation are still a little at fault.

A.T. was called Parrish.

Parrish was called A.T.

Carey was called A.T.

Cross was called A.T.(!)

Lowell was called G.E.A.

This last mistake was owing to deceitful conduct. C.F.B. had Lowell, and as he was feeling him over, G.E.A. blew a cloud of cigarette smoke across his face.

Some of the half-past niners went to bed, and tutoring and other ailments kept others out, but we played "Boston" all the same. It was a wild game. No one was killed, and those injured expect to recover, but there were fearful moments.

Crees

	I			II			III			IV		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
R.R.			1	X			X			X	•	
Curtis T.	X	•		X				•	1	V		
Hoffman		•			•••		X			X	.	
Stackpole	V			X					1	X		
Sturges			1	X			X	•		V		
Thompson	X			X			X	••		V		
Whitney	V			X			X	•		V		
	2	2	2	6	3		5	5	2	3	1	0

Total Runs } 4

Crows

	I			II			III			IV		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
B.B.	V				•	1	X			X		
Coolidge	V					4	X			V		
Corning	X	•				2		••				1
Houghtaut	V			X		2	X			V		
Lansingh	X				••	1	X				•	
Leland		•		X		1		•				1
Whitlock	V				X •••	2	X	••			••	1
	2	2		3	6	13	5	5	0	1	3	3

Total Runs } 16 Time I, IV } 10 Minutes II, III } 15 "

Timer – G. Abbott
Scorer – R. Winthrop

SATURDAY, July 24, Early fog, clearing. S.W.

The early morning was wonderful.It was clear,with a great white fog bank on Long Pond and a smaller one on Austin's Bog.Then the fog spread,till we were all wrapped in it.And by breakfast time it was clear again,except for Long Pond.Is it because the pond is lower that the fog hangs on there?

B.B. was waked this morning by a fat bird lighting onher shoulder.When she opened her eyes it got up and flew away.

Pointers are hereby affectionately warned that if they yell at early hours something will happen to them.

At morning reading we finished "Robert-Houdin",and at afternoon reading we began "Pickwick Papers."

Just at swim time Mrs.Hoffman and Eugene's uncle and aunt came over to have a look at him.

The island in the aquarium is now planted with ferns.

To-day,in spite of a double inspection,there were NO PIGS!

A good letter to-day from P.W.S.,who is in a paper mill in Holyoke.His good wishes for the Algonquins are appreciated,and we of that tribe will do our best.But we certainly did not "beat the Abbot-Aspinwall combination last year";for one reason,because it did not exist as a combination.G.E.A. was not here,and Gus,thanks to the pine tree's withered branch,was out of the game almost all the season.

THIRD JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.
MICKS VS. COMICS.

This looked like a loose game at the beginning,with errors,bases on balls,and other weak points.Things soon tightened up,however,and for four innings the score was tied.In the seventh,with bases full and G.E.A. dancing like a demon all round the diamond,it looked as if the Micks might score heavily;but they got only one run,after all.

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) The Comics out-batted their opponents, but they could not bunch their hits enough to score heavily.

First honors in batting go to R.R., with .666 to his credit. A.T. stands at .600, and G.E.A., Parrish, and Bennett are all in the .500 group.

To Our Imported Catcher.
(Tune, "Here's a Health to King Charles".)

When the team is short-handed,
And players are missed;
When Jigs sprains his ankle,
And Gus breaks his wrist;
Yet we must play once more,
With the bit in our teeth.
So we go up the shore (bis)
And we call on Bob Reath.(bis)

Though he flits back to Fourway
When the ball-game is o'er,
Yet we open our doorway
To him evermore.
And the cheers shall resound
From above and beneath,
And the cup shall go round (bis)
"Here's a health to Bob Reath."(bis)

(N.B. The rhymes to Reath are few and select.)

Mich vs. Connies of July 24 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	1		1 Hollister	8	E-3				K		9-4						4	0	1
3	3	✓	2 Lowell	1		K			K								2	1	0
9	1		3 G.E.A.	2		K			3 9-K								2	1	1
13	0	✓	4 C.F.B.	3			2-3 9-K			0 3							1	0	0
1	1	✓	5 Cross	6			4-3			9-7	4-3						4	1	1
1	2		6 G. Parke	5			K					9-1					4	1	1
0	1		7 R. Parke	9	K			K		(W) 2-3		K					4	0	0
0	0		8 Paine	7		K		K			K						3	0	0
6	7		9 Parrish	4				K				K					4	2	2
			10																
			11																
27	16		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	0					28	6	6
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				5	2	1-b. on errors.													

Connies vs. Michs of July 24 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	2	✓	1 Bemis	4	E 0 6-2					8-6		4-					4	1	0
7	0	✓	2 A.T.	3	K							4-3					5-	6	3
1	0	✓	3 Parker	1	E	2-5 0		9-2		K			0				5-	1	0
14	2	✓	4 R. R.	2						9-3							3	1	2
0	1	✓	5 Carey *	6			9-3	4-3			4-3						4	0	1
0	0	✓	6 Austin	5			9		4-3		4-3		1-3				5-	0	1
1	0		7 Fairchild	7	9		1-3				8-3		8-2				4	0	0
0	0	✓	8 James	8		5-3		4-3	9			1-3					4	0	0
0	0		9 Bennett	9					1-3			5-2					4	2	2
			10																
			11																
24	5		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	4	0	4	1	5	0	5	0	3	0	5	0	5	0	5	0	38	5	9
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	2			6	14	1-b. on errors.				* Bemis runs 1, 3, 9. James 4								1	

vs. of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base hits.
		✓	1	3	2-3.				1-3		1-3	2-4					6	1	0
		✓	2		K				4-3		4-3	K	4-3				6	1	1
		✓	3	5			7-4					1-2					6	3	2
		✓	4														6	4	2
		✓	5	6	6-3							7					6	3	2
		✓	6	8		1-3			2-4		7-6		7-5				5	0	0
		✓	7	7		K				1-3			K				6	2	2
		✓	8	1		7-1				4-3							5	2	1
		✓	9	2													5	3	1
			10																
			11																
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	2	6		3		3	2	2	1			51	19	11

Denvers vs. [illegible] of [illegible] at [illegible]

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
		✓	1 Whittemore	1		K.	6-3					K					6	2	2
		✓	2 Leland	6		K.		F-1	3 U.		1 U	4-3					6	1	0
		✓	3 Payson	4	K						F-1		K				4	2	1
		✓	4 Curtis F.	2									F-4				6	3	4
		✓	5 Munes	5			4	1-3	1 U		K.		K				5	0	0
			6 Chatterman	8						K							5	2	1
		✓	7 Fay	3	3 U			F-1									5	1	2
		✓	8 Abbott	7													0	1	0
		✓	9 Briggs	9			K			K (2-3)							5	1	3
			10 Houghton	7					K	K.							2	0	0
			11 Turner	7								K					1	0	0
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	0	3	2	1	1	1	1	2				43	12	12

The Bug-League continues to improve,but there are too ma many errors still.Tighten up,gentlemen.

Remember also that when you think you are toogrand to shack balls,you put yourself in the quadruped class at once; a quadruped to whom one would rather not be compared,whose name is only three letters long.

We got through supper in such good time that there was a brief and blissful interval of Games on the Hill before we began rehearsing for charades.

POTLATCH. We began with a very unruly school.G-G-,the teacher,had to devote most of his time to his two dunces,C.W. and T.L.,who sat on high stools in the corner with dunce-caps on.They speeled invery peculiar ways,ending with "P-O-T,pot; tea-pot." The second syllable was fine.King Bubbles and his lovely and bashful queen,P.Curtis,were enjoying themselves when a messenger rushed in with news of a coming foe.The monarch hid,the queen fled;but Lewis Thompson,a lovely maid in scarlet,put his (or her) arm through the staples of the door,and held it,till,like the young lady of Norway,the door squeezed her flat and the murderers rushed in.For the whole word we had an Indian potlatch;C.W. staggering off

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) under such a weight of blankets that we do not wonder that he looked solemn at the thought of paying the debt.

DIALOGUE. "Die" was represented by a race.Abbott came in last, and died from the effect of his exertions.The last two syllables went together,and here again we had a school,on the whole worse than the first.A.G. was teacher this time,and conducted his class with fine abandon.Beef's head seemed so wooden that he certainly might as well have been a log,for all the good he did.The whole word was a court scene,wherein A.G.,as the lawyer made a wonderful speech. Not only did he carry us away by his eloquence,but he was so carried away himself that he kept hitting the judge as he waved his arms about.

PIRATES. There were really two pies in the first scene,Lindsley and the pie that he stole.He called in the others,and the way they stuffed and gobbled was a caution."Rats" took us to the good town of Hamelin,where the council was in session,greatly troubled by rats. Fairchild appeared as the Pied Piper,though not so "pied" as we might have wished,for the only garment that would do at all was the usual scarlet wrapper.He discoursed sweet music on a harmonica,and the rats slowly folloed him to the river,where we suppose they were drowned,though we did not see the remains.The whole word was fine. Gus was a formidable pirate captain,commanding as dreadful a crowd of ruffians as one would ask for,armed literally to the teeth.With savage threats they dragged in their victims,who were one by one hurled to their doom,in spite of protests and struggles.

BEDLAM. The two syllables went in one scene.The bed-making of Lowell and Stackpole was most peculiar,and deserved the "lamming" which it called down upon their devoted persons.The whole word was a beauty.We had the interior of a lunatic asylum.Two,crowned with vine leaves,were having an orgy of some kind.Killy was browsing pea-

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) cefully on soap,and John Houghton,crowned with a black kettle,was doing something in the musical line with the fire-irons.As for G.E.A.,he was dancing wildly about, crying,"They think I'm George Abbot,but I'm really a little hard-boiled egg!"

As we had been very expeditious,we had time for an old friend,"Gladiator."A.M.R. did the unhappy lady,and A.G. was a superb lion.His roars were magnificent,and his washing of his face after his meal was realistic in the extreme.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed,we made words out of "Chastisement."A merry sport,though spraining to the brain when weary.

SUNDAY July 25, Fair, shower p.m. Southerly.

This morning Raoul swam to the point,and Stacky to the float.Let the good work go on.

Various visitors this morning.Mrs.Whittemore came to inspect Henry,and stayed to dinner.

Miss Hall,who spends the summers at Jamaica Point,came down for a little while,with her nephew and his doctor.We apologize,but we didn't get the name of either gentleman.

In the early afternoon Mrs.Pantaleoni came over,and she and Mrs.Whittemore took their boys off,to be returned in time for hymns.

At afternoon we bagn Macbeth,having finished "Julius Caesar" last week.

Plans were all made for a water picnic,but before the list was posted things began to look doubtful.The south wind was so strong that there were white-caps running,and bow-paddlers and passengers would get very wet.So it was all aboard for what used to be Alexander's field,and Skowhegan;supper to be in the pine grove.

So far so good.There were three games of Skowhegan.G.E.A. was captain of one side,A.G. of the other.We have not a list,as paper doesn't grow very well in that field,but the score was kept with matches and knotted string,so we have the score card to show.The first game,with seven runs to none,was evidently pretty uneven,but after that the other side got into shape,and won the second and third. We haven't at this moment the score of the second,as the string is in someone's pocket,but the third at least was close.

Meanwhile the stay-at-homes were beginning to watch a huge shower that was slowly piling up in the north,all across the horizon.Should we get it?Should we start,or send a scout up to call all hands in,and picnic at home?At last,like Steve Brodie,we took a chance.The food was put in the Arklet,and after shutting windows

and taking down the flag,weset out.We reached the pines just as the train from Skowhegan came in,and in a few minutes we had a fire going and toast making.It was our first hard-boiled egg picnic,and the change seemed a popular one,to judge from the people who followed the egg-basket round asking for fifths.

It sprinkled most of the time;and just as we said,"Oh well,we aren't going to get much",down it came in earnest. We bolted our last jam and chocolate,and scuttled for home.

Here we had two "circular stories",told by L.E.R.,A.M.R. A.G.,and T.L.Some of the small boys don't quite see how this is done,but you just have to think as you go.It is a fine game,especially for the one who comes last.We also had "The Story of the Birch Canoe."No,friends,it isn't true.

After hymns we had "The Man Who Was".

SKOWHEGAN.
STEVENS FIELD,
JULY 25

G.E.A.		A.G.
=	1st Game	=
1		
RUNS. 7		RUNS. 0
KILLED. 11		KILLED. 7
	2nd GAME	
RUNS. 1.		Runs 3
KILLED. 18.		Killed, 14
	3rd GAME.	
RUNS. 2		RUNS. 2
KILLED. 18		KILLED. 16

MONDAY, July 26, Rain p.m. Southerly wind.

New rules have been passed to try to cure the persistent pigs. No dessert, no swim, and four-forties ought to have some effect, one would think.

The first raspberry squad went out this morning. They found only a fair crop, compared with the lot we have sometimes had.

The aquarium squad got plants, and later in the morning Beef got some little dace.

The pair-oar was out this morning.

Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. Pantaleoni came over this morning at swim time.

At morning reading, after the war news, we began "Sailing Alone Round the World."

SUNDRY STUNTS.

CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	RIP.	WORRY.	TERROR.
H.R.	L.C.Z.	C.F.B.	R.P.C.	C.W.	L.M.V.S.
Bemis	Austin	Paine	Leland	Miner	G.Pants.
Whittemore	Hoffman	R.Pants.	P.Curtis	Corning	Stackpole
Bennett	Fairchild	Lowell	Carey	Fay	8 bass

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	OUANANICHE.	
A.G.	A.T.	Parker	G.E.A.	
Cross	Hun	Parrish	James	A.M.R.
Lansingh	S.Houghton	Winthrop	Payson	Hollister
1 bass			Reynolds	Thompson
			Wheeler	Wheelock
			T.Curtis.	Chapman
			A.A., B.B., Coolidge, Sturges, Whitney, Newbold, Abbott, J.Houghton.	

The rain, which had begun to look threatening soon after we started, caught evryone, but no one turned back. It wasn't a very heavy rain, and we went ahead.

The Corker went to Austin's bog, and wandered up and down the bayous and bakwaters, getting bladderwort for the aquarium. They got enough to keep it in fine condition, and came home with the two other canoes that had gone down to that end of things.

The Abol and the Worry went up Bog Brook, over many obstructions of all kinds. They are keen to go down there with tools, and do

MONDAY, (Cont'd.) some sapping and mining, and perhaps trace the brook to its headwaters. It must have some, though we have never reached them.

The Eben was the only boat that went overland at all. Her crew made Ellis Pond, and explored the east shore for some distance. They also took in the fish hatchery on their way home.

The Rip and the Yammerschooner went to the Mills, which they reached in safety, though damp. Piggy had a nearrow escape however. At the landing, where the big bass lie, he leaned down to see how big they were. And one fish rose, and almost bit his nose. Some friend suggests thathe mistook it for a piece of pork.

The Ouananiche also went tothe Mills, to order the barber. Hair is getting wild, and if some of our beloved brethren are not cropped pretty soon, they will have to call on the ladies, and borrow side-combsand hair-pins.

These three crews filled the store pretty full; and then they filled themselves pretty full with ice-cream. They bought hats, shoes, knives, batteries, films, and all sorts of other things, useful and ornamental, and then started home in the rain.

By the way, Lansingh left his line out after getting into the stream, and was greatly disturbed find out that he was breaking the law of the Medes and Persians by so doing. The Yammershhooner got a good two-pound bass.

The Williwaw and the Terror both went fishing, with different results, for the Terror got eight, while her neighbor did not score.

The Erebus went after fish for the aquarium, and came back

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) with some pretty little bass,two yellow perch,and a chub.

L.M.V.S.,R.R.,and Beef all went up to Jamaica Point to supper. Aren't some people proud?But we don't believe that their broiled chicken went any faster than our omelette. After the big table had started its butlers,the Tink had another one in,its third,and finished it to the last crumb.

Digestion Club met in the Shop,and then we had twenty minutes of song practice,to enlarge our repertoire.

Then came Dumb Crambo,which is always good sport.The two words were "still",the kind you make whiskey in,and "snack".

"Tea-kettle" is a fine game for the wits,and we had some brilliant performances:"my tea-kettlant spirits",(boy);"its most tea-kettlient feature (sale);"very tea-kettlite"(pole);"a crew of tea-kettlacks" (pole).

The gentlemen from Fourway Lodge came in late,after kerosene and milk.We hope that they did not mix them on the way home.

TUESDAY, July 27, Fair, warm, light variable winds.

Sometimes it is hard to be on time, in spite of the best intentions. Beef brushed hid teeth off Pomander walk this morning, and fell entirely in, to the great glee of his neighbors.

The aquarium is very gay now with little bass. There seem to be fewer little pickerel in the lagooon than there were last year.

To-day arrived L.E.W., for a little visit, and in the afternoon Mr. Winthrop, to see what mischief Bobby was up to.

SECOND BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

The practice was chiefly in the form of races. There was time for a little preliminary work, to get the crews together, and then the fun began.

JUNIOR FOURS.

CORKER.	ABOL.	RIP.	EBEN.
Bennett	Fairchild	Austin	Hollister
Bemis	Hoffman	S. Houghton	Miner
Sturges	Leland	P. Curtis	Corning
R. Pantaleoni	Payson	Whittemore	Chapman

The course was out round Pickerel and back. All four had to turn the rock, and the result was rather a mixture. The Corker turned first, but the other three fouled, so that the outside boat really had to turn the other two. The Corker won. The Abol, by a good sprint, caught up the Eben, and the race for second place ended in a dead heat. Time, 3 m. 4 4/5 s.

MISMATED PAIRS.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.
Hun	Reynolds	Cross
Wheeler	Paine	James

The course, as in the first race, was out round the rock and back. The Pink led at the start, and made the first turn. The Hecuba was slow in pace, and inclined to head too far to the north. The Pink won, with the Squannacook second, and the Hecuba hull down. Time, 3 m. 8 1/5 s.

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)

KINDERGARTEN RANGELEYS.

IDENTICAL.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.
Stackpole (cox)	J.Houghton(cox)	Winthrop(cox)
Coolidge	Wheelock	Newbold
Lansingh	Abbott	Whitney

The course was still out and back.The Terror got away in best for, the Pantasote doing too uch arguing,and the Identical wild in steering.There was much sputtering at the turn,but the Terror had a good lead,and won in good style.The Pantasote came in second, the Identical a somewhat conservative third. Time,3 m.24 2/5 s.

SENIOR RANGELEYS.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.
Parker	Parrish	Lowell
Carey	G.Pantaleoni	Fay.

Williwaw was wild going out,and the Erebus followed her lead, nut got the inside position at the turn.The Yammerschooner turned first,however,and though Parker jumped his oar out once,kept her lead all the way through.The Williwaw would have done better coming home if she had not steered so far south. Time,2 m.52 4/5 s.

JUNIOR RANGELEYS.

FIRST HEAT.

IDENTICAL.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.
Hollister(cox)	Hoffman(cox)	Leland(cox)
Whittemore	P.Curtis	S.Houghton
Sturges	Corning	Miner

This race was not round the rock,but round a stake boat ,not so far out.The Pantasote led at the start,and gained on the way out, with the Terror second.There was rather a mess at the turn.The Identical gained coming in,but not enough to land even second place. The Pantasote won by a good margin. Time,2 m.52 4/5 s.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.)

SECOND HEAT.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.
J.Houghton(cox)	Stackpole(cox)	Whitney(cox)
Bennett	Fairchild	Austin
Payson	R.Pantaleoni	Chapman

The Yammerschooner led all the way, and had a long lead at the finish. The Williwaw was wild, and at one point headed due south, but recovered, and made the Erebus work hard for her second place. Time, 2 m. 37 2/5 s.

KINDERGARTEN CANOES.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.
Lansingh	Abbott	Winthrop
Coolidge	Thompson	Wheelock

The course was out and round a stake boat about half way to Pickerel. The start was slow. The Pink was very wild going out, and the Hecuba lost a great deal on the turn. The Squannacook fouled the Pink, and drew ahead, after "some damning between the bridges". The Squannacook finally won, with the Pink second. Time, 2 m. 25 3/5 s.

FAT MEN'S SINGLES, STANDING.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.
Reynolds	Cross	Hun

A very slow and prudent start. The Hecuba led from the first, as the two other men devoted more time to keeping their balance than to paddling. On the way in Cross sat down once, owing to the violence of his exertions, but got up immediately and crossed the line while the others were still half way out. The Squannacook rammed the float, and the Pink won by a neck. Time, 3 m. 31 s.

STANDING DOUBLES.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.
Lowell	Parker	Parrish
Carey	Fay	G.Pantaleoni.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) The course was out round Pickerel and back.The Pink could neither steer nor balnce,till Parrish fell out.After that G.Pants got on better,and crossed the line second.The Hecuba led all the way.The Squannacook capsized on the way in,but her crew got in again,and made a spirited finish. Time,3 m.29 1/5 s.

NOAH'S ARKS.

EREBUS.	TERROR.
Leland	Winthrop
Corning	P.Curtis
Miner	Whittemore
Sturges	S.Houghton
R.Pantaleoni	Hoffman
Thompson	Whitney
Newbold	Abbott
Coolidge	Lansingh

These were hand-paddle crews,and raced from the Point up. The Erebus zigzagged,and crossed the Terror's bow twice.The Terror steered dedidedly better,and finished.The Erebus finally gave up, being half full of water. Time,1 m.48 1/5 s.

FOUR-HAND CANOES.

HECUBA.	PINK.
Parker	Lowell
G.Pantaleoni	Parrish
Reynolds	James
Carey	Fay

This was over the same course.At least,it was meant to be. The Pink was at one time headed for Monkey Point.Parker coached his crew well,and in spite of losing the direction once,the Hecuba won.

Time,2 m.3 s.

JUMPING-OUT RACE.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.
Lowell	Parker	Parrish

The course was from Pickerel in,with a boat to turn on the way before jumping out.Parker got comfused by being told to turn from right to left,and turned in the familiar way,thus losing first place,in spite of a fine sprint.Lowell was a bit slow about getting

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) in,and Parrish couldn't get in at all.

Time not taken.

CANOE-FILLING RACE.

CORKER.	ABOL.
Parker	Lowell
Bennett	Wheeler
# Austin	# Payson
Fay	Carey

The course was from Pickerel in.The two men whose names were starred wre in the rival canoe,trying to fill it with a two-quart dipper before it could cross the line.Austin profited by his failure of last year,and did a very good job, sinking his boat in plenty of time.Payson did not get much water in,and the Corker crossed the line comparatively high and dry. Time not taken.

After supper we had gamesonthe hill,followed by "Quiet Games" and halh-past nine Boston.

At half-past seven C.F.B. and A.M.R. took the Eben and went over to Hoyt's,to ask the people there if we might land at the dry-dock.We may,if we will be good about fires and rubbish,but they want the raspberries themselves.Incidentally the trip was made under an hour,and Foster was back in time t to help put the half-past eighters to bed.

WEDNESDAY,
July 28,
Parlty
overcast,
Southerly.

SQUAD NOTES.

The back yard is to be paved,and big paving stones are being brought down by boat.It is said that the Hecuba,with H.R.,L.E.W.,C.W.,Lowell,and four large stones in her rode low in the water.

The navigators,under the management of C.F.B. had some good races.

EREBUS.	IDENTICAL.	TERROR.
Whittemore	Corning	Miner

The first race was round Pickerel and back,Whittemore shot ahead at the start.Corning,though wild at first,got the pole,and gained on the turn,winning by a length and a half.Miner finished last.

DIRECTION CONTEST.

The boats and contestants were as above.It was our old friand the blind-fold race,except that the men were not blindfolfded,but were simply told not to turn round.Corning headed about thirty-five yards too far to the north.Whittemore did better by fifteen yards.It occurred to him to use A.M.R. as a landmark.Miner followed the same scheme,with practically the same result.Payson,who by this time had got back from rowing round Oak,went too far south;and unusual fault.

RANGELEY DOUBLES.

EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Whittemore	Miner
Corning	Payson.

This was round Pickerel and back.The Yammerschooner,by superior seamanship,made the first turn,and won by ten lengths.

At morning swim Stackpole swam from rope to rope.This is his record so far.J.Houghton has a sore toe,so he is out of swim for a day or two.

Mr.Winthrop came to dinner,and played ball for five innings.

Raoul Pants developed a very bad earache this morning,and his mother and L.M.V.S. took him over to Waterville.We hope to see him

WEDNESDAY, back in a day or two.
(Cont'd.)

FOURTH BASEBALL GAME.
COOLIES VS. COLLIES.

A very loose game, and consequently pretty dull. The score was uneven at first, and when it became closer, it was a good deal because of the errors of the team that had been ahead. G.E.A. batted for .666, Carey for .600, T.L. and L.C.Z. for .400.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
COOLERS vs. COALHODS.

The score here was uneven, but the reporter says that it was on the whole the best game in the league so far. James batted for .600, Corning for .500, Hoffman for .300

William Amory Gardner.

Coolies vs. Colliers of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	1		1	Parker	5		1-3											5	2	0
0	2		2	C. W.	1													5	1	1
12	0		3	T. L.*	3	K												5	2	2
1	2		4	G. E. A.	6													3	3	2
8	5		5	A. G.	2													5	2	0
1	0		6	Carey†	8													5	0	3
3	2		7	Cross H	4													5	1	0
1	0		8	Bennie	7													4	1	0
0	0		9	Fairchild	9													3	0	0
0	0		10	[illegible]	9													2	0	0
0	0		11	Hollister	7													1	0	0
27	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3	0	1	6	0	2	0	0	0				43	12	7

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Earn'd runs.
				6	12	1-b. on errors.	2	1	

* Bennie runs 1, 3, 4
† Bennie runs 1, 3, 4
H Parker runs 1
Parker 5, 8
Parker 6, Bennie 8

Collies vs. Coolies of July 94 at .....

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	3		1 Lowell	5	K					K							4	2	0
18	0		2 L.C.Z.	3				(K) 2-3									5	1	2
2	2		3 R.P.C.	6													4	1	1
3	2		4 R.R.	2							(K) 2-3						3	1	1
0	0		5 F.W.	8		K	K										2	0	0
1	5		6 J.R.	1													4	1	1
0	0		7 C.F.B.	7		K						(K) 2-3	(K) 2-3				5	1	1
0	4		8 A.T.	4													5	1	1
0	0		9 Austin	9													3	1	0
2	0		10 Parnell	8					K		K		K				4	0	0
			11																
27	16		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	3	1				39	9	7

alks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				2	3	1-b. on errors.		5	

.....vs.....of.....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1 Fau	3									
2	2	K		K						
3	1									
4	5									
5	2	K								
6	4									
7	4				K			K		
8	1					K				
9	1			K	K				K	
10										
11										
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	1	0	4	3	4		9

.....vs.....of.....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1 P. Curt	4					K			K	
2	1			K						
3	3							K		
4 T. O.	2									
5	5									
6	4						K			
7	7			K						K
8	5									
9	9		K							
10										
11										
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0

WEDNESDAY, (Cont'd.) After supper there was time for "Games on the Hill, with a good deal of hasty rehearsing for stunts, in the boat-house and everywhere else except the Miz.

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Coockadoodle".....T.L., J.R.
2. Sundry Songs.....Mixed Sextette.
3. Song, "The Pale Young Curate".....J.R.
4. Choruses.....Drink, Puppy, Gaudeamus, In the Morning by the Bright Light.
5. Hampton Trio.
6. Stunt, "The Sleeping Beauty".....The Prefects.
7. Stunt, "Fact and Fiction".....A.G., R.P.C., B.B., T.L. C.W.

Camp Song.

The Cockadoodle, though not quite so familiar as our beloved Chopsticks, is a noble composition, and we are glad to welcome it again.

The Songs were two: "Three Jews went to Jerusalem", which is new to Camp, and "Be good, be good"; both with new personal verses, which we shall give in their proper place. The action required with both makes them very exhausting to the performers.

J.R. sometimes says that everybody is tired of "The Pale Young Curate", but that is all he knows. We like it better every time he does it, which is saying a great deal.

We were afraid early in the season that we should have no Hampton Trio; so it was a particular pleasure to hear our old songs, as well as several new ones. Perhaps "Great Tribulation" and "Little David" are the best, but it is hard to say when all are so good.

The Sleeping Beauty, as impersonated by C.F.B., lived up to her name, and was a very stately figure, in a long white

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) frock.But we do not advise Foster to take up a blonde wig permanently.A.T. was a grisly and malicious old witch,with a modern touch supplied by the substitution of a sewing-machine for the traditional spinning-wheel.A.A. would have been a prince indeed, even without the familiar green satin cloak which marked his rank. As for the courtiers,they filled in the background with dignity and decorum.

The second stunt was a regular "movie".We give the poster,as it appeared on the bill-boards.

FACT AND FICTION.

DRAMA BY.....ENOCH ARDEN.

MUSIC BY.....LYRUS TINES.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FAIR ONE.....MAIE SPIKFORD.(B.B.)

HIGH CARD.....BUNDY'S GHOST.(A.G.)

ROUGH NECK.....CHAS.CHAPPIE.(R.P.C.

SCENIC EFFECTS ----
-----ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

The lights were put nearly out,and Carey and A.T. ran the picture machine.It had all the wabble and sound of the real thing,so we felt transported to a regular movie theatre.

Perhaps the best way to tell the story is to give the notes that were flashed upon the screen.

I
REAL-ONE.
ROUGH NECK'S RUFF STUFF
DOESN'T WORK.

II
TOO TRUE
SIT TIGHT!

WEDNESDAY (Cont9d.)

III
THE HIGH CARD IS
ALMOST COVERED BY THE JOKER.

IV
STAGGER
LOW BROW SLIPS ONE OVER ON THE
HIGH.CARD.

V
STILL ALIVE
AT FIVE.
LOVE TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH.

VI
SEMPER SIC-
CURSES!!
I'M FOILED!

VII
SEVEN
THANK HEAVEN!
WEDDING BELLS AND
GALLOWS.

This gives the outline;but the power of the drama is not adequately represented.The pathetic loveliness of the heroine the dashing manliness of the hero,with the dastardly villainy of the ruffian as a foil,are hard to express on paper.They remain with us as precious memories.No wonder that the "Nation-Board of Prefects "passed it with enthusiasm.

The music accompanied every gesture,every thought,with a subtle understanding only too rare.

Well,so ended a great sing-song.And if the clock was put back,no one was hurt.

The half-past niners began "The White Mice".

But in the middle of the night the poor pointers had to come ashore,and spend the rest of the night in the shop!

SONG.I

(Air,"Three Jews Went to Jerusalem.")

The Curtis Brothers went to town.
They thought that they were full of style.
But--- Their shirt-tails all hung down behind.

Four boys went up to make their beds.
They might have had a nice long swim.
They might have had mince pie for dinner,
But--- They all of them got pigs instead.

SONG II

(Air,"Be good,be good.")

Oh,Stackpole is a mighty man,
He really runs the show.
There's little that he cannot do,
And naught he does not know.
His spectacles are keen and bright,
And muscular his figger.
We all shall have to stand around
When he's a little bigger.
Cho. Be good,be good,the Skipper says,
And step a little faster.
Some say you'll wield the stick yourself,
As a dormitory master.

Oh,G.G.'s neckties are so fine
They fill us with delight.
For some of them are red and green,
And some are pink and white.
Perhaps the gayest of the lot

Is striped bright red and yellow.
It's really just the thing for him,
He's such a dashing fellow.
Cho. Be good,be good,etc.

The wildest animal in camp
It is a Caribou.
It comes from California,
And makes a great to-do.
He's up to every kind of game,
And always up to fun.
They say the greaest sport in Camp
Is just to see him run.
Cho. Be good,be good, etc.

Oh,Gordon Abbott'is a scout
Of credit and renown.
He's generally standing up
Instead of lying down.
He flounders through the sweet fern like
A galley with its sail up;
And even if his head is down,
He sticks his little tail up.
Cho. Be good,be good,etc.

Now Captain John he built a camp
Hard by the scouting field,
Where he did entertain his friends
With food the Camp did yield.
But when he does a-fishing go,
He starts out from his wide float;

Reclines in chair,nor deigns to row,
But fishes from a guide-boat.
Cho. Be good,be good,the Skipper says,
And step a little faster;
Some day you'll wield the stick yourself
As a dormitory master.

THURSDAY July 29, Rain a.m.

A good wet morning.After reading we had half an hour of singing practice,and then turned to our squad work.

Word from Raoul is not so good as we had hoped.There is trouble in both ears,and so much of it that he must go to Boston,for some weeks of hospital.But we hope to seem him here for the last week,if not before.

Mr.and Mrs.Thompson came to dinner,and took Lewis off for the afternoon.

After reading L.E.R. went in to Gardiner for a couple of days.

To balance her departure,which happily is only for two days,it gives us joy to note the following arrival:

Edward Hardings

The afternoon was a varied one;boat-building and soccer, with a hare and hounds run for others.

The latest thing in,boats seems to be a pasteboard or paper bottom.Newbold is trying pasteboard,while Lansingh has a very slim and elegant model with a bottom of oiled paper.

GREAT SOCCER GAME.
EDOM VS. MOAB.

We are not very well up in the fine points of this game, but the score was 2-1 in favor of Moab.Parrish and Lowell kicked the goals for their side,while A.T.saved his team from what is elegantly termed "an application of kalsomine."

In the meantime the Hares,G.E.A.,and A.G.,had started, armed with pillow-cases full of "scent";and the Hounds,under command of L.C.Z.,had gone in pursuit.Needless to say we did not see much of the run.But we heard when the hares came in.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The great feature seems to have been a bog,so deep that G.E.A. went in up to his waist.

Fifty-two and a half minutes after the hares came in,the first hounds breasted the slope.They were well bunched,and though wet and dirty,were in good trim.Luckily Stackpole did not jump into the bog, or they would have had to dive for him.The honor list,the first six, reads as follows:

Paine
Leland
Miner
Payson
Corning
P.Curtis

After all this exercise Digetion Club seemd obvious.Then came half-past Boston,in which there was great confusion between A.T. and Hun,also between Jigs and Hun.These subtle shades of resemblance had hitherto eluded us.

Then came two rounds of Clothes-pins,which has always been a senior game before.The lines were pretty long,but there was not more dropping than usual.C.F.B.'s team beat A.T.'s team both times, first by one pin,then by nine.

"The White Mice continues,"though one gentleman cant have much idea of what happened this evening.

FRIDAY, July 30. Fog, Southerly.

L.E.W. went off this morning,in Mr.Gardner's car. With her for a little way went T.L. and the tree squad.Was anything ever so stylish?

Speaking of squads,the toils of the drainage and paving committees would need Homer to chronicle them properly.The paving blocks range in size from eighteen inches to four feet long,and are of all sorts of unhandy shapes.There has never been such work in stone since the camp was built.

Two canoe crews from the camp on Echo Lake dropped in this morning,to see John Corning,who used to camp with them.

The navigators had some more racing this morning. Abbott beat Coolidge by four lengths,and Coolidge was two ahead of Winthrop.

In the direction contest Abbpt hit the buoy stake.All th others were far to northward.

This afternoon Hugh Whitney's family came ,and stayed to supper.

SUNDRY SUPPER STUNTS.

ABOL.	CORKER.	RIP.	EBEN.	WORRY.	ARKLET.
H.R.	C.W.	E.H.	L.C.Z.	G.E.A.	T.L.
Paine	Wheeler	Miner	Whittemore	Hoffman	Bennett
Payson	Wheelock	Leland	Bemis	Winthrop	Corning
Lowell	Parker	Carey	Parrish	Hun	5 bass

WOBBLER.	CHUB.	YAWMERSCHOONER.	OUANANICHE.	
L.M.V.S.	A.G.	A.T.	R.P.C.	
Fairchild	G.Pants	James	A.M.R.	B.B.
Cross	T.Curtis	Lansingh	Reynolds	Fay
4 bass	3 bass	3 bass	P.Curtis	Sturge
3 bass		1 bass	Hollister	Austin
Total ,19 fish.			Chapman	C.F.B.
			A.A. Abbott,Stackpole, Coolidge,Newbold, Thompson.	

The adventures of the fishing boats is chiefly told by their score.Moral:if you want to do well fishing,stay out to supper.A.T. and his merry men planked one of their fish,and added him to their menu.We never tried planked bass,but it sounds good.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) The Ouananiche went up the Tiber, where her crew landed. They went west to the schoolhouse, and hid their grub under a pine tree. B.B. and Abbott, having a toe and a knee respectively, guarded the camp, while the rest went up Philip from the northeast. It is a very pretty walk, through pastures, along a lane, and up the slope. There is one rocky corner in the woods with a spring at the foot of the rocks that is worth going a good way to see. We had a good rest on top, and then started down the usual way, in time to run into Camp Runoia on its way up. Mutual silence followed, except when R.P.C. slid down a rock slope, to the great amusement of the ladies. We had so much food that we had to have a ghost story by way of digestive. We got home in good time, sprinting valiantly in the teeth of a head wind from Jamaivca Point down.

The Abol went to get fish for the aquarium in the estuary of Bog Brook, but found more bladderwort than fish, and joined the other canoes in their exploration.

The Corker, the Rip, and the Eben went out to sap and mine, and to trace the course of the brook to its source. They took axes and other appliances, and cut and hewed away a good many obstacles. They went into all depths of water, and finally traced the brook to its parent swamp. It looks as if it ought to be a pond, but it just isn't. The Corker had a difficult time negotiating its supper of baked beans, as it had neither paper boxes nor spoones.

The Worromontogus was the last boat home. Her captain took her to Ellis pond, crossed it, and then landed for a walk to the shore of Messalonskee. So far so good. They found Messalonskee without any trouble, and then thought theycwould walk along the track a little way. They found the track, too. But when it came to finding the road home, they missed badly. They had overshot their own road in their stroll

FRIDAY (Cont'd) along the Maine Central, and took a road that would in time have landed them in Oakland. Luckily they found out their mistake before they had reached the Itchfield Carry, or they would have been wearier than than they were.

We got home late enough to have little time before bed, but the accommodating monkey was in sight for us.

"The White Mice", in spite of the heroine and her "blinding smile" was so exciting tonight that "even the ranks of Tuscany " did not go to sleep. The plot thickens.

J.R. and Bob Reath came down to faculty supper. Alas! our substitute catcher leaves Fourway Lodge tomorrow. Gus must hurry and get his wrist into shape.

SATURDAY, July 31, Foggy, Clearing, S.W. Hugh Parrish's birthday, duly hailed at breakfast time. Hurrah for Sweet Sixteen!

The most remarkable squad job this morning was the putting of five large kerosene barrels under the north end of the float. Skipper was chief engineer, with C.W. and E.H. as assistants. We couldn't watch the whole, but we saw part of the performance; and when the first barrel went home it was a thrilling moment. Now perhaps ot will be more of a float and less of a sink. (This pun is not copyrighted.)

L.E.R. came back this afternoon, in time for supper.

SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The weather was anything but ideal, but we began to feel that if we waited for first-rate weather we might wait a good while. No one was much surpried when Skipper broke upreading at 2-15.

The first game went to the Algonquins, by twelve shots to six. The total lack of wind evidently influaced the play a good deal, as this is a conservative score.

The second game was much livelier, especially on the Iroquois side. They killed a guard, and scored heavily, both in runs and in shots, killing sixteen Algonquins with aloss of only nine.

The third game was much like the second, except that Lowell made a rune for the Algonquins. This gave the game to the Iroquois, 5-1.

One bad mistake was made in the second game. Winthrop went in with his cap still on. He was dealt with from the bone-yard, and counted as a suicide. Well, that is perhaps better than a murder.

The Iroquois are now one up on the Algonquins for the season.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L	○			○			○		
L.M.V.S.	✓			✓			✗		
A.G.	✓			✗	•			•	
R.P.C.	✓			✗	•		✗		
A.T.	✓			✗	••		✗		
A.M.R.	✓			✗			✓		
Bemis		••		✗				•	
Bennett		•		✗			✓		
Curtis, P.		•		✗			✗	•	
Fairchild	✓			✓			✓		
Fay	✓				•			••	
Hoffman	✗			✗	•		✓		
Houghton, S.	○			○			○		
Hun	✗	•			•		✓		
Leland, J.		••			•		✗		
Lowell	✗				•				1
Newbold	✓			✗			✗		
Parker		••		✗			✗		
Reynolds	✓			✓			✗	•	
Thompson		•		✗			✗		
Wheeler	✗	•		✗	•		✗		
Wheelock	✗			✗			✗	•	
Whittemore	✓			✗			✓		
Whitney		•		✗			✗		
Winthrop	✗			✗			✗		
	6	12		16	10		13	7	1

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	✓			✗	•••		✓		
L.C.Z.	✗	•		✗		1		•	
G.E.A.		•				1		••	
E.H.	✗			✓			✓		
A.A.	✗	••			••	1			1
C.F.B.	✓			✗			✓		
Abbott	✗			✓			✗		
Austin	✓			✓				••••	
Carey	✗			✗	•••		✗		1
Chapman				✓				••	
Coolidge	✓			✗			✗		
Corning	✓					1			1
Cross	✗					1	✗		
Curtis, T.	✗			✓			✓		
Hollister	✓				••				1
Houghton, J.	✗			✗			✗		
James	✓					1			1
Lansingh	✓			✗			✓		
Miner	✗	•		✗	••		✗	••	
Paine	✗	•		✗			✓		
Pantaleoni, G.	✓			✓			✓		
Parrish	✗			✓			✓		
Payson	✓				••		✗	••	
Stackpole	✓			✓	•		✓		
Sturges	✗			✗			✓		
	12	6		10	15	6	7	13	5

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) CHARADES.

PHOTOGRAPHED. The first scene showed Pig as the Turk in his guarded tent,with C.F.B. pacing up and down in front.The foe descended like a whirlwind,and Turk and guard bit the dust."Toe" was more or less a scene from real camp life.Sammy Houghton really did poke his sore toe with a safety pin before he showed it to the doctor,and we have no doubt he showed it to all his friends."Graft" showed a shocking state of things;Gus and Dr.Van Stone as ward bosses,cooking an election beforehand with various members of their gang,C.F.B.,Parrish, and Payson.They looked as if they had stepped right out of Tammany Hall.The whole word was the taking of a family group,where the baby cried and fussed,the bigger children pulled each other's hair,and everyone behaved as badly as possible.

DUNSINANE. The three syllables were acted in one scene.We saw how things really go in the Tutorium sometimes.Bemis didn't get any further in his reading than"Oh Lady Flora",and we doubt if Jigs got anywhere at all.Thye surely were dunces,and matters were not improved by the noisy activities of the parlor squad outside.The whole word was splendid.A.G. appeared as Macbeth,with B.B. as his "fiendlike queen",and message after message of disaster came.Jamesy was properly damned as a cream-faced loon,and then Birnam wood came marching in. Alarums and excursions,and death of tyrant.

TI-BAT-KIN. Now this is a Chinook word,meaning apparently all kinds of a lively row.For "tea" we had a lovely social scene.G.E.A. and Lowell,two charming ladies,entertained W.A.G. and R.P.C. at tea. It was feast of reason and a flow of soul,and both gentlemen found it hard to tear themselves away;and no wonder.The ball-game which followed was a lively one,with G.E.A. as umpire.Some of his decisions were disputed,but he carried his point,and finally declared the

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) game called on account of darkness.The third scene was a family party.Dome was a rather careless father,but Stack certainly was a difficult baby to hold.Pep Wheeler was an affectionate mamma,and did her best to show her little darling off to the many visiting relatives,in spite of his yowls.The whole word was done in the Chinook language,so we don't know just what the Indian braves said,but we saw the resultant scrimmage,so it musthave been something pretty bad.

BENEVOLENT. For the first scene,we had T.L. sending his chickens to roost.They marched in,he counted three,andtat the sound of the gong everyone ofthem was snoring lustily.Their sleep was brief,and then the gong woke them.(This was "Ben") "Eve" was a trifle obscure,butit was fine scene,We had the army asleep,and the weary sentry,G.G.,finally yielding to the influence of Morpheus.Then in came Tweedle as Napoleon,and imperially solid figure."C'est l'Empereur!" The next scene was very corrupting to the morals.T.L.,C.W.,E.H.,and A.T. all played poker with poor Bubbles,borrowed money from Him,and gave him no satisfaction but an I.O.U.T.L. won the game,with five aces.We can't give all the things that people swore off for Lent,but they ranged from licking G.E.A. to going to school and getting pigs.(Thislast was Clementina Newbold.) For the whole word we had C.W.as a kinly old gentleman, besieged by all sorts of beggars.E.H. was blind,and the rest seemd to be just greedy.At any rate they yelled "yammerschooner" in good Fuegian style.

After this some of us went to bed,but the energatic played Limericks.This is a new game,the results of which we

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) give below.

I

There once was a young man of Maine
Whose middle was stricken with pain.
But the Doc was a bone
And extracted a stone,
And now he's a grandee of Spain.

II

There was a young person called Spike,
Who exclaimed in surpries "Holy Mike!"
I cannot make a boat
Nor yet skin a shoat;"
That remarkable person called Spike.

III

There was a young maid who said "Fie!
I cann see out of only one eye.
Please lend me your glasses;
I'll then see what passes,
And know when to sigh,cry,or shy."

IV

There was an old maiden of Fife
Who believed in the strenuous life.
She threw beef in the waves
And dug cavernous graves,
And ate her green peas with a knife.

V

In Hartlepool bided a man
Who always drank tea from a can.
He once cut his lip,
As he took a sweet sip,

And away from the table he ran.

VI

There once was a kiddo called Stack,
Who always rode round in a hack.
But his legs were so short
That he had to contort,
Till his head was half-way down his back.

VII

There was a fair gallant named Dome,
The idol of ladies at home;
He ogled and sighed,
And ah! had he lied,
He'd have broken their hearts, would dear Dome.

VIII

There once was a tutor named Gregg,
Who would much rather tutor than beg.
With Latin andGreek
He looked rather meek,
Above all when he stood on one leg.

IX

There lived an old cow in Squedunk
Who could not express what she thunk.
She called on a friend
Assistance to lend,
Because her dear husband was drunk.

SUNDAY, Aug.1 Fog, rain p.m. muggy.

Yesterday's clearing was the same sort of pretense at good weather that we have been having lately.It was stuffy and sticky all day.

Pointers and other early birds saw a very peculiar animal swimming by this morning,at an extraordinary rate.He came inside Pickerel,and must have landed in the woods.Skipper thinks that he must have been an otter.

Swim was more restricted than usualas a large late squad was cut out.

Three Pickerels this morning,L.C.Z.,B.B.,and Parker.It was Miss Bennett's first trip to this historic landmark.

Stackpole swam from the slip to theladies' slip to-day.

Mr.Pantaleoni came to dinner to-day,but had to go away almost immediately afterwards,which was a pity.

It is raining!

Hence

—

We stay on shore!

Now read this!

Progressive Ping-Pong.

Half-past nine Xmquoits.

Ouananiche record crews.

Dormitory Bean-bags.

We didn't get round to quoits,and the bean-bag matches were not dormitory affairs,but otherwise the announcement describes our afternoon very well.To those who wonder at the spelling of "quoits", we hasten to explain that it is the Chinook spelling.T.L. made out the list,and he prefers Chinook whenever he can work it in.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) PROGRESSIVE PING-PONG.

SENIOR TABLE.

G.E.A. beat Cross
L.M.V.S. beat G.E.A.
G.E.A. beat A.A.

A.A.beat Parker
Parker beat Lowell

JUNIOR TABLE.

Austin beat T.Curtis
T.Curtis beat Hollister
T.Curtis beat Austin
Reynolds beat Bemis

Bemis beat T.Curtis
T.Curtis beat Bemis
T.Curtis beat P.Curtis
T.Curtis beat P.Curtis

The break shows where the nymber of players was lessened by the calling out of the faculty,and the distraction of bean bags.

FACULTY CREW.		MIXEDCREW.		8-30 CREW.	
H.R.		G.E.A.		L.C.Z.	
C.W.	G.E.A.	Parker	Lowell	Austin	Hollister
L.C.Z.	L.M.V.S.	Carey	James	Bemis	Bennett
A.G.	E.H.	Fay	Parrish	Paine	Fairchild
R.P.C.	A.T.	Payson	Reynolds	Wheeler	Wheelock
J.R.	C.F.B.	Cross	Hun	T.Curtis	Whittemore
R.R.(Pass)		B.B.(pass)		B.B.(pass)	
Time,19 m.55 s. record.		Time,21 m.45 s. record.		Time,24 m.51 3/5 s.	

The faculty beat last year's faculty time,and the mixed crew,which had two half-past eighters in it,beat last year's half-past nine crew.The half-~~past~~ eight crew couldnot reach the mark set by last year's half-past eighters.The course for all three crews was round Oak,from north to south.

BEAN-BAGS.

The first match was a small and select affair.Austin and Leland were matched against P.Curtis and Winthrop,and beat them 20-18.

MATCH A.		MATCH B.	
Wheeler	Bennett	Winthrop	Austin
Hollister	Corning	Abbott	Thompson
Stackpole	Wheelock	Lansingh	Whitney
Hoffman	Coolidge	Newbold	S.Houghton
11	11	9	20

The A match was the better,as the two teams were very

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) even.They wanted to play off their tie,but there was not time,as a good many of them had to get ready for the paddle round Oak.

By six o'clock the weather had improved so much that we went up to the pines,where we had supper round a fine fire.It was late,but there was time for jam and all the fixings.

After hymns we had "My Lord the Elephant",to our great delight.

But the weather sat down again,as sticky as ever.

CAMP SLOPPYWEATHER SONG.

The sloppy Sloppyweathers,they lived in bathing-suits; (bis)
They always had umbrellas,and also rubber boots.(bis)

Za-hi,za-he,za-ho!

The Sloppyweathers would a-camping go.

And now we'll have a shower,shower,etc.

Most any time of day.(bis)

The Sloppy Sloppyweathers they swam about the street; (bis)
They all were growing feathers,and webs upon their feet.

Chorus as before.

The sloppy Sloppyweathers they soon forgot to speak; (bis)
For all had turned to ducklings before another week.

Chorus as before.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
G.E.A.	4	15	10	10	4	2	0	1	3	.667
Carey	2	8	0	4	1	0	0	0	1	.500
Hollister	2	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.500
L.M.V.S.	2	9	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	.444
R.P.C.	4	14	2	6	3	0	0	2	2	.429
A.A.	2	8	3	3	0	0	0	2	0	.375
L.C.Z.	4	18	3	6	3	0	0	3	1	.333
T.L.	4	17	7	5	1	0	0	5	1	.294
A.G.	4	19	3	5	2	0	0	3	0	.263
Lowell	4	16	3	4	1	0	0	8	2	.250
C.W.	4	18	5	4	1	2	0	6	0	.222
A.T.	4	18	3	3	1	0	0	4	0	.167
Parker	4	18	6	3	2	0	0	1	0	.167
Remis	4	14	2	2	0	0	0	2	2	.142
G.Pants.	2	8	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	.125
C.F.R.	3	11	2	1	1	0	0	4	0	.091
Austin	4	12	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.083
Cross	3	12	2	1	0	0	0	3	0	.083
Parrish	4	15	0	1	1	0	0	7	0	.066
Bennett	4	9	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Fairchild	3	8	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
R.Pants.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000

VISITORS.

M.V.S.	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.500
R.R.	2	6	2	2	0	0	0	2	3	.333
J.R.	2	8	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	.125
P.W.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
T.Leland	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

Compiled by A.A.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	R.B.	Ave.
A.A.	2	8	3	4	2	0	0	0	1	.500
Chapman	2	8	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.500
C.F.P.	3	10	1	4	1	1	0	2	2	.400
A.T.	3	13	1	5	3	0	0	2	2	.384
Parrish	3	12	3	4	1	0	0	7	1	.333
G.Pants.	3	13	3	3	0	0	0	6	1	.230
Cross	3	13	1	3	1	0	0	4	0	.230
Bennett	3	11	3	2	0	0	0	4	1	.200
Hollister	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	.166
Parker	3	14	4	2	1	0	0	3	0	.142
Lovell	3	8	6	1	1	0	0	3	5	.125
Carey	3	9	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	.111
Austin	3	14	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	.071
Remis	3	10	1	0	0	0	0	1	5	.000
R.Pants.	3	11	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	.000
Fairchild	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	.000
James	3	8	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	.000
Paine	3	8	0	0	0	0	0	7	3	.000
Payson	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	.000
Winthrop.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Reynolds.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Wheelock.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Miner	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

VISITORS AND OTHERS.

G.F.A.	2	6	3	4	1	0	0	1	2	.667
R.R.	1	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	.667
F.Ieland.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000

Compiled by A.A.

MONDAY, Aug.2, Rain Clearing at night Easterly. We didn't begin with rain;just heavy muggy clouds, such as have been making us and the piano swear for the last--never mind how many days.The rain began in the middle of the morning,with a wonderful white squall driving down the pond.And then it rained with determination for some time.

E.H. left us by the morning train,worse luck.Too bad that we could not have kept him longer.

This morning C.W. began to give us some talks on surveying,beginning with triangles.

The navigators went out in canoes to-day,for the first time.Miner,Winthrop,and Corning were tried as stern paddlers, and put through many evolutions;keeping in line,single file, making a simple turn,and doing a figure of eight.They are reported as showing promise,but having considerable to learn yet.

More barrels went under the float to-day.

Between squads and swim A.T. and Parker played battledore and shuttlecock up to 726.Not a record,but a good figure. The record,by the way,was made sitting down.

At afternoon reading,instead of a short poem,we finished Macbeth.

Those who were badly behind with their boats had a chance this afternoon to catch up,with a full afternoon of boat-building.We notice good progress as a result,though some are wasting time on rather poor models.We doubt if the primitive shingle,as flat as when it left the saw-mill,will do very much in the racing line.

It is fine to see another shark under construction.We

MONDAY (Cont'd.) haven't had one for some time,but T.L. began one to-day.

While some of us were building boats,A.A. put in his time saving life.So many have fallen on the slip in the last spell of damp weather that it seemed a good idea to have some cleats across.So he put down twelve;and now the slip is decidedly less slippy.It is true that there is the possibility of devastating bare toes if one rushes too wildly from the boat-house on a wet day,but the bare toes will have to look where they are going.

PAPER CHASE.

Hares,G.E.A.,A.G.
Bloodhounds,C.F.B.,A.T.
Hounds,Sturges
Reynolds
Fay
Hoffman
Carey
Chapman
Hollister
Hun
Cross
T.Curtis
James
Parker
Leland
Lowell

??????????

C.W.
L.C.Z.
Austin
Miner
Bemis
P.Curtis
Fairchild
Whittemore
Wheelock
Wheeler
Corning

These hounds averaged decidedly larger than the last pack, as will be seen by the list.There was one funny thing that happened. The hares forgot to leave their bags,so they went back and left them.Then they thought it would be fun to sit and watch the hounds come in.But the hounds,seeing them,cut across after them,instead of keeping the trail,thereby saving themselves much time and rough ground.Here are the particulars:

Hares started at 3.58
got home at 4.26

Hounds started at 4.03
got home at 4.49

MONDAY, (Cont'd.)

HONOR LIST.

Parker
Lowell
Carey
James
Fay

And a fine sight Beef was in his orange shirt.We do not often see such a garment as that among us.

As for the "Question Marks",they buzzed like a hive of silvery bees when they saw themselves on the list.What?Where? When?Why?How?But finally they went off to Oak Island,to build a fire and pitch a camp.We shall hear of their adventures tomorrow.Suffice it to say that just before supper L.C.Z. came back,and G.E.A. took his place,with supper and blankets for the crowd.That is,for all except Austin,who had to get back to finish his packing.

After supper we had Digestion Club,and went on with "Helen's Babies".

Then came two rounds of "Going to Jerusalem",won by T.Curtis and Austin respectively."Indoor Wolf" filled the rest of the time till half past eight.

And then came the long-awaited Indoor Scouting.The sides were rather small,but the number of obstacles made up for that It was a wild labyrinth of chairs and table legs through which the warriors had to thread their way.

The games were exciting,as they always are,but not very close,as will be seen by reference to the card.The Toltecs won all three,and twice they killed all their opponents early in the game.It was great fun to see them,not knowing that they had no enemies left,prowling cautiously along,or grappling wildly with each other.At one time three had a desperate encounter by the piano,which ended only when the "All in"

MONDAY sounded.
(Cont'd.)

When we started for bed, we noticed something very peculiar about the sky. It had a wholly unfamiliar look. What was the matter? Finally someone solved the problem; the stars were out. We had been so long without a sight of them that we had forgotten what they looked like.

Toltecs

	1			2			3		
A.G.	X					2			2
A.T.		..				1			1
B.B.	X			X			X	..	
[illegible]		..	2		..		X		
Parish			1		.	1			1
[illegible]		..	1		..	2		..	
[illegible]			1			2		.	2
	2	7	5	1	6	8	2	7	6

Aztecs

	1			2			3		
R.P.C.	X			X		1	X		
L.M.V.S.	X			X	.		X		
C.F.B.	X	.		X		1	X		
R.R.	X					1	X		
Parker	X			X			X		
Gray	X			X			X	.	
Hunt	X	.	1	X			X	.	
	7	2	1	6	1	3	7	2	6

This afternoon arrived a very old man, to revisit the scenes of his youth.

J. G. Wiggins

TUESDAY, Aug.3, Clear, N.E. to S.W. A perfectly dazzling morning.And the queer thing is that it was perfectly clear on the northeast wind,and grew cloudy on the southwest.It was a day when we should have liked to do all sorts of thrilling things,but we couldn't on account of the barber,who spent an arduous day in the shop.

But we are getting ahead too fast.The first adventure of the day came to R.R. and R.P.C.They got up early,to see about lunch for our departing brethren,and found that the Oak Island campers had left their breakfast behind,taking only their supper.This seemed rather sad,so thay manned a rangeley and wne over.The boats were full of water,and they didn't want to dump one for fear of making a noise;also the wind was pretty high.Altogether they had a lively row.But they saved their friends from starvation,and got home in time for R.P.C. to assume his station on the float.

All too soon after breakfast came the wagon,and off they went;Arhhru,Bubbles,G.G.,Pie,and those two fine young Jersey-men,Sturges and Hoffman.Good luck to them,and may we see them all next year.

The August boys came in various manners,at various times. Smeddy came by boat from the Mills,just before swim."The great Lord of Luna" appeared by motor from Waterville.Goodhue came by motor with his family.They left in haste,hoping to catch a seven'o'clock boat from Camden.Mrs.Meeker came over from Gleason's by boat,bring our one really new August boy.She stayed to supper,and is to come over again tomorrow.Scotty came by the regular train,and from there by wagon,and with him Caroline Stevens,who is to be here for August.Just before

TUESDAY the horn blew for supper a motor coasted silently down the h
(Cont'd.)
hill,and there were H.H.R. and Gardner Coolidge,just arrived from Squam.

So there were doings all day.

H. H. Richards. C. Thorndike
Caroline Stevens W. R. Innerberg
J. Gardner Coolidge Hugh S. B. Goodhue
Arthur Meeker

The state fire inspector also arrived,but he went away again very soon.Besides,we don't particularly care about his signature, anyhow.

Just after reading,while we were getting ready for track and field,Parker and Lowell broke the battledore record,which has stood since 1908.It is now 2565.Anyone want to beat it?

SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

CLASS A HIGH JUMP.

Lowell	4'7"
Parker	4'7"
Carey	4'1"
Parrish	4'1"

This is the measurement by the standards.The actual jump is about an inch and a half lower.

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

Carey	12 s.
Lowell	
Parrish	
Hun	

Lowell was about six feet behind at the tape,with a longer gap between him and Parrish.

SECOND HEAT.

Parker	13 s.
Fairchild	
James	
Chapman	
Cross	

At the finish the runners were in two distinct groups,

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) there was such a gap between Fairchild and James. Parker led Fairchild by about ten feet.

FINAL HEAT.

Carey 12 s.
Lowell
Parker
Fairchild

A good race.Lowell led at one time,but Carey sprinted ahead,and was perhaps twelve feet in the lead at the finish.

CLASS A HOBBLE RACE.

FIRST HEAT.

Parker 17 2/5 s.
Lowell
James
Carey
Parrish

This is a new race to us.The runners have their feet linked by a rope,in such a way that they cannot take more tha a half length step.The course was fifty yards.In such a race form counts for a great deal,and Parker got much the best and smoothest gait.Lowll made a good second,by hopping with both feet together.Carey and Jamse were practically tied,Carey falling across the line.

SECOND HEAT.

Fairchild Time lost
Chapman
Hun
Cross

Fiarchild's rope came loose at the last minute,but he certainly deserved first place.Chapman had a peculiar gallop. The heavy weights brought up the rear.

FINAL HEAT.

Parker 16 2/5 s.
Chapman
Lowell
Fairchild

Parker had a long lead over Chapman.The other two had

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) hard luck,for,Lowell fell over,and Fairchild broke his rope.

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

Hollister	27'24"
Payson	26'7"
Wheeler	23'9"

No one else was within three feet of these,and only one other put twenty feet.

CLASS B BROAD JUMP.

Bemis	13'4"
Hollister	11'11 1/2"
T.Curtis	11'10"

Besides the regular jumping,there was an exhibition contest to work up three of the tail-enders,as follows:

S.Houghton	11'3"
Thompson	9'8"
Miner	9'

All gained decidly.Miner showed the most improvement, as in the regular event he made only one clean jump,and that was 6'6".

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

Corning	14 4/5 s.
Paine	
S.Houghton	
P.Curtis	

A close heat.Paine was not more than four feet behind Corning,and about the same distance in front of S.Houghton.

SECOND HEAT.

Bemis	15 s.
Whittemore	
T.Curtis	
Miner	

The first three were very close,Bemis getting his place by a good sprint at the end.Miner was rather outclassed.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.)

THIRD HEAT.

Hollister
Payson
Thompson
Wheeler

15 s.

Hollister was five yards ahead of Payson at the tape.

FINAL HEAT.

Bemis
Hollister
Payson
Corning

13 3/5 s.

Bemis had a good lead.Payson pressed Hollister hard for second place.

CLASS B THREE-LEGGED RACE.

FIRST HEAT.

S.Houghton	Corning	Paine	21 4/5 s.
Thompson	Miner	Hollister	

The course was fifty yards.S.Houghton and Thompson won by good form and steady pace,leading almost from the start.

SECOND HEAT.

P.Curtis	Wheeler	Whittemore	15 2/5 s.
Bemis	Payson	T.Curtis	

A much faster heat.P.Curtis and Bemis were very steady. Wheeler and Payson would have done better if they had not got the giggles badly.Whittemore and T.Curtis were pretty wobbly.

FINAL HEAT.

P.Curtis	Wheeler	S.Houghton	Corning	11 4/5 s.
Bemis	Payson	Thompson	Miner	

This showed real class.The winners were fast and steady. Wheeler and Payson had improved very much,and even the contest for third place was exciting.We have arranged the pairs in the order in which they came in.

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)

CLASS C HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Coolidge	15 1/5 s.
Stackpole	
Goodhue	
Lansingh	

Stackpole ran Coolidge hard, and was only four feet to the bad at the finish. Goodhue was twice as far behind Stackpole, and there was a wider gap between Goodhue and Lansingh.

SECOND HEAT.

Whitney	15 s.
Wheelock	
J.Houghton	
Leland	

Wheelock was five feet behind Whitney. J.Houghton was a matter of inches behind him, and wasn't trying at the finish. Leland got a poor start.

FINAL HEAT.

Whitney	14 4/5 s.
Coolidge	
J.Houghton	
Stackpole	

Whitney had a good lead over Coolidge, who was well ahead of J.Houghton. Stackpole almost caught Houghton.

CLASS C HIGH JUMP.

Leland	3'7"
Goodhue	3'6"
Coolidge	3'5"

These three were decidedly the best, no one elses getting above 5'3". Allowance must be made as before of an inch and a half extra height on the standards.

CLASS C CLOTHES PIN MEAL.

FIRST HEAT.

Stackpole
Lansingh
Coolidge

This was a good deal like a potato race, but the ob-

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) jects to be picked up were clothes-pins, stuck in the ground, which had to be picked up with the teeth. There was much less missing of pins than there usually is of potatoes. Stackpole won by a good lead, but Lansingh and Coolidge both did well.

SECOND HEAT.

Leland
Winthrop
Goodhue

Leland was well in the lead at the finish.

FINAL HEAT.

Leland 39 s.
Stackpole
J.Houghton

First and second were the winners of the two preliminary heats. J.Houghton had not raced before. Lansingh, who did well in the preliminaries, spoiled his chances of a place by dropping a pin.

As may be imagined, the above filled the afternoon pretty full. Add the necessary swim, and you get close enough to supper time to worry those who like a little leisure when they dress.

After supper came Digestion Club, and then Dumb Crambo, with three sides.

When the juniors had gone to bed, we settled down to the White Mice.

One more arrival, just before we settled to reading. We hope we can give her some good weather. *Mand Howe Elliott*

WEDNESDAY, Aug.4
Cool,
Cloudy,
Rain
p.m.

This morning C.W. told us about the use of the sex-tant,and tomorrow he is going to tell us how to make a sundial.Perhaps we might make one,if we ever get two sunny days together.(But cheer up.They are having cloud-bursts in some places.We haven't done that yet.)

The weeding squad cleared forty-three blackberry bushes this morning.The end of the blackberry patch is in sight.

J.Houghton swam to the Point easily this morning.Perhaps it is just as well,for Sam said he would kill him if he didn't,and that sort of thing leads to unpleasantness in a family.

At morning reading we finished "Sailing Alone Round the World." Captain Slocum has been very good company.

The pitch has been taken off the birch canoe,and she is to be put into commission.Now we shal see how true the story is.

Mrs.Meeker was here to dinner,and spent part of the afternoon.

Miss Bennett left us this afternoon,for Portland and other parts. We shall miss her very much.

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.
FLAMS VS. CRAMS

This was a rather slow game,as most games are when the runs on both sides get into two figures.There was plenty of hitting,but there were too many errors.For four innings the Flams led,and it looked as if it would be a stern chase all the way.But in the fifth with two men out the Crams struck a batting streak,and three hits brought in three runs.The Flams retorted in the sixth with five runs, and finally won the game,13-10.

Parker batted for .600,Lowell for .500,C.F.B.,Thorndike, Parrish,and Hollister for .400

WEDNESDAY, (Cont'd.) BUG LEAGUE GAME.
MUSKIES VS. HUSKIES.

This was a faster game, though too uneven to be first rate. Both pitchers seem to have been hard to hit, though Hun batted for .666. The Curtises, playing on opposite sides, each knocked a good two-bagger.

We don't often have Digestion Club three nights running, but the rain began while we were still playing, and what can one do? Games on the Hill would have been horrid, and botts would have been worse. So we turned to Budge and Toddie.

FIFTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....T.L., J.R.
2. Duett.....T.Curtis, P.Curtis.
3. Song, "The Little Pigs".....A.G.
4. Duett, "Oshkosh".....C.W., J.G.W.
5. Choruses.....A Hunting We Will Go, Camp Chantey, The Merry Merryweathers.
6. Merryweather Quartette.....T.L., L.C.Z., A.G., C.W. L.M.V.S., H.H.R., J.R.
7. Stunt, "Ferdinando and Elvira".....W.A.G., Lowell, Abbott, Wheelock.
8. Song, "A Friar of Orders Gray".....H.H.R., T.L., G.E.A., J.R., C.W., R.P.C.
9. Stunt, "The Looking-glass of Fate"..J.G.W., T.L., G.E.A., J.R., C.W., R.P.C.

Camp Song.

Chopsticks is a perennial delight; "age cannot wither it", as the poet truly remarks.

The Curtises gave us a good duett, and if we had not had such a programme ahead of us we should have insisted on an encore.

The same remark applies to "The Little Pigs." There wasn't really time for more, much as we wanted it.

"Oshkosh" is a friend of some years ago, and we haven't

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) heard it since the Wigginses did it last time.They made a splendid pair of--now what would you call natives of Oshkosh? Oshkosians?or Oshkosites?

" A-hunting we will go" is a splendid addition to our song repertoire.Wonder why we never got round to it before?

The first appearance of the Merryweather quartette,seven in number,was hailed with enthusiasm,which increased as their performance went on.There was perhaps a thought too much of the impromptu in their rendering of the Old Ark,but it showed a fine free spirit, quite in keeping with the modern theories of music.

"Ferdinando and Elvira" is one of the best of the Bab Ballads, and the actors were in every way worthy of their text.W.A.G. certdinly did "this sort of thing particularly neatly,and we do not wonder that Elvira dismissed the rich and great,and turned to him for consolation in her grief.

Elvira herself,as portrayed by Lowell,was a seraphic vision in pink,her blonde locks waving above her brow.(Farther back they did not wave quite so well.)For such a damsel one would face any number of polar bears.

Wheelock as the pastry-cook,and Abbott as his little wife,were a cheerful and comfortable couple.We doubt if even the loss of the shilling which was not paid for the soup weighed on their plump bosoms very long.

We don't often get H.H.R. to sing for us now,because he isn't her so often nor so long as we should wish.He gave us a first-rate song,and next time he is here we will have more.

As soon as we realized that the Nussbaum brothers were to be here simultaneously for a few days,we knew what would happen.Nor have signs of dramatic activity been lacking.Lights have been seen

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) after midnight,and there have been mysterious colloquies.There was no doubt about it.A new Nussbaum drama was taking form and shape and form in our very midst.

It was a tragedy,as are most of the works of this illustrious pair."Dum Dry",so far as we know,is their only comedy. Though less complete in its death list than "Herrmann's Revenge",the deatails are more ghastly.The moment when the fragments of the unfortunate Bertrand came tumbling down from the mountain height was one of horror unsurpassed.But we had been warned,by the sinister "Kultur motif" at the beginning,what we had to expect.Kultur is a term which everyone understands,and the music well expressed its deadly significance.

The characters were all in masterly hands.Bertrand,the gallant and guileless,was well fitted to J.R.How his strong right arm sought to shield his Gottfrieda,evan,in sleep.Hard that so sweet a youth should meet such a fate.

G.E.A. as Gottfrieda reminded us of Bruny in the "Nibelungen Lied",but there was the difference that one should find between a Walkure and a mortal maiden.Gottfrieda had no angry Wotan to protect her.She could only shrink and shriek before the monster Evaristus,and finally meet death at the hands of her own hair-pin.At the thought of it we feel for our pocket-handkerchief.

A.G. was a frightful revelation as Evaristus.Can he really be a peaceful and respectable citizen?Beware,you who are tutoring,how you neglect your lessons.At any moment the real demon that slumbers beneath that calm exterior may be roused,and he may call down omsters from the hills to tear

WEDNESDAY you limb from limb.
(Cont'd.)

Bimi and his brother,as presented by C.W. and R.P.C.,were a frightful pair.We only wondered that they didn't add Gordon Abbott to their meal.But perhaps Bertrand was all they could manage at one sitting.The wild leap with which Bimi stood on his head over the lifeless form of Gottfrieda sent a shudder through even the calmest nerves.

Herr Gebhardt Nussbaumgave the text of the drama in his most mellifluous manner,explaining where explanation was needed,and letting no point pass without proper emphasis.

Herr Rudolf was in his accustomed place at the piano,and his rendition of the various passions and events into tones was masterly. We hope that we may be able to prevail on him to write out the Kultur motif for us,to add to our already priceless collection of works from his pen.(Have you ever played the Splash motif? or the Still motif? If not,you have something yet to learn.)

And lastly,when an editor finds that this immortal work is already typewritten,on the proper paper,and that all she has to do is to tie it into place in the Log,words fail her.

Well,so ended a great sing-song.The hour was somewhat late,but we had time for one good round of "Compendium",by way of relaxation from the nervous strain of the evening.

As for the rain-

Oh didn't it dribble,dribble!
It dribbled up and down,
All around the town.
Oh didn't it dribble,dribble!
It dribbled till we thought that we should drown.

The Looking Glass of Fate

Show People

Bertrand, a noble Saxon Mariner..... J.R.
Evaristus, a Zaubermagician..... A.G.
Gottfrieda, the betrothed of Bertrand..... G.E.A.
Hairy men..... C.W...R.P.C.
Fishes, birds, dog-fishes and cat-birds..... (mental)

Gongregation!! Our boint in booding pefore you dis drama of der ainshunt Dooduns iss erstens to pring pack a vut you mide say revival off der glorious deadrigal sbirid off der gread dramatists lige Schiller, Heine, Walter von der Vogelweide, Hans Sachs, Schopenhauer, Bernard Shaw und O. Henry, und zweitens do bresent dis drooly remargable Schauspiel ass an egambple off dot Kultur dot iss all der rage in Europe. (Kultur motif) Dis blay hass neffer before at all anyvere bin giffen, and so you may gonsider yourselfs loggy to ze der prodogzion widoud der usual cgarge of funfundzwanzig pfennig. But say, before I go on just listen to vut der babers brinted py der ard-cridges brinted afder der dress behearsal.

Spiegelberge of der New Yorker Deutscher Herald.

"Such stupendous wording, overpowering prilliancy off sbeech, sblendid digtion, spiffy dawgging, und vunderful dialogue"-- Say der resd of dat ardigle vus omited for lag off sbace.

Der Milwaukee Waldvogel.

" Der aint no singing in dis show, but der resd off it iss gread".

Der Hebrew Star und Gartar.

Yeleth arretz barah weitchkack sarra susaihm atham boker lalyaya hashamaihm

Boston Transcript.

" In spite of its undermining influences, its characteristic phraseology, its unhalting metrical superiority, and its unmitigated flow of abject interpolations, it embraces a wide scope of filial reciprocity, unbounded dignity of action, and wholesome anaesthesia."

The scene is vound in midocean. Imagine to yourself the creeging of der rigging, der shlopping of the water, der crying of der zeevögel, und der murmurings off der mudinous grew. Im vorgrunde off der ship,- dats up around der bowsprit,- sit Bertrand und Gottfrieda vat is over und over in lof mit each oder and are sailing avay for a Pastor wat iss going to marry dem. (Sidding-on-der-bowsprit motif).

Der scene stards mit a burst of poesy dot vould haf made glad der heard of Schlegel, und runs lige dis;

"Der ship runs offer der dark bluf mer,
Gottfrieda und Bertrand iss sidding der,
Und looging around dem everyvere.
Und Wind und Wasser is roaring.
Der ruddy mariners, blithe und bold,
Seem frozen stiff because of the cold,
Der temperature was low, I'm told,
Und watching loafers iss boring.
Der Wasser iss all around der shipp,
Der Wind it iss rising and gedding flip,
Of a sudden der sails begin to rip,
Und nails sprang out of der flooring. (Some peple prefer degging here, bud ve pud in flooring because it goes in wid der rhyme.)
Der Waves have washed away der rudder,
She hits a rock, OH Fadder, Mudder,
From stem to stern the ship iss sudder,
Und der rocks her sides iss goring!!! (Quvick Gurtain)

(At this point der poet breags into a philosophic treatise on the subject o rocks und ships, which we omit from lack of sbace.) Bertrand histes Gottfrieda on his left clavicle und after vading through der See und kigging der sharks out off der vay und dodging der floading crabapples he finally reaches der pebbles off der beach. He singks down all done to a turn by his energetics. The next Zene obens disclosing the two creatures sleeping peacefullike on der seeweed. (Seeweed motif) Soft-shelled crabs cirgle around them. (Crab motif)

The girl avakes, the sun comes trough from heaven,
At home der tower-clock vas strigeing seven,
She leaves her lover, shw wus always fickle,
She dinks of breakfast, beer und pumpernickel,
(pumpernickel motif)
She staggers through der forest on her feet,
Und hopeé dat she may find wherewith to eat.
Alas, fair maid, please do not go away,
I fear you'll meet an evil fate today.
(Evil fate motif)

(I gues vell have to change der metre, der villian's goin to come an' meet her).

(Say, peobles, I had to laugh ven I taught off dat. It's one o dem joges lige, vat us Nussbaum fellers iss goming agross just unexpectedlike all der time. Vell, no matter. Go on Ruddy playing.)

Der villian goin to gome und meet her,
Fleet as she be, the vllian's fleeter,
He liffs not far from shshshore,
He's got a gread und gloomy palace,
His evil Herz ist full of malice,
It's evil to the core.
His vorkshop iss a gread, bigg tower,
(Where he sidds from hour to hour,
Und spreads aboud his evil power,
Ever more und more.
He lives on babies boiled in oil,
Und angle-vorms from out der soil,
Und shnakes around his viskers goil, (Shnake motif)
Und nestle in his hair,
He sees Gottfrieda on the beach,
Says he "Ach, Himmel, she 's a peach,
Gee, I'd like to hear her sgreech,
I'll lock her in my lair."
So in his staff he takes his hand,
Und vanders oud upon der strand,
Which is by shreclich tembests fanned,
To see if he can spy her,
He looks to rechts, he loogs to links,
He shtops to sgratch his head, und dinks,
Und says, "Dis shjob iss on der blinks".
At last he drweth nigh her.
He sees her vandering about,
He grabs a piece of sauerkraut,
Und holds it underneath her snout,
As he iss pazzing by her.
She yumped aboud in girlish glee,
Und sagt, " Halt ab, you're teasing me,",
I'm very, very hungary,
Und Fruhstuck I require.

He put a smile upon his face,
Und hid avay dot foul grimace,
Und pud a sveet one in its blace,
Und looged into her features,
Er sagt, "You must be almost hollow,"
He vaves his vand, says, "Follow, follow,
I'll gif you lods of dings to swallow,
Kaffeekuchen und beaches".
He graps dese goodies from de air,
Uns holts dem oud entizing der,
(Oh my! Gottfrieda, now bevare!!)
That feller, he's a devil.
Und so he goaxes her along,
Und sings to her a devil-song,
Evaristus is going strong,
But he aint on der level. (Slow gurdain. Gurtain motif)

(Imagine for yourselves, ladies und gentles,dot poor girl Gottfrieda shud ub in der castle off der mean Zaubermusician. She has her breakfast ge-eaten und she iss now languishing in der tower-dungeon.) (Shriek ubon shriek re-egoes on der island, und a stray one of suchness hid Bertrand in der eardrum.) Der Zene changes to der shor und behold Bertrand sidding ub like, und rubbing der sand mit his Hand from his Augen heraus.)

Alas, I hear Gottfrieda shout,
Ach Himmel, where iss she?
If she has yet in tdtdrouble got,
It's allas wurst do me.
But I must helb Gottfrieda now,
I must pring aid und Succor,
If Evaristus got her has,
I'll kill der dirdy mucger.
(Gurtain)

(Peobles, Bertrand vanders arount ledd by der schriegs off hiss betrothed, und finally gelangt at der castle off der magician. Wit gread fortitutttte he bides der irrron bars vot vorm her brison-vindow und bulls her oud to der oben field. De vlee uber field und meadows, bächlein und bergen, feld und tal, und add lasdt singk down utterly exhausted. Evaristus zoon disgovers der exgape because he dont hear no more schrieging und he vistles to his two hairy men, wat is very fiesrce. "Here, here, Bimi, und Bimi's brudder". Dese fellers iss gread for tragcking, cause dey haf smells-organs der same ass dogs. Der Zene obens mit a vild glen, vogel singing in der distance, hiccoughing trees standing around all rooted to der ground, lotds of rubyyyying brooks, und gamboling blueberry-bushes und rasbing sauerkraut bushes. Enter Bertrand und Gottfrieda crawling; dey ascend a high mountain und fall from exhaustiong zum Erde. Enter Bimi und Bimi's brudder sniffing. (Hairy-men motif)

Now Evaristus rants arount,
"Come Bimi, tragck 'em oud,
Bite Bertrand ub unt chew him through,
I want to hear him shoud."
Und Bimi gurgles in his troat,
"Cha ping pee brrrrrubrumktqoarnd,"
Und Everistus listens cloze,
"Oh, yes, I understand."

They crawl arount und rount und rount,
Til they are nearly spent,
Den Bimi's brudder gives a shoud
Und sez, "I've found der scent."
(Scent motif)
Und Bimi giffs a joyvoul shoud
Und runs his brudder after,
Dey climb der hill wer Bertrand ist,
Mit growls und gooooooolish laughter.
Und Evaristus, gee he's glad,
Und shprings around und bellows,
"Come Bimi, bite him in der ear,
Und fress 'em ub, you fellows!!"
(Victory motif)
Dey shpring on Bertrand mit der teeth,
Und Bertrand, Gee he's sore,
He fights them well und lustily,
But he wont fight no more.
(Sad motif)

Oh poor, dad youth, wat now has got his fill
Of sorrow on dis gruel universe,
Poor Berty, he iss shtiff und stark und shtill,
Und gets devoured, wat is shtill much worse.
Oh shades of Ephialtes, toot your horn,
Und all you island sprites, come out und howl,
Sing Bertand's dirge und for poor Bertrand mourn,
Poor Bertrand, who did die a death so foul.
(Shtiff und Shtark motif)
And now from mountain -top to crag beneath,
From crag beneath unto der tal below,
Der hairy men mit Berty in der teeth,
Gom grawling down mit heavy shteps und slow.
See dem! all hair, und gory on der lips,
Uttering crowlings vat vound mage vun shudder,
Poor Berty, he iss all in liddle chips,
Inside off Bimi's face und Bimi's brudder.
(Chipped-Beef motif)
But what are all dese fearfool schriekgs we hear,
Dot eggo through the forested ravine,
It's poor Gottfrieda, dat iss vat I fear,
For she hat evil Evaristus seen.
Now mit his hair he grabs her by de hand,
Up dthrages her down into der Tal below,The vaves roll mourn
Der vaves roll schobbingly upon der strand,
He doesn't want atall to let her go.
She tears herself away in wild despair,
Und calls on Berty's ghost as you have guessed,
She graps a hairpin from her golden hair,
Und shoves it to der hilt into her chest.
(Chest motif)
On with der dance, let joy be unrefined,
Vatch Evaristus und der hairy men,
Cause Evaristus, he dont deem to mind,
But yumps around mit glee und yumps again.

Around im Kreise dance der demons,
Shouding to der heart's delight, (Dance motif)
Chanting "Hab ja viel gefressen"
So id eggoes drough der night.
Eggoes, eggoes ever after,
Eggoes ven deyve gone avay,
Grausam schriegcks und wütend laughter,
Through der island, dark und grey.

((And so der place iss levt again deserted excebt for der mangled remains off poor Gottfrieda, surrounded by der gasping sauerkraut bushes, and mourned for by der weeping willows. Only the sighing off der crabapple trees breages der silence, und der barckgckgckgcking off der rog-mables inderrubs der stilness.))

(Gasbing-Sauerkraut-bushes motif)

Flames vs. Cranes of Aug. 4th at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 Bevis	5	(K) 2-3		0 1-3			K	2-3						5	2	0
1	5		2 Lowell	1				1-3									6	3	3
0	7		3 J. G. C.	6		0 1-3		6-3					0 1-3				5	2	1
20	0		4 Thorndike	3		K					0 1-3		(K) 2-3				5	3	2
0	0		5 Bennett	4	K		8-6	K									3	1	0
6	3		6 Parrish	2					K								5	0	2
0	0		7 Hooker	9													0	0	0
0	0		8 Paine	8	K				K	K		K					4	0	0
0	0		9 Swedberg	7		K	K				(K) 2-3		K				5	1	0
0	0		10 (or 2nd Miner)	9					K	K		K					3	0	0
			11																
27	15		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3 1	4 1	5 1	6 0	6 5	11 0	11 0	11 2	13				12	8

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	8	1-b. on errors.		3	

Cranes vs. Flames of Aug. 4th at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	1		Carey	6	6-3	K			1-3			1-3					4	1	0
1	0		2 Fairfield	5	6-3		K		6-3								5	2	1
15	4		3 C. F. B.	2	6-3		(K) 2-3			(K) 2-3							5	2	2
0	5		4 Parker	1			1-3					6-3					5	2	3
9	0		5 Cross	3		K				1-3							3	2	1
0	0		6 Hollister	9				2-9	1-8		2-3	K					5	1	2
6	0		7 James	4		6-3		6-3					3				5	0	1
0	0		8 Payson	7				3			3		1-3				6	0	0
0	0		9 Corliss	8						1-3	K		6-3				4	0	0
			10 Corling	8															1
			11																
27	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0 2	2 0	2 1	3 3	6 2	8 0	8 2	10				41	10	10

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1	4		6	22	1-b. on errors.		3	

..... vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	1							K		
2	6			K						
3	2									
4	5		K							
5	3		K							
6	7		K							
7	9			K.						
8	4			K					K	
9	8				K					
10	5				1-3			K		
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

..... vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2										
3 Scott		K								
4										
5				K						
6			K	K						
7			K							
8			K							
9										
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

THURSDAY Aug.5, Rain a.m. Chilly, easterly.

The first cold rainy day, and we hope the last. So far as we know, no one needed to be told to go put on an undershirt. They must have gone on automatically.

At morning reading we began the Life of Benvenuto Cellini; a very interesting man, though he did not always tell the strict truth.

It was so wet that a good-sized boat-building squad was set to work.

A generally useful squad did all sorts of good odd jobs; put a new bolt on the boat-house door, replaced a rotten board in the ladies' slip, and played Zadoc Pine in general.

It was so chilly that only Class A went swimming. First time this has happened this year.

Just before dinner Mr. Gardner left by motor, taking with him R.R. and T.L. She will be back tomorrow or next day. He said that he hoped to be here again before the end of the summer, and we hope that he will. In fact we feel reasonably sure of it.

A fine bean-bag match was held on the piazza during swim time. We haven't the full score card at hand, but we can give the totals:

Nuts.....87
Toughs.....55

SUNDRY STUNTS.

ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	RIP.	IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.
J.G.C.	C.W.	R.P.C.	J.G.W.	L.M.V.S.	A.G.
Leland	Smedberg	Lansingh	Bemis	Faircild	Hollister
Miner	P.Curtis	Corning	S.Houghton	Whittemore	Winthrop
Carey	Parrich	A.M.R.	Parker	4 bass	3 bass

YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.
L.C.Z.	C.F.B.
Bennett	Paine
Stackpole	Wheeler
Goodhue	Meeker

OUANANICHE.	
G.E.A.	
Cross	Hun
T.Curtis.	Payson
Lowell	Thorndike
James	Chapman
Wheelock	Scott

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

PASSENGERS IN OUANANICHE.
A.A.,Coolidge,J.Houghton, Thompson,Whitney,Abbott.

The Williwaw and the Identical went fishing.They took their supper with them,and had fair luck;Identical 4,Williwaw 3.Total catch,7.

The Ouananiche did a piece of circumnavigation.She went up the long reach behind Hoyt's,came across behind Shute,and so over to Goose Beach.Here the crew landed,and played Duck on a Rock for half an hour or so,to stretch their legs.They came sprinting home in great style.The Corker went mud-turtling in the bogs and lagoons southeast of Meadow Brook.They landed in the bog and brought back a big bunch of white orchids.We never saw so many in one place.They also explored the lagoons thoroughly,going up till they were really sliding on mud instead of floating in water.They had time for a peep at Meadow Brook,and got home before half-past five.

The Pantasote went west,and landed at the little beach opposite the south end of Hoyt's.From here they went up the hill,striking a wood road about half way up.They reached what was probably the Devil's Den,though they are not perfectly sure.They had supper on the beach,and apparently the mosquitoes had supper too.

The Yammerschooner went south,and her crew went to Pitcher Pond,Hamilton Pond,and Bert Stuart's Pond.They found white orchids too,and brought back horned bladderwort and a huge pitcher-plant,which have been set out in the aquarium.They did not lack conversation on the way,as may be guessed when one looks at the crew.When they came in Stack and Goodhue were at it so hard that they couldn't keep stroke.

FRIDAY, Aug.6 Fair, Warm, variable winds. L.E.R. and Mrs.Elliott went in town for the day.At the same time H.H.R. tried to start for Squam,but his motor had something wrong with its inside,and he had to work over it till twelve o'clock.What time did he get to Squam?

T.L. came back in the middle of the morning,rather to the surprise of some,who had taken his affecting farewell seriously.

At morning swim Meeker passed the swimming test.Come on,Stack!

THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions wre fair;some wind,and not very warm.The ground was damp,but that deadens the sound,though it is sometimes chilly.

The first game was a tremendous Iroquois victory.The shots were not very uneven,but a heavy shore party surrounded and killed the Algonquin shore guard,and then ran for it.They killed another guard from behind,and so had a pretty clear field,by which they profited, to the tune of twenty-two runs.Not quite up to last year's record, but very near it.

The second game was very different.The Algonquins tightened up. Shots were even,13-13,and the game went to the Algonquins by Fair-[illegible] child's run.

The third game was also an Algonquin victory,tying the score for the season.The Iroquois shore guard was killed;and though the Algonquins shore guard followed suit,it was late in the game,and the three runs made were beaten by the Algonquins' eight.

L.C.Z. made three runs in the second game;a thing that seldom happens.

Newbold,Smedberg,and Meeker were not playing;the two former because of a knee and a stiff neck,the last because of lack of experience.We shall see him in the game next time.

J.G.W. was playing with his old tribe,and made a run in the

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.M.V.S.	X			✓				•	-
A.G.	X			✓			✓		-
R.P.C.	X			X	••		X		-
J.G.W.	✓			X	••		X		/
A.M.R.	X	•		✓			X	•	-
Bemis		•		✓					///
Bennett	X			✓				••••	-
Curtis, P.	X			X	•			•	/
Fairchild	✓					/	✓		-
Houghton, S.	X	••		X	•		X	•	/
Hun		•		X	•				/
Leland, J.	X	••		X				•	/
Lowell		•		X	•		X		-
Meeker	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Newbold	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Parker	✓				••		X	••	/
Scott	X			X			X		-
Thompson	✓			X			X	•	-
Thorndike	X	•			•		X		-
Wheeler	X			✓			X		-
Wheelock	X			X				•••	-
Whittemore	✓			X	•		X		
Whitney	✓			X			X	•	-
Winthrop	✓			X	•		X		-
	12	9		13	13	1	13	16	8

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.		••		X			X	◎	
L.C.Z.			///	X	•			•	/
G.E.A.	X				••			•••	/
A.A.	X	••	/	X			X		
C.F.B.	X	••		X	•		X		
J.G.C.	X			X			X		
Abbott	X			X			X		
Carey	X		/	X				•	
Chapman	X				•		X	•	
Coolidge			//	✓					/
Corning	X				•		X		
Cross	X			X			X		
Curtis, T.	✓			X			X		
Goodhue			//	X			X		
Hollister			//		••			•••	
Houghton, J.			//	X	••		X		
James		•	/	X				••	
Lansingh		•		X	•		X		
Miner		•••	/		•		X	•	
Paine		•	//	✓			✓		
Pantaleoni			/	✓			X		
Parrish	✓			✓	•		X		
Payson			//	✓			✓		
Smedberg	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Stackpole			//	✓			X		
	9	12	22	13	13		16	13	3

FRIDAY third game.
(Cont'd.)

There were several stray shots,but no murders,which is good. We need to be more careful about firing distinctive shots at people with duplicates."Abbot" and "Gregg" ought not to kill anyone.And it is better not to say "Wheeler" or Wheelock" without the first name.

It is very easy to say,"He must have heard me,"and to sputter.But remember that wind and uneven ground will do all sorts of things to a sound,and that some day someone will be sputtering at you for the same reason.

During the game Gordon Abbott's father came,and stayed to supper.

"Games on the Hill" roused the usual enthusiasm.It must have been a lively game,for in the middle of it Beef sprained his ankle, and had to retire to private life.He hops round very gaily,but it is a fine swollen ankle.

Half-past eight Boston gave us a final chance to work off such superfluous energy as scouting and prisoner's base had not exhausted, and then came "The White Mice".

L.E.R.,R.R.,and Mrs.Elliott all came back this evening,about eight o'clock.

SATURDAY, Aug.7 Rain a.m. easterly. The rain began early, about two o'clock, and as a result we had some wet mattresses. Two pointers decided to stick it out, and put one mattress on top to keep the rain off. This game does not seem to be one to be recommended.

As it was a very wet morning, with promise of a less wet afternoon, only necessary squads were run. We had a splendid half hour of singing, and then turned to at progressive ping-pong, going toward squad as we dropped out, and then coming back. J.G.W. left this morning. Eheu fugaces!

SENIOR TABLE.

L.M.V.S. beat T.L.
Lowell beat A.A.
G.E.A. beat T.L.
L.M.V.S. beat Lowell
Lowell beat L.M.V.S.
G.E.A. beat T.L.

JUNIOR TABLE.

T.Curtis beat Bemis.
T.Curtis beat Bemis
Payson beat T.Curtis
T.Curtis beat Bemis

The fifth senior game had a "mucker finish", and the last was a "mucker game " right through.

DOPESTERS' DAY!

WILLIWAW.

H.R.
C.W.
A.G.
R.P.C.
C.F.B.
Lowell
Payson
Wheeler
Cross

WHIRLWIND CAFE.

Parker
Newbold

SHIP.RIGHTS.

L.M.V.S.
T.L.
Abbott, Whitney,
Hun, Coolidge,
Fairchild, Goodhue,
Bennett, Hollister,
James, Parrish,
Scott, Smedberg
Meeker, Stackpole

HARES AND HOUNDS.

Hares.

G.E.A.
L.C.Z.

Hounds.

J.G.C., A.A.,
Chapman, Carey
Paine, Bemis,
P.Curtis, T.Curtis,
Corning, J.Houghton,
S.Houghton, Leland,
Lansingh, Miner,
Thompson, Thorndike,
Wheelock, Whittemore,
Winthrop, Pantaleoni.

The Williwaw was neither a boat nor a squall. It was the drain; and this valiant crew toiled all the afternoon. They had a good swim afterwards, but "Dago Dan the Drain-digger" seemed to think that the scent of the roses was clinging round him

SATURDAY, still.
(Cont'd.)

The Hares and Hounds played bean-bags and progressive ping-pong till four.They were to have started at 3-30,but there was not scent enough.Another half hour gave them what looked like plenty,but accounts differ.

Ping-pong Score.

Lowell beat Thorndike.
Cross beat Carey.
Cross beat Lowell.
G.E.A. beat Carey.
Thorndike beat Carey.
A.A. beat Pantaleoni.

We have not the bean-bag score,unfortunately.

The ship-wrights wrought ships till about five,when they turned out for soccer.The sides were small but lively,and the final score was as follows:Idiots 5,Lunatics 2.

The hares got away at four,the hounds at five minutes past.The hares came in at 5-9,soaked to the waist.They had suddemly seen one of the hounds in the middle of the road,a long way from any trail, and were so jarred thereby that they plunged into the deepest part of the bog beyond Cook's beach to get away.A little before six we heard some of the hounds down over the bank.They came up,and after some argment with the hares,found the bags,and ran home,the first man touching the fence at 5-54.The following is the list:

Pantaleoni
Carey
A.A.
Thorndike
Bemis
S.Houghton.

Where were the rest?Well,they didn't know.They had been so bothered by blind trails that they had separated into two parties, and all these six knew was that the others were a good way off,probably still in the woods.They had followed through the bog,and were as wet and dirty as the hares,which issaying a good deal.

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) So they swam and got clean, and while they were doing it the horn blew. T.L. stayed out with the megaphone, and after a while we saw one of the second party of hounds run down the slip. One by one they came in, J.G.C. bringing up the laggards. They were checked by the list, lest any lone puppy might have got lost in woods or bog. Apparently this second pack missed the bog part. It was nearly seven when the last man sat down to supper.

In the midst of all this Mr. and Mrs. Bemis and their daughter came to supper, and C.W. went in to Gardiner by motor to spend Sunday. So our evening meal had more diversity about it than usual.

We had a scant ten minutes to get ready for charades, but we started practically on time.

PRISON. We must protest against the pronunciation of this word, but it was fine and dramatic. For "Pri" we had spies prying upon an affair of state. "Son" was the chief event in the life of William Tell. Hunny was a stern and terrible tyrant, and Wheeler filled the part of Tell with grace and distinction. Stackpole faced his father's arrow without flinching, and the apple fell to the ground. The whole word was a beauty. First G.E.A. and Chapman came stealing in, and crept up a ladder to the garret. (Do prisons have garrets?) Then Lowell, badly wounded, was brought, and tied with brutal thouoghness. As he lay moaning on the floor, a whistle sounded. The prisoner raised his head. A moment more, and he was free, and off up the ladder with his friends.

SATURDAY, (Cont'd.) BURDEN. J.G.C.'s talk on birds perhaps lacked in detail,but his class bothered him so with questions that we do not wonder at his feeling a little annoyed."Den" was a stirring scene. A pack of hounds tracked a fierce bear to his den,where he presumably "lay amid bones and blood! " Tubera makes a fine large bear,and hounds and hunters had an anxious moment before they got him.The whole word puzzled us dreadfully.T.L. came with the Pudwuddle on his shoulders,the latter with his face blacked.We racked our brains in vain,and finally had to be told that this was "the white man's burden." Easy enough when you know it.

MANDOLIN. The lights were turned down for the first scene,revealing dimly a gallant bark struggling in a storm.Thunder roared, wind whistled,and they finally drifted on a reef.They manned the pumps,but in spite of heroic efforts they were drowned.We had always thought that "dole" was a mournful state of mind,but this was a mournful state of body,induced by overeating at a picnic.There was no doubt about the suffering,anyhow."Inn" was splendid.A.G. as the proprietor of an inn somewhere in foreign parts feceived various guests,among them L.C.Z. and C.S. After a word or two he grew suspicious.It was the King!By adroit delays he gained time till the prefect could arrive. We are not quite clear as to why the king was in disguise,or what happened next,but it was thrilling.For the whole word we saw the trials of a gentleman who wants to go to sleep in a musical neighborhood.The harmonica drove A.G. almost wild,but when it came to the mandolin he was neither to hold nor to bind.

BANDITTI. We had never had a band before that performed entirly on combs.If they could do as well as this without rehearsal,what might they not do with a week's practice?Why not a comb squad every morning for a while?"Ditty"was both romantic and painful.Ranny Miner,a lovely

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) damosel, sat at her window, listening to the impassioned strains which A.A. poured out, accompanying himself the while on the banjo. All seemed happy, for the lady certainly smiled on his suit, when the stern parent seized her from behind, and sent her lover packing. The course of true love never did run smooth. The whole word was melodrama. Two bandit chiefs, A.A. and C.F.B., arranged with A.M.R. to decoy two travellers with beer, so that they could murder and rob them. The victims, L.M.V.S. and Fairchild, were all innocent unconsciousness till they were suddenly throttled from behind. It was a ghastly moment.

BADEN-BADEN. The lateness of supper had made us all rather anxious about time, and the result was that we got through our four regular words early. So we had a fifth. Enter A.G., to take a shower-bath. He evidently enjoyed, for he hummed a tune, and was in no hurry. T.L., in his green wrapper, felt very differently about. Perhaps all the hot water had been used up, for he gave a wild shriek, and got out as soon as he could, after a very violent scrub. For the third scene, both came in together. They had been rowing eighteen miles, and were rather weary. They played for first turn, and finally departed, refreshed in mind and body, we trust.

As the dust of charades was clearing away, in walked quietly a distinguished guest, head of the north dormitory and captain of the Iroquois in 1911. May his shadow never grow less!

R. G. Henderson

And then we finished "The White Mice."

SUNDAY Aug.8, B.29.28 T.67' Fog, Calm.

Do you see that at last we have a weather report?The old thermometer was stolen,but now we have a new one.Pep Wheeler is in charge for the week,and if he doesn't clear it off for us pretty soon there will be trouble.

Light rain p.m.

The weather looked doubtful all the morning,but the list was posted,and the picnic set out.

PICNIC TO GOOSE BEACH.

ABOL.	COEKER.	RIP.	EBEN.	ADLER.	YAMMER.
R.G.H.	L.C.Z.	C.F.B.	A.A.	R.P.C.	G.E.A.
Bemis	Leland	Paine	P.Curtis	J.Houghton	Thorndike
Corning	Smedberg	Winthrop	Miner	Goodhue	Coolidge
Payson	Bennett	Hollister	Carey	Parrish	C.S.

IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	OUANANICHE.	
L.M.V.S.	Lowell	J.G.C.	A.G.	T.L.	
James	Fairchild	Wheelock	Cross	Parker	R.R.
Stackpole	Meeker	Hun	Pantaleoni	Wheeler	Whittemore
				Scott	Lansingh
				Chapman	S.Houghton
				T.Curtis	Abbott
				L.E.R.	
				M.H.E.	
				Thompson	
				Newbold	
				Whitney	

Stay-at-homes,H.R. and A.M.R.;also for part of the afternoon Mr.Deming and Mr.Millspaugh, who had come out from Gardiner to see the Skipper on business.

A water picnic at last!And the rain held off till they were almost at home.

The things that belong to a Goose Beach picnic are the two delightful Masefield stories that we first had there one very hot day,and the Abbot tree.The stories came first,and then it was all abord for the tree.This time there were climbing irons and a rope,the contribution of Pep Wheeler,and A.G. climbed to the very top!Rather a performance.

In spite of the light rain the party came home in good order,for hymns,followed by "The Maltese Cat".

J.R. started for the militery camp at Plattsburg this evening.

MONDAY, Aug.9
B.29.20
T.63'
S.E.
Heavy shower p.m.

Jigs's brithday.All hail to Sweet sixteen!

Mrs.Elliott left this morning.We hope she will find better weather in Kennebunkport than we were able to give her.

In the middle of the morning Miss Robertson came over from Gleason's by motor boat,to take a look at Clem and spend the night.And who should bring her over but Ned Billings? He and his family have the cottage that the Davises had last summer,and are here for three weeks' fishing.

Kate Lorraine Robertson.

This morning T.L. revived his original middle name,and went to work mending chairs.

The drain squad continues to toil mightily.

R.R. found a very peculiar hybrid this morning;a seedling that was part white cedar and part hemlock.Did you ever?

And in the afternoon she did something not quite so pleasant,though interesting from a medical point of view.She was running down the bank,and snapped a tendon.So she has inherited Beef's crutches,and is likely to be on them for some little time,worse luck.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
THUGS VS. CHUGS.

It is good to have T.L. pitching again.We have missed him from the mound.C.W. being in town,Lowell hurled the pill for the other team.

The game was not very close.Lowell proved hard to hit, the Chugs connecting with him only twice.He went wild in the seventh,however,and gave a number of free passes that evened the score up considerably.

The Chugs made a good many costly errors,which always

MONDAY (Cont'd.) lessens the interest of a game.

G.E.A. batted for 1000,R.P.C. for .600,L.M.V.S. for .500,and L.C.Z for .400.

There was a good double play in the third.Cross caught Thorndike's fly,and got the ball to second,via short,in time to catch R.G.H.

In the ninth Bennett pulled off an unassisted double,catching J.G.C.'s fly while L.M.V.S. was off his base.

In the eighth Hollister was caught between first second.Three men had a hand in it,one getting two assists and another an assist and a put-out.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
BUNS. VS HUNS.

This game would have been closer if the Buns had not got twelve runs in the first inning.It was a discouraging lead to fight against, and the Huns were only able to make sixteen against their rivals' twenty-seven.It sounds more like a cricket score.Hits were frequent, and errors even more so.

Thugs vs. Thugs of Aug. 9 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	4		1 Lowell	1	K		K					K					5	0	1
11	0		2 L. C. Z.	3					(K)	K							5	0	2
3	1		3 L. M. V. S.	4													4	2	2
1	2		4 J. G. C.	5													5	2	0
3	3		5 R. P. C.	6													5	4	3
0	0		6 C. F. B.	8													4	1	0
1	1		7 Cross	7													3	0	0
7	1		8 Parrish	2													3	1	0
			9 Hollister	9													4	0	1
			10																
			11																
27	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	2	2	3	6	7	9	9	10				38	10	9

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd rnns.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				7	7			1	
						1-b. on errors.			

Aug vs. Thugs of Aug. 9 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
6	4		1 A. G.	2	3		K			2-3				K			4	0	0
2	0		2 Carey	5	1-3		K			4	5-8						3	0	0
0	4		3 T. L. *	1	6-3			5		2-6	9						4	0	0
5	3		4 G. E. A.	6													1	2	1
11	4		5 R. G. H.	3		K	+						1-3				2	1	0
0	1		6 Thorndike	4				7					4				3	1	1
0	0		Bemis	7		1-3			6				5-3				3	1	0
1	0		Fairchild	8		3			1-3								2	0	0
2	0		9 Bennett	9			3		4-3		K			K			4	0	0
0	0		10 Conning	8										K			1	1	0
			11																
27	16		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	5	0	6			27	6	2

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitcb.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	
	1	2			7	1-b. on errors.

1-base hits.

* Thorndike runs.

Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.
	1	

Runs vs. Thugs of at Aug 9

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
			1 [illegible]	5					K									5	
			2 [illegible]	6													6	5	3
			3 [illegible]	2			0 4-3										5	5	
			4 [illegible]	1				F-3				0 4-3					5	3	
			5 [illegible]	4				0 K			0 1-3	1-3					6	2	
			6 [illegible]	7		0 K		0 K	K				0 K				6	1	
			7 [illegible]	3					K	K			0 K				6	3	
			8 [illegible]	6			0 K		1-2	0 K	0 1		3-3				6	1	
			9 [illegible]	9	K		0 K										5	2	
			10 Scott																
			11																
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9					27	

vs. Cam of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT.	RUNS.	1-base bits.
			1 Smalburg	3		F-1		1-4	K		E						5	2	
			2 [illegible]	2	0 E		1-3	F-1				0 K					6	2	
			3 [illegible]	1	0 3														
			4 Payson	5	E			0 K		0 K							6	3	
			5 [illegible]	6	E					0		3-3					6	2	
			6 [illegible]	4	K								3 6-3				6	3	
1			7 [illegible]	9		K	0 K		5	0 K		F					5		
0			8 [illegible]	8		0 1-3			5				1-4				4	1	
0			9 [illegible]	7		E	7-5		E		0						4	1	
			10																
			11																
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	4	3	1	1	3	1	2	5						

MONDAY (Cont'd.) C.W. came safely back while we were at supper,having got his family started on the road to Groton.

After supper it was Games on the Hill,followed by "Spin the Platter".We had so much trouble last time with a platter that spun too well,that this time we began with one that practically wouldn't spin at all.So we tried again,and got one that was just bad enough to keep one hopping.

Some of the foreits made a great deal of fun.James,T.Curtis,and Wheeler did a jiu-jitsu exhibition,and Leland showed us how Demosthenes gesticulated.

In the spider race,Thompson beat Goodhue,and S.Houghton beat Carey,who steered wide of the mark.In the finals Houghton beat Thompson by a length.

Stackpole and Whittemore played a very modern duett with their noses,and Cross and Wheeler were exceedingly graceful in the ballet.

C.F.B. beat Hun by several lengths in the nose-and match race.

The wheelbarrow race,Hun and G.E.A. against Throndike and Cross, really needed more space.They shifted positions at the end of the course and came back;and the race was a dead heat,with all the contestants in a heap.

Then we played the Smelling Game,till our noses ached.Here are some of the mistakes:

Alcohol.....	Creosote,floor-polish.
Sulpho-naphthol.....	Ether,sugar,gasoline.
Coffee.....	nitre,cocoa,collodion,ethyl chlorine, shellac. (Nice coffee it must be.)
Paste.....	Camphor,tobacco.
Whiskey.....	molasses.
Ethyl chloride.....	Salt.
Onion.....	Tobacco.

G.E.A. guessed twenty-three out of the twenty-five correctly. L.M.V.S. had twenty-four right,but he helped make the list up.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) And then the rain,which had been threatening since noon,came dow.Oh yes! There was no wind,but it rained as it rained last year on Howland Hill.We can't say more than that.The Infirmary Pond was level with the bottom step,by actual measure.Out along Sunshine Alley,in one place the dirt from the road washed over the board walk to a depth of an inch and three-quarters.The water poured off the piazza roof at such a rate that to step out was to enact "Baden-Baden" ~~ex~~ over again,and bachelors got wet to their knees on their way to their tents.C.F.B.'s knees are a good way up,too.

And with the rain came thunder and lightning that made smoe of us sit up,and others curl up.Things must have been struck not far away.

And Bill Payson and various other half-past eighters slept through it all!

SCOUTING DOPE.

The Algonquins and Iroquois have been fighting it out for eleven years, beginning with 1904. During that time each side has won the yearly series five times, and once, in 1910, there was a tie.

Series of 1904 won by Algonquins.
Series of 1905 won by Algonquins.
Series of 1906 won by Iroquois.
Series of 1907 won by Algonquins.
Series of 1908 won by Algonquins.
Series of 1909 won by Iroquois.
Series of 1910, a tie.
Series of 1911 won by Iroquois.
Series of 1912 won by Iroquois.
Series of 1913 won by Iroquois.
Series of 1914 won by Algonquins.

INDIVIDUAL GAMES WON BY

	Algonquins.	Iroquois.
1904	8	6
1905	11	6
1906	5	7
1907	7	5
1908	9	8
1909	5	7
1910	8	8
1911	8	9
1912	8	10
1913	8	10
1914	12	3
Totals	89	79 = 168

RUNS MADE BY

	Algonquins.	Iroquois.
1904	15	30
1905	15	6
1906	6	9
1907	6	3
1908	8	11
1909	10	9
1910	9c	14
1911	5	7
1912	16	24
1913	10	4
1914	59	34
Totals	159	151 = 301.

By Dopester.

The Rubaiyat of Merryweather

Hop! for the horn that echoes in your ear
And through the arching forest trembles clear
Is calling you to your appointed place,
So beat it! if you have a sense of fear.

The Skipper's spankstick hits, and having hit
Moves on, nor all your cleverness a bit
Can ease the pain, nor all your corded strength
Forstall the blow, nor kill the pain of it.

Look to the blowing Hun before us, "Lo,
"Panting," he says, "around the field I go,
And soon my silken forehead do I shake,
And perspération to the grasses throw."

A group of Facticles beneath the trees,
A pot of coffee, cigarettes and ease
Personified in all but one of them,
He's making out the squad-lists, if you please.

Think, in this battered camperoonerie,
Whose pleasures make an everlasting spree,
How doughnut after doughnut with its hole
Is fated to be eaten up, by Gee!

Come, stand by me and sing the song again,
That spilleth faith and hope for countless men,
Ye may forget the other lesser things,
But this song ye cannot forget, I ken.

T.L.

TUESDAY, Aug.10, B.29.13 T.71' Fair N.N.W. Light showers.

We had one shower just at getting up time, and tails of others struck us at intervals during the afternoon, but it was plain that they were only part of the process of clearing off, so we forgave them.

Miss Roberston left us this morning.

At morning reading A.G. gave us a very vivid account of life at the front and in the trenches.

C.W. and C.F.B. had the shell out this morning.

As the weather looked too threatening for anything on the water, we began with progressive ping-pong. We had three tables, the third on the piazza. This gave much more room, and improved the playing at both the junior tables.

A TABLE.	B TABLE.	C TABLE.
G.E.A. beat Lowell	C.S. beat T.Curtis	Smedberg beat Whittemore.
G.E.A. beat A.A.	C.S. beat T.Curtis	Whittemore beat Chapman.
Lowell beat Thorndike	P.Curtis beat "	" " "
G.E.A. beat Lowell	T.Curtis " Bemis	" " Coolidge.
Cross beat Lowell	" " "	" " Miner.

At four o'clock Junior soccer was called. The few juniors who were not in the game continued progressive ping-pong with five players, as follows:

Newbold beat Coolidge.
Meeker beat Lansingh.
Meeker beat Coolidge.
Coolidge beat Meeker.
Coolidge beat Meeker.

There were various other games going on too, but they were so assorted that we do not give the score.

At soccer the Jackdaws beat the Crows, 2-0.

Then came a wild and wonderful pudding-ball game. The nines were rather like the Merryweather quartette in regard to numbers, for there were eleven men on one and twelve on the other. C.W. and G.E.A. ran one team, T.L. and R.P.C. the other, with G.E.A. and Thorndike for pitchers. No names were given, so we can only say that the G.E.A.-cum-C.W. aggregation won, 4-5. The playing was of such tornado-like

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) speed that no scorer could keep uo with the ~~dxaxi~~ details, and it took three umpires to keep the peace. Which flew faster and harder, the ball or the mutual objurgations, it would be hard to say. It was an occasion worthy of Homer at his best.

After supper we had boats, for the first time in --, well, we don't dare to say how long, for fear we should understate it. Hun and Cross caught two good bass.

Then came Monkey in Sight and Indoor Wolf till half-past eight.

On his way to bed Whitney added to the gaiety of our circle by falling overboard. The first time any tooth-brusher has done it this year. But he did not take a lantern with him. Does G.E.A. remember the days of yore?

Later Cross repeated the above performance. We might have the float and slip outlined in phosphorus.

The half-past niners played a new form of Limerick. Each line was turned over as it was written, and only the last word left in sight. This made some confusion, as several could not get the metre unless they had the lines before them. Then we tried a second round, with the first line left visible. This went better, and we got some good results. We give specimens:

I

There was a young red-headed tutor
Who was wont once to pipe on a "tooter".
The engine broke down,
At the cost of a crown,
And said, "I will be a commuter."

II

There once was a master called Chick.
When a freshman he raised the old Nick.
The thunder was loud,
He astonished the crowd.
This made him most awfully sick.

III

There was a young buck of Siam.
He was crazy,and said that I am.
How foolish of me!
He went on a spree,
And dined upon crumpets and jam.

IV

There once was a man in a trench
Who desired to fight for the Frecnh.
He pulled out a gun,
He went on the run,
But he presently had a good drench.

V

There was an old monk with a sash
Who was dreadfully hungry for hash.
He cried in despair,
He fell in a chair,
So on his bare back fell the lash.

VI

There formerly dwelt in Kartoum
An eremite shrouded in gloom.
He gnashed his false teeth
And rushed for the heath,
And was swept out the way with a broom.

WEDNESDAY, Aug 11, B.29.22 T.63' Fair, Calm.

Doping began at an early hour, and for once almost everybody doped the same thing. One or two tried to say "Scouting", but with such a day for a trip most of us felt that we knew better. And very soon the list was up, and the grub was being packed.

ALL DAY EXPEDDISH.

OUANANICHE TO ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

G.E.A.

Parker	Thorndike
Paine	Payson
Chapman	Wheeler
Wheelock	Bennett
Corning	Winthrop

Passengers.

Stackpole	Newbold
Thompson	Meeker
Whitney	Abbott

J.Houghton

CANOES AND RANGELEYS TO HORNBEAM HILL.

CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	RIP.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
R.P.C.	J.G.C.	A.A.	R.G.H.	A.G.
Bemis	Leland	S.Houghton	Whittemore	Hun
P.Curtis	Miner	Scott	Smedberg	Goodhue
Lowell	James	Carey	C.S.	

IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
L.C.Z.	L.M.V.S.	C.W.	C.F.B.
Parrish	Hollister	Fairchild	Cross
A.M.R.	Pantaleoni	T.L.	Lansingh
		Coolidge	T.Curtis

C.F.B. had to go for the mail, and did not get back till we had been gone some time, but he caught us at the Mills while we were carrying. All the rowbaoats and canoes went over first and then the Ouananiche, with her new outfit of poles and ropes. It certainly is a great improvement. But the carrying place is filled up. There was no trouble going over, but when we came back there was a fat launch named Trixie moored in it, so firmly that we couldn't waste time moving her, but launched off the bank.

At the Mills we parted, the Ouananiche going north in

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) solitary state, while the fleet of smaller boats bore away for the Narrows. "Why do they call this Long Pond?" said one, just before we rounded the first point. We told him to wait, and when he saw the view through between the last points and islands he asked no more questions.

We landed in the first big bay to the right, and there A.M.R. and C.S. took a walk, while the rest had a swim. We dined under a pine tree, and then it was all aboard for, Hornbeam. That is, all but five. T.L., A.M.R., Coolidge, and Goodhue went up Broad Jump Brook, and R.G.H., who was feeling rather old, stayed in the field and slept.

The following figures, compiled from the records of the expedition by C.W. will be of help and interest to all who take the trip in future:

HORNBEAM HILL FIGURES.

Expedition all hands left float 10-15.
Left Mills 11-15.
Ouananiche to Rocky, rangeleys and canoes to Hornbeam.
Arrived Beach 11-55.
(Beach north of entrance to Eagle Pond.)
Left beach, after swim and lunch, 1-15.

Left Hornbeam landging for hill 1-45.
(Note! Should be cut to 1-35.)
Arrived top 2-50.
Left top 2-55.
Arrived landing 3-25. Left right away.
Arrived Mills via beach 4-45.
Arrived Camp 5-50.

This was going pretty fast. Evidently to have much time on top one should have either a very select and husky crowd, or two meals out. The walk up was very wet. There are usually several wet places, and owing to the recent rains these had increased and multiplied at a great rate. Everyone got wet feet, and some were wet above there knees. Various of the short-legged were pretty weary by the time they got to the top, but they stuck to it like men, and had time for five minutes of well-earned rest. It is a good steep climb, though not so fierce nor so long as Muskrat. Good training for the latter, gentlemen. Coming back the canoes went straight to the

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Mills,while the rangeleys made for the beach,to connect with R.G.H. and the broad-jumpers.

The latter select quartette,in the Rip,went up the brook as straight as its nature will permit till they reached the head of navigation.Here they landed,and followed it up to the broad jump.There is much more water running than there was at any time last year when we saw it,and it was prettier than ever.There was so much water,in fact,that T.L. retired to a lonely pool and had a swim,while the rest tried experiments with Goodhue's hat.The experiments finally proved fatal to the hat.On the way back we explored Eagle Pond and the bluff south of it,and got back to R.G.H. and the pine tree in the field just as the rangeleys came in sight.

The Ouananiche crew swam and dined at the mouth of Rocky Mountain brook,which was fuller of water than it had been seen before by any member of the party.After dinner they started out,all except Parker and Newbold,who are not yet in climbing tri,though they are coming on well.Most of the climbers left shirts,both upper and under,behind,but Meeker preferred not only the full complement of shirts but his corduroy coat besides.He must have found it warm.Some of the short-legged found it hard work getting from rock to rock up the brook,and it certainly is a trying place for short legs. They stuck to it valiantly,however,and though some were weary and out of breath,they all got to the top.Once there they all felt rewarded for their pains,for it is a lovely place.They reached the Mills sharp on time,and in good order except for a few undershirts.Bill Payson had a six-inch hole

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) in the back of his,and Gordon Abbott not only had his on hind side before,but let it slide down over his plump shoulders till he was very decollete indeed.

We came home all together,and on the way we met a MOTOR-BOAT. Ordinarilry we don't much care about meeting these craft.In fact a good many of us agree with L.C.Z.,that motor boats and girls' camps should be barred from inland waters.But this thing was going at such a pace that it was fine to see.The waves on each side looked like great wings as she scudded along,and we were all glad to stop and watch her.One passenger thought that she was going faster than the Ouananiche.Yea,somewhat,as Robin Hood would say.

And then there was a swim for all hands;much needed,and for the most part well earned.

Supper was a little late,so Digestion Club had a short session. We began "Rudder Grange",which we did not read last year.

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Chipsticks".....Leland,P.Curtis.
2. Harmonica and Mandolin.....L.C.Z.,Parker.
3. Duett,.....T.L.,A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Song of Scouting,The Cameron,Forty Years On.
5. Merryweather Quartette.....C.W.,T.L.,L.M.V.S.,A.G., R.G.H.,L.C.Z.
6. Stunt,"The Who Would A-wooing Go."Thorndike,Whitney, Lansingh, Carey,Stackpole,Miner,Bemis,Goodhue.
7. Stunt,"The Pocket Victrola"...T.L.,A.G.,R.G.H.,L.C.Z.

Camp Song.

The junior chopsticks team rendered their well-known version of this famous classic with neatness and elegance.

The harmonica and mandolin performance was really a stunt, though not so announced.First Beef played a solo,and then L.C.Z. came in as a tramp,with his bundle on a stick over his shoulder.They

WEDNESDAY, (Cont'd.) compared notes a bit on instruments,and then the tramp played a solo,which gave the mandolinist acute pain.The last verse of "John Brown" was done with great accuracy.Then they played "The Tombigbee River" together,making a very pretty combination,which we hope to hear more of before the summer is over.

The andante of the Fifth Symphony needs no praise;its place was settled some years ago.You might as well say that "Hamlet" is a fine play.

The Merryweather Quartette gets more wild and wonderful as time goes on,especially when they sing at sight.Their last number was remarkably varied,for the accompanist changed the key at the beginning of evry line.

The sad story of the frog who disobeyed his mother has never been acted here before.Whitney gave the title role just the dashing abandon which it needs,and Stackpole was a charming mouse.Carey as the frog mother was a pathetic picture of wise age,set aside by thoughtless youth.Lansingh did well as the friendly rat,and Bemis,Miner,and Goodhue were fierce and feline as the cat and her kittens.As for Thorndike,in the character of the lily-white duck,never has a more massive fowl graced our stage.

The Pocket Victorla,or Victrolette,was introduced to us by L.C.Z.,who explained its advantages,especially its extreme portability.He then wound it,and put in the records.We had the pleasure of listening to several numbers,solos and duetts. The number given with the wooden needle,so soft as not to interrupt the Sunday afternoon nap,was particularly novel.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) We give the programme as it was presented:

Mimi's Song,"La Boheme."

Du Mein holder Abendstern.

Sunday Nap;it was so soft that we couldn't get the air.
Oh that we two were Maying.

At one point in the last number the bearings got so hot that smoke came out of the horn.We were afraid that the machine was ruined, but a few drops of oil set it right,and the two exquisitely blended voices went on.

Ned Billings came to supper,and spent the evening.

After sing-song we went down on the float,and sang,for the first time this year.The barrels are working wonderfully,and no one got wet at all.

The shooting stars were very fine all the evening.

We forgot to say that on their way up Broad-jump Brook the crew of the Rip started a duck,who went squattering off into a neighboring bog at a great rate.

THURSDAY Aug.12
B.29.28
T.68'
Fair
Calm.
Rain at night.

Camp Kiddo started off this morning, as the accompanying list shows. C.F.B. was to have gone, but he had a slight misunderstanding with some gooseberries, so J.G.C. took his place.

Camp Kiddo
Aug. 12th

Coolidge
Goodhue
Houghton, J.
Lansingh
Leland, J.
Meeker
Newbold
Stackpole
G.E.A.
C.F.B.
Identical
Yammerschooner

Jamesy spent the day in Augusta, at the dentist's.

Our various cripples are doing finely. R.R. came in to breakfast without her crutches, and Gus and Beef both played baseball this afternoon. Guido's hand is out of bandages, so altogether the surgical ward is much diminished.

H.R. is at work on the birch, replacing her old pitch with strips of cloth and amdroid. This will make much smoother seams, and will do away with the need of frequent heating and repairing.

T.L. repaired the good old Pie-plant this morning, and we hope that tomorrow may see her on the water.

L.M.V.S. did some work this morning on the shelves behind the south door in the big room, cutting the corners off so that the door will open better.

While we were at afternoon reading, who shoulc come sliding down the bank from the Crows' Nest but Clarence Corning? He is here for only two days, as he startes for California nextMonday.

Clarence H. Corning

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.
SING-SONGS VS. CHARADES.

For seven innings this was a very close game.In the eighth,however a couple of passes,a hit and a few bunched errors enabled the Sing-songs to score their first four men.After that things went closely again,each team making one run.

Each pitcher allowed five hits,but Parker walked more men. Lowell seemed to have a grudge against Payson,for he hit him twice.

Lowell batted for .666,A.A. for .500,and Parker for .400.

There was a double play by each team.In the fifth Chapman was out at first,and Fairchild got the ball home in time to get Parker at the plate.

In the seventh Thorndike put P.Curtis out at first,and got the ball across to Bennett at third in time to nip Hollister in the bud.

There was also one triple play.Someone thinks it was the first we have ever had up here.Our memory is not good enough to be sure, but certainly it is the first in years.Thorndike hit straight to Fairchild,who threw the ball to A.A.at second.This cut off Carey; and John Corning,who was told to run,found himself also out.It was very neat.

There was also a pudding-ball game,for faculty and non-baseball players.We haven't mny particulars,but it sounded lively.The score was9-4,in favor of L.C.Z.'s side.

After supper came Games on the Hill,followed by Quiet Games. And then we began "A Modern Aladdin",which we have not read for a good many years.

It is a thriller,but about twenty minutes past nine the gallant pitcher of thr Sing-songs succumbed into "the arms of Porpoise".We sang Taps,but he did not stir.We gathered close round him and sang

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) it again, but he gave no sign. It was not till Mr. Wiggins picked him up bodily off the floor, that he woke up.

"How sudden is the slumbering of the innocent!"

And then, by way of variety, it began to sprinkle. There were pointers, but they were gathered in, so we did not have wet mattresses to see to.

Sing-Songs vs. Charades of Aug. 12 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	1		1 Bemis	6	K				1-3								4	3	1
1	4		2 Lowell	1	1-5		2-3						K				3	2	2
8	3		3 A. A.	4									1-2				4	3	2
7	3		4 Parrish	2			1-6										2	1	0
1	0		5 C. Corning	3	K			1-2-3		2-3		K					3	0	0
10	3		6 Fairchild	5		K		2-6		K		1-2-3					4	0	0
0	1		7 Hollister	7		2-3		1-2-3			3-5						2	0	0
0	0		8 P. Curtis	8		K			2-3		1-2-3	K					4	0	0
0	0		9 Paine	9			K		K		2-5		K				3	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	15		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	0	2	0	4	8	9				29	9	5

Balks. | Hit by pitc. b. 2 | Missed 3d strk | Wild pitch. | Base on b'ls. 3 | Struck out.. 8 | 1-base hits. | 1-b. on errors.

Shift in lt. after Coming.

Earn'd runs. 29 | 2-base hits. 1 | 3-base hits.

Charades vs. Sing-Songs of Aug. 12 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1 Corning	7	K			K			H.O.		6-3				4	0	0
3	1		2 Carey	6	P-3				3-4		S.H. O/E		4-3				5	0	1
7	1		3 Thorndike	3			2-4				3						5	2	1
0	5		Parker	1			1-2-3		3-2-3		Hustle play		3-4				5	1	2
14	7		5 Cross	2			K										4	0	1
0	0		6 Chapman	8	K				1-2-3			K					4	1	0
3	1		7 Bennett	5		4-3				1-3		K					3	0	0
0	0		8 Payson	4		5-4		3-4		K 2-3							1	0	0
			9 Whittemore	9				4-3		1-3		P-3					4	0	0
			10																
27			11																
27	15		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	1-2	1-3	0-3	0-3	1-4	0-4				35	4	5

Balks. | Hit by pitc. b. | Missed 3d strk | Wild pitch. | Base on b'ls. 10 | Struck out.. 15 | 1-base hits. | 1-b. on errors.

† Payson runs for Whittemore 3rd, [illegible] 9th

Earn'd runs. | 2-base hits. 3 | 3-base hits.

FRIDAY, Aug.13, B.29.28 T.66' Rain, S.E. Clearing p.m.

The morning began very wet, and a tooth-brush raid caught many sad gentlemen.

This morning A.G. told us something about labor contitions, and the difficulties between employer and employe.

By dinner time it was clearing, so the thought of ping-pong was relegated to the back shelves. The list gave the dopesters something to puzzle about, which is always a good thing.

OUANANICHE.	
C.W.	
Parker	Lowell
Hun	Hollister
Wheeler	C.Corning
Bemis	Bennett
Carey	S.Houghton
Abbott	
Thompson	
Whitney	

TERROR.	EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.
L.M.V.S.	A.G.	A.A.
Parrish	Fairchild	Pantaleoni
Corning	P.Curtis	Winthrop
	4 bass	2 bass

PANTASOTE.
R.P.C.
Payson
Whittemore
1 bass
Total, 7 fish.

BOAT-BUILDING.
T.L.
L.C.Z.
R.G.H.
Smedberg
Scott
Chapman
Wheelock
Miner

DOOPHUNNIES.
James
T.Curtis
Paine

BIRCHES.
H.R.
H.H.R.
C.F.B.
J.R.A.

The Ouananiche went a-shopping to the Mills. We have to have hats and moccasins from time to time, to say nothing of socks, films, and fishing tackle.

The fishing boats, strange to say, fished, with varying results.

Boat-building went very well. When there is a small number there is no confusion, and little temptation to find someone else who wants to fiddle the time away and fiddle with him. Someone wants to know if it is allowable to build a boat broader than it is wide.

The Doophunnies didn't do anything very funny. In fact they all three came up and built boats. But having been rather queer inside yesterday, they were licensed to run at large.

The Birches squad was really a birhh squad, and two people, H.H.R. and J.R.A., not being in camp, weren't on it. H.R. and C.F.B

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) put in a quiet afternoon scraping old pitch off the birch,to make room for ambroid.

Late in the afternoon the boat-builders,and various others as they came along played French cricket.We haven't done this for a great many years,but it is a good little game for a small number.Nobody wins,so no one gets beaten.

Camp Kiddo arrived in great form.They camped on the pretty pine point below the Narrows on Long Pond,explored Broad Jump Brook,and had all kinds of exciting times.

After supper it was Games on the Hill,followed by a wild Towel Game.

Then came physical peace and mental excitement,with "A Modern Aladdin."And this time it was not Domey who went to sleep.Ask the Doctor what happened in the last three pages and see what he says.

Harry Cross left this morning with his father.Beef moves into his place in the north dormitory.

In the watches of the night,when most of us were in bed and asleep,arrived two of our former captains,Iroquois and Algonquin:

abbot Stevens
John Radford Abbot

SATURDAY, Aug 14, B.29,18 T.72' Fair N.W. light.

A really hot day. Some people persisted in doping scouting, even when we came back from reading at 2-30; but while scouting would have been possible, it would have been rather ghastly, especially in the sweet fern.

Jack Leland left us this morning, to our great regret. But it is a black cloud that has no silver lining. Olly came in the afternoon. Think of Olly a half-past niner! Oliver Stevens Leland.

After yesterday's toothbrush raid many people were resting easy, especially as it was a pleasant morning. And then Skipper did it again, to the discomfiture of all three North Andover gentlemen.

This morning A.S. told us about his visit to the Exposition. It must be a wonderful thing to see.

This afternoon, while the game was going on, Mr. Corning appeared. We were very glad to see him, and should have been gladder if he had not taken Clarence away with him.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
APES. VS. ABES.

No trouble about this game not being exciting. A game which is tied in the eighth, and not won till the second half of the eleventh can hardly be dull. For seven innings the Apes added to their score, till it stood 7-3. Then the Abes struck a streak, and partly by a series of hits which culminated in Thorndike's home run, brought in five, and tied the score. Then it was grim earnest, and in the ninth and tenth not a man got beyond second. In the eleventh the Abes did not get to first, And L.M.V.S., the first man up for the Apes, scored. This ended the game, of course.

L.M.V.S. heads the batting-list, with .666. Thorndike has .500 to his credit, J.G.C..400, and C.W., R.G.H., and Parker .333. The batting sensation of the day was Thorndike's homer, which nearly broke up the Bug-league game.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The two most striking catches were G.E.A.'s of a foul fly down among the birches, and A.A.'s running one-hand catch, when he put L.M.V.S. out in the third. Both looked as safe as hits well can look, until they were caught.

There was an unusual amount of activity in right field, Parrish making three put-outs and Pantaleoni two. The latter constituted an unassisted double, for when Carey's fly was caught L.C.Z. was off his base.

Aves vs. Aves of Aug. 14 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
0	1		1	Parker*	8	9-6			9-8				1-3		2-3 6/E			6	2	2
1	2		2	J. G. C.	5-				9-7				9-6					5-	2	2
4	1		3	R. P. C.	6	E	9-8				9-1		E		K			6	1	1
2	3		4	L. M. V. S.	4	9-6		9-8					E			8/11		6	1	4
10	1		5	J. R. A.	2	1-3				6-3	9-6		P-3					5-	0	1
0	3		6	T. L+.	1		6-3	9-6		K		9-6		6-3				5-	0	0
11	0		7	L. C. Z.	3			E		6-3		2-6/E		9 0/2				5-	1	1
2	0		8	Carey	7		9-4	1-3						9-9				4	1	1
3	0		9	Parrish	9		E		0-3		K	K			(K) 2-3			5-	1	0
			10																	
			11																	
33	11			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	1	47	9	12
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base bits.		* 2 C.Z. runs 2, 6, Carey 8, Parrish 10										Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.
				5-	8	1-b. on errors.													3	

Aves vs. Aves of Aug. 14 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.
2	1		1	Lowell	5-	K		4-3		9-5		4-3		9-7				6	1	1	
10	0		2	R. G. H.	3			4-3							5-3			6	3	2	
1	4		3	C. W.	1	9-4				1-6		8-4	0-3		6-3			6	0	2	
6	3		4	G. E. A.	6	1-3		9-7							K			4	2	0	
1	0		5	J. Thorndike	7						1-6					9-3		5-	1	3	
4	3		6	A. G.	2		K		K		9-9		2-6/1			K		6	0	1	
1	0		7	A. S.	4		K					8-3		K		9-9		6	0	1	
2	0		8	Pantaleoni	9				K		6			0-2				4	1	1	
3	0		9	A. A.	8		9-3			8-3			9-9					4	0	1	
			10																		
			11																		
30	11			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	0	1	0	2	3	8	9	8	0	47	8	12	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitcb.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base bits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				2	5-	1-b. on errors.													1		1

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

BUG-LEAGUE GAME.
BATTLEDOORS VS. SHUTTERWINDOWS.

Though this game did not run to extra innings, the scoring was so heavy that it lasted even later then the big game. In the third the Battledoors romped entirely through their batting order, and four to spare, bringing in eight runs. This gave them such a lead that the game was at no time afterwards very close.

Battledoors vs. Shutterwindows of ..... at .....

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1	2												
			2													
			3	4												
			4	6												
			5	1												
			6	5												
			7	7												
			8	8												
			9	9												
			10													
			11													
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	6	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	4		

Shutterwindows vs. Battledoors of ..... at .....

dist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		1	2												
		2	1												
		3	3												
		4	6												
		5	4												
		6	8												
		7	5												
		8	9												
		9	7												
		10													
		11													
		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	4	0	1	1	2	0	1	1			

It was so hot that after supper those who could spare the time from charade preparations went out in boats, though some of them got barely fifteen minutes.

CHARADES.

BANQUET. We bagn with a bank robbery. Parrish, the bank clerk, was busy over his books when A.A., trim and sporty, entered and

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) engaged him in conversation.The guileless victim responded cheerfully,and was much taken aback to find himself suddenly confronted by the muzzle of a pistol.As he threw up his hands C.F.B. stole up from behind and gagged him,and in a moment more the safe was robbed.(N.B.;the gag did not work very well.)The second was an illustration of what camping-~~trx~~ trips would have had if we had sent them out as often as usual this year.Everything was wet;food,clothes,and blankets.The whole word was the familiar scene from "Macbeth",and we do not wonder that Macbeth (A.A.) was horror-struck at such a spectral figure as C.F.B. made,all in trailing white,with his face as white as his garments.A good many of the younger boys did not know who the ghost was at all,and he certainly was enough to frighten one,as he sat with a ghastly stare fixed on the tyrant.

ASSASSIN. The first ass was a donkey named Maria (G.E.A.) which belonged to R.P.C. Maria was a fine chaperone,as when R.G.H. came warbling in,to serenade the lovely daughter of the house (Lowell),she,or he,brayed and kicked,and finally made such a noise that the stern parent came out and drove the troubadour away.The second ass was a biped.Chapman came to call on Miss Hun;and though that dainty damsel gave him every encouragement,he did not respond,but hitched his chair away,and finally retired.The sin of apple-stealing was vividly shown.Our only criticism is that the thieves did not get anything in the way of retribution,which is not good morals. We should have seen the stomach-aches that followed.The whole word was as striking as it was terrible.King Pierpont,in

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) scarlet robe and crown was murdered by three horrid ruffians, G.E.A., A.G., and R.P.C., in the presence of his devoted followers and his loving queen. If such things can be, who would be a potentate?

TOPGALLANTSAIL. The first scene represented life at Yale, so vividly that L.C.Z. said it made him homesick. We had J.G.C., Thorndike, and Hollister, all with huge Y's on their chests, sitting on the fence, spinning tops. Thorndike affords a fine opportunity for a letter, in fact for a whole alphabet. T.L. was very gallant at Mrs. Thorndike's afternoon tea, though the spilling of all the tea things by Lydia, the maid (J.G.C.) rather upset his calm. The last syllable, with all the grab-bags and other devices for parting a fool and his money reminded us of some of the things that we heard this morning about the exposition. The whole was such a nautical scene as we have seldom if ever had. There was a real boat, with her sails all up. C.W. manned the fog-horn in the bow, while T.L. stood at the wheel. At eight bells the dog-watch was called, and barked in response. The Log was hauled in and read, the topgallant sails were taken down, and when the soundings read six inches, the crew anchored.

MASSACRE. For the first syllable L.C.Z. put his football squad through various mass plays. The next two were acted together. We object to our beloved Duke being called a cur, but A.S., with a marlin tail, and Duke's collar on, was a very fine animal. He tried to get up on the bench, and stuck just the way Dukey does when he thinks he wants a little attention. Then they sang taps round him. For the whole word we had a ghastly scene of slaughter.

It was hot, and the float was wet, so we went out to Faculty Coffe; and there in the dark, except for the glow of faculty cigarettes, we had a creepy three-cornered story that made us feel very creepy. And some went swimming before bed.

SUNDAY Aug.15
B.29.32
T.71°
Fair
N.W.

This day Dome is sixteen.He celebrated by getting up early,so as to escape the attentions of his friends.When called on for a speech at breakfast, he pointed out the fact that for once,it being Sunday, his birthday could not be observed with the usual track and field practice.

A new system of dormitory marks was announced to-day. In future the regular inspection mark will be subject to change if a person is very untidy at any time during the day. That is,if you get A at inspection,and then throw all your wet and dirty clothes in a heap on the floor,the A will not stand.

Faculty butlers to-day.They looked very professional,with napkins over their arms.

PICNIC TO SOUTHWEST BEACH.

ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	RIP.	ADLER.	IDENTICAL.
C.W.	A.A.	R.G.H.	R.P.C.	G.E.A..	J.R.A.
Smedberg	S.Houghton	Leland	Whittemore	Paine	Hollister
Corning	P.Curtis	Bemis S	Scott	Miner	Goodhue
Bennett	Parrish	A.M.R.	James	C.S.	

PANTASOTE.	YAMMER.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	OUANANICHE.	
L.M.V.S.	L.C.Z.	A.G.	J.G.C.		A.S.
Hun	Thorndike	Lowell	Carey	Parker	C.F.B.
J.Houghton	Stackpole	Whitney	Meeker	Wheeler	Pantaleoni
Thompson	Coolidge		Winthrop	Payson	Chapman
				Abbott	T.Curtis
				Wheelock	Fairchild
					L.E.R.
					Lansingh
					Newbold

We haven't been to the S.W. beach for several years,on account of a "No Trespassers" sign,but as it was reported missing this year, we tried it.Sure enough,there was no sign;and the people who were swimming along the beach were evidently casual passers-by. But when we went up through the woods we came to a camp,from which emerged a Pink Lady.Literally pink,chiffon gown,silk

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) stockings,and satin slippers.She said that they did not let people land and come through,because they had a cat in the woods. This sounded rather insane,but in a moment the cat appeared.It is a handsome beast,and so friendly with strangers that they are afraid someone will steal it.As long as we were there she let us go by,and we promised to treat the cat with all respect.

When we came to the field we left a large squad there,to play games.They had Duck on a Rock,and four good games of Skowhegan.

The rest footed it over to Hamilton Pond,through lovely woods and less attractive mosquitoes.On the way over A.M.R. thought she saw a new pond,and on the way back she and C.F.B.looked it up.It is only a boog after all;a sphagnum bog,with about five feet of water round it,and full of little larches,pitcher-plants,and white orchids.There are two of them west of the ridge.Probably they were both ponds once,and have filled up,as such floating bogs form over quiet ponds very often.

We came back rather early,and had many more hymns than usual. We also found,to our great delight,our motor-cycling Professor,just arrived from Mt.Desert.We needed someone to arrive,for just before nine o'clock we lostA.S. and J.R.A.

Carleton A Shaw

As it was hot,we sat and lay on the piazza for our story,which was "Bread upon the Waters."

MONDAY
Aug.16
B.29.24
T.71'
Fair
W.N.W.

This morning A.G. talked to us about bacteria, and pointed out the importance of washing our hands.

SQUAD NOTES.

Spatters of rain p.m.

The odd job squad,under T.L.,worked on new rigging for the dormitory lanterns.

The lumber-men brought down several boat-loads of wood from the neighborhood of Four-way Lodge.

The first track and field squad,under C.F.B.,put in a good morning's work learning how to run,jump,and put the shot. Of course we have always had track and field practice,but where there are so many there can't be much individual coaching.

The hundredyard dash was run with handicaps,Stackpole winning.

In the broad jump,the main part of the time was spent in teaching them to get their stride right.Winthrop and Goodhue did best.

Wimthrop was best in the shot-put,and Goodhue in the high jump.

The latest water game is water scoutingThere was one wild game played this morning,after the half-past eighters had gone ashore.No runs were made,and the killing was heavy on both sides.The course was bounded by the Ouananiche slip and the float.Of course there is practically no cover except the water,and when the warriors come up to breathe they are in great danger.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

There were slightly suspicious signs during the morning that scouting was likely; and when G.E.A. and A.A. came in late to dinner, most of us felt certain that reading would be short. A few dopesters said "track and field", but they were young.

The weather was not ideal, for it was hot, and at one time it looked as if the wind would go down entirely. Then a shower threatened, but we got only a few drops.

The first game was rather conservative. No runs were made, and only eleven shots were fired altogether. The Iroquois won, with three deaths to eight.

In the second game the shots were very even. The Algonquins had a lead of one, but the Iroquois killed the Algonquin shore guard, and got three runs.

The third game was the hottest. ElEven Algonquins and fifteen Iroquois were killed, and the Algonquins made four runs to the Iroquois' two. There was great activity in the middle woods.

The Iroquois are now one up for the season.

We are glad to note that there were no murders, and that the shots and deaths corresponded without long and elaborate investigation.

While we were playing arrived two guests, namely

Nora Coolidge.
Molly Hill

After supper "Boats" was a welcome sound. When one has scouted hard all the afternoon it is pleasant to get out on the water, and loaf or tell ghost stories.

Boats didn't come in till 8-15, so there was only a brief interval of "Monkey in Sight." And then the half-past niners played "Boston".

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.M.V.S.	X			✓			X	•	
A.G.	✓			X			X	•	
R.P.C.	✓				••		X		
A.M.R.	✓				•			••	
Bemis	✓			✓					/
Bennell	X			✓			✓		
Curtis, P.	X				•			••••	/
Fairchild	✓			X	•			•	/
Houghton, S.	X			X			X		
Hun	✓			✓			X	•••	
Leland, O.	✓			✓					/
Lowell	✓			X	••		✓		
Meeker	X						X		
Newbold	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Parker	✓			X				••	
Scott	X			X			X		
Thompson	✓			X			X		
Thorndike		•			•••		X	•	
Wheeler		••		X	•		✓		
Wheelock	X			X			✓		
Whitlemore	✓			✓			✓		
Whitney	✓			✓			X		
Winthrop	X			X			X		
	8	3		10	11		11	15	4

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	✓				•		X	•	/
L.C.Z.	✓					/	✓		
G.E.A.	✓			X	••		X	•	
A.A.		•		X	•		X		
C.F.B.	✓			X				•	/
J.G.C.	X			X			X		
R.G.H.	✓			X			X		
Abbott	✓			X			✓		
Carey	✓			X		/	X	••	
Chapman	X			X	••			•	
Coolidge	✓			X			✓		
Corning		•			•		X	••	
Curtis, T.	✓			✓				•	
Goodhue	✓			X			X		
Hollister		•••		✓			X		
Houghton, J.	✓			✓			X		
James	✓			✓				•	
Lansingh		•			•		X		
Miner		•			••		X		
Paine						/	✓		
Pantaleoni	✓			X			✓		
Parrish	✓			✓			X		
Payson	✓			✓				•	
Smedberg	X	•		✓			X		
Slackpole	✓			✓			X		
	8	8		11	10	3	15	11	2

TUESDAY Aug.17, B.29.06 T.67' Cloudy N.N.W. Early rain

We don't often get a northwest rain,and this did not last long.The wind was strong even when the first swimmers went in,and only one of the white boats was in her proper place.

At morning reading R.G.H. began telling us about the management and organization of railroads.

The south wall of the main room has been very much improved in looks.The photographs are now symmetrically placed,and the drawing of the ship has been framed in strips of pasteboard,so that it will not tear.

The track and field squad was double in size to-day,with C.F.B. and A.A. in charge.A decided improvement is reported.

A delightful letter from J.R. this morning.Besides himself and J.G.W.,there are three other Merryweathers in camp:Jim Cabot,Tod Sloan,and Marion Chanler.We mean to copy the whole letter,it is so interesting.

Another letter announces Captain Jack's engagement.It is not officially out till tomorrow,but we like to be prompt.

By swim time there was no doubt as to its being a canoe test day,and Domey passed.The Log extends its heartiest congratulaions. Hi for the next one!

We had a call to-day from Dr.Briggs of Cleveland,who is thinking of sending his boy here next year.He is a near neighbor of the Jameses,and their regular doctor,but he did not know that Jamesy was here till he met him on the float.

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.
HOPPERS VS. FROGS.

The most exciting junior game of the season.Sometimes they have been rather slow.In spite of errors,this was a good game,and the

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) outcome was in doubt till the winning run crossed the plate, in the second half of the ninth inning.

In the first two the Hoppers led, 1-2. Through the third and fourth it was a tie, 3-3. Then the Frogs got a lead of three, to which the Hoppers responded by making two. This left it 6-5 in favor of the Frogs at the end of the sixth. In the seventh the Hoppers got going, and ran in four scores. In the eighth the Frogs brought their side of the account up to eight. In the first half of the ninth they tied it, and it looked like extra innings. But J.G.C. started with a double, and Parker, the next man up, scored him. This of course ended the game.

There was a double playe in the fifth. Bennett was out at first, and Pantaleoni got the ball home in time for C.F.B. to tag Thorndike.

J.G.C. batted for 1000, Thorndike for .800, C.F.B. for .750, A.A. for .666, Parker for .500, and Carey and Fairchild for .400.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
OYSTERS VS. SHRIMPS.

This game was also close, though the scoring was rather too heavy for a first-class game. The Shrimps made fifteen runs in one inning, having nineteen men at bat. The Oysters did not score more than seven runs in any one inning, but they stuck to it, and won the game, 32-31. We extend our sympathy to the scorer. It was a cool day, and scoring gives little opportunity for getting warm.

Those who were neither players, umpires, scorers, nor batboys, had afternoon tea, the luxurious folk!

Hoffmans vs. Frogs of Aug. 17 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
0	1		1 Corning	9	8-6		1-6		6-3		6	K					3	0	0
2	3		2 Carey	6			2-6					P-3					5	3	2
1	2		3 J. G. C	5													4	5	4
2	5		4 Parker *	1	K		6		K								4	0	2
9	5		5 C. F. B.	2	8-5				6-3								4	1	3
13	1		6 Pantaleoni	3		8-6		K									4	1	1
0	0		7 Hollister	7						8-6	5						4	0	0
0	1		8 Farmer	4		8-1		8-3		0 1-3							4	0	1
0	1		9 Parise	8		(R) 5-3		K		K		0-3					4	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	19		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	0	1	0	2	0	4	0	1				38	10	13

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitcb.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base bits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				11	10	1-b. on errors.		2	

* Parmenter, batted in 9th.

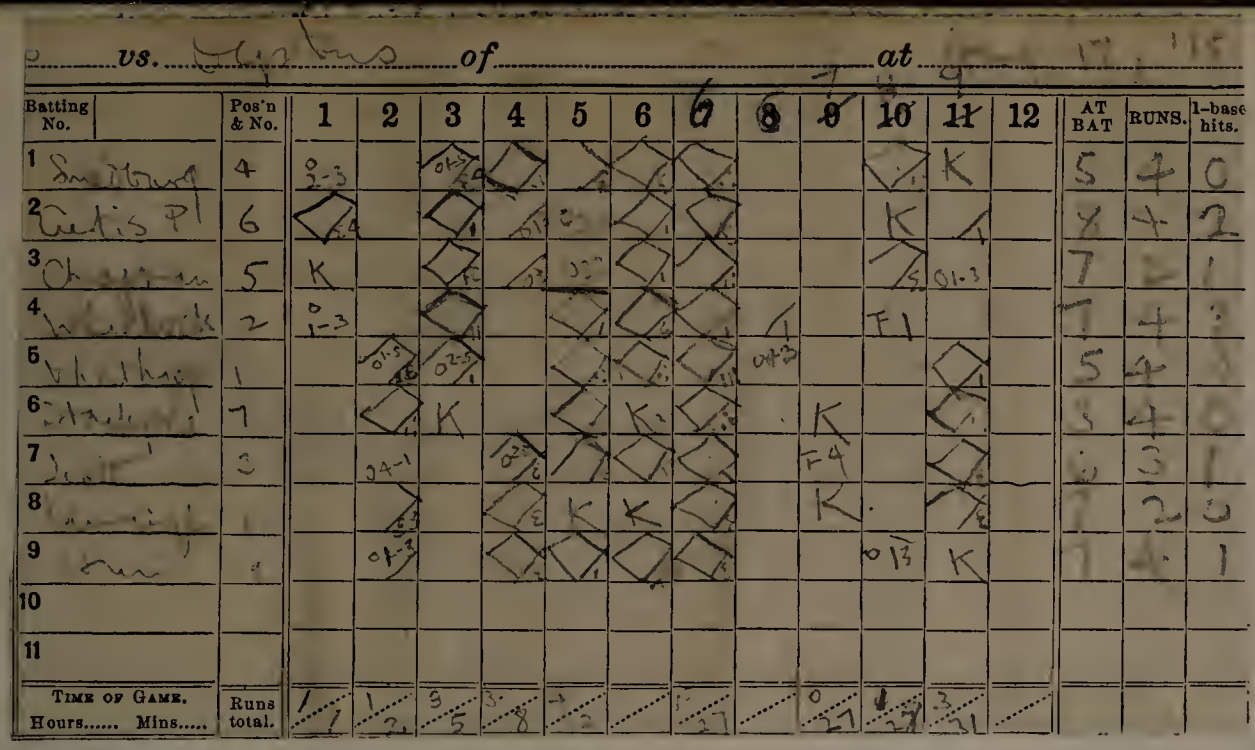
Frogs vs. Hoffmans of Aug. 17 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
0	2		1 Bemis	4	1-3							K					4	1	0
1	3		2 Lowell	1	2-3					(K) 2-3		8-3					3	2	0
7	2		3 A. A.	6						8-3							3	4	2
6	0		4 Shoudike	3													5	0	4
8	2		5 Parrish	2			1-3						1-3				2	0	0
0	1		6 Leland	8		K		K									3	1	1
2	0		7 Bennett	5		K											4	0	0
0	0		8 Fairchild	7		2-3											5	0	2
0	0		9 Payson	9			K		K	K			K 1-3				5	1	0
			10																
			11																
24	10		Time of Game. Honrs..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	2	0	3	0	6	2	1				34	9	9

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitcb.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			3	7	1-b. on errors.		1	1

..... vs. ..... of ..... at .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1														6		
2														5		
3							K		K					6		
4														5		
5														6		
6						K		K						3		
7					K									6		
8		K							K					5		
9														6		
0																
11																
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.															



vs. ... of ... at ...

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	Sm...	4													5	4	0
2	Curtis P.	6													4	4	2
3	Ch...	5													7		1
4	...	2													7	4	3
5	...	1													5	4	
6	...	7													3	4	
7	...	3													2	3	1
8	...															2	3
9	...															4	1
10																	
11																	
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	1	3	3	3	3	6	6	6	6	6	6			

While we were at supper we had a queer little williwaw. It rained furiously for about five minutes, with the wind driving rain and spray at a great rate.

This did not interfere with Games on the Hill, however. The wind was blowing so hard that the rain must have dried almost before it fell.

A little after half-past seven C.A.S. initiated some of the younger boys into the nameless society which has meant so much to some of us in the past. Abbott, Winthrop, Wheelock, and Goodhue passed the test with credit. Coolidge failed because he tried to suspend his saucer over his finger instead of his finger over his saucer, and spilled all the water. Miner also failed.

Then came Dumb-crambo, with two sides, as there was hardly time for three.

After the juniors had gone to bed, accompanied by one or two weary seniors, the vote was unanimous for "A Modern Aladdin."

It has been ruled that in scouting the players must in general keep ahead of their own guards.

A LETTER FROM PLATTSBURGH.

August 15.

This is certainly an awfully big thing regarded as a reunion;there has never been such a one,I believe.Here are somewhere n ar 1300 men,mostly from 25 to 40 years old,thrown together again.Everywhere you turn you suddenly meet an old friend. Here are nearer 100 than 50 Groton men,I should say,including four in my own form;Frank Crowninshield,who tVied to et me a job in the "Century",Macdonald,who was my pal in the rough old Y.M.C.A. boat,Tod Sloan and Jim Cabot,two strange birds whom you remember at camp,"Jiggs"Carey's brother,Hanovan,Jack Hall' room-mate,Marion Chanler,Frank Kane,all three Derbies,both Bob Bacons,the old and the young,of course Neville and Greg and Hadley,and college friends by the score.Don't you think that's astonishing?Chittenden and Greg and I,all from S.P.S.,seem to be the only boarding-school masters.We think we score.Also we call ourselves "the Three Musketeers."

I thought it would be a grand reunion,and a good energetic stunt, but I didn't realize how hard the work would be,how absolutely different from anything I'd done before,and how absorbingly interesting.We're being put right throug every stunt that a regular soldier has to do,and we are to learn in one month what he learns in four.And we can do it.Again and again in the informal lectures after supper the officers have spoken with amazement o' the progress we are making.We're putting it all over the students who were here earlier,and we did in the first two days stunts that it takes a regular army recruit ten days to learn.Here's a bunch of intelligent men suddenly dropping every'hing,taking up something they know nothing about at all,and tackling it with enthusiasm.We drill and drill

and read military books.Everybody is keen and busy.Fat New York clubmen (for many of the recruits are very fat) washing their clothes on the beach,washing themselves under a single faucet sticking out of the ground,and appearing fully dressed with guns and knapsacks at six a.m.Then come calisthenics, inspection of our guns and equipment,and breakfast (mess).At 7-30 drill begins,and lasts till 11-30.There are recesses that amount all told to about an hour,making three hours of marching,charging,and skirmishing.Yesterday our whole company,about 150 men in a straight line,charged at double quick with bayonets fixed across a long field,our captain,a great strapping West Pointer,waving his revolver in front.

Mess comes at twelve,and at two we have two hours of voluntary courses,which everybody takes,but there are several to choose between.I am studying signalling,and it's mighty interesting.Then at five o'clock is retreat (swim from 4-5) when we parade for an hour with the band,mess at 6-30,and after that cleaning guns,and studying military books.Lights out at ten.They blow "Taps" at the end of our street,and all the company puts out its lights,a sergeant coming round to every tent to make sure that it's done.You can stay out after ten with permission,but if so you've got to get to bed with no lights and no talking.A busy day,you see,but Sunday is naturally free.So that is why I have time for this epistle.

Thirteen hundred men all tackling this new proposition, and all school boys again under teachers;it's gorgeous.The Collector of the Port of New York running behind me and asking in an agonized whisper what he shall do because his gaiter is

almost off.O'Shaughnessy,our late Mexican representative,bawled at by a mut of a corporal for being late after reveille.Mayor Mitchell of New York loquitur:"G— d— it all,our company is rotten so we've got to drill two hours Sunday morning,while you other fellows are loafing." Don't you see how new that is?And what good fun?and how good for everybody?

These two things,the reunion idea and the new thing idea are grand,but the best thing is that we feel and that all the country, judging from the papers,seems to feel that we're doing a big stunt. We've started a great wave of enthusiasm for the army,and we've done good work at our drilling job and mean to do better.Everybody feels that something ought to be done,Gen.Wood gets up this as an experiment,and all these tired business men step into it with an impetuosity that is even bigger at the end of the first week that at the beginning.I think it's pretty inspiring.And to think how lazy I felt a week ago!

The last week or so we are going to fight a regular campaign with regular army troops.It'll be a regular hike,we carrying tents and grub,fighting all day and sentries out all night.At the end of everything we'll probably march in to New York.I'm all well and happy. After sneakers all summer the first two days were mighty hard,but now my feet have come round and feel fine.

Love to all.

J.R.

Our officers are mighty fine men,the corporal mentioned above is an exception.He's not a real officer anyway.

WEDNESDAY, Aug.18, B.29.06 T.57' Clear, W.N.W. A roaring day,and decidely chilly.Sometime in the early morning C.A.S. went off on his motorcycle but the wind was amking such a noise that none of us heard him.

This morning the oars were marked on the blades,so that henceforth there will be no excuse for mixing pairs,and putting longs and shorts together.

At swim time the wind was fierce,and it was hardly to be wondered at that none of the half dozen who tried the canoe test passed.It was a little too stiff.

Just before swim Mr.Newbold came up .He stayed to dinner and spent a good part of the afternoon.He also went swimming, though Clem didn't make him pass the swimming test.One camper years ago made her father and her uncle do it,and wanted to make them climb the Miz-tree.

Bright and early after reading we started off for a walk, except for a sqaud more or less afflicted with legs and toes, who retired to the shop under the guardianship of T.L,and worked on their boats.We kept together to the place where the Howland Hill road turns off,and there we divided,half for Howland and half for Bickford.

The Howland Hillers cut across the fields,and most of them reached the big pasture full of stones without any trouble. We sat there for a while on the biggest stone,and decided to go home over Bickford.Just after we had started,someone said, "Where's Thompson?and Mose?" The list of missing also included Tom Bennett,Olly Leland,and Scotty.They had last been seen pretty much hull down on the road,after we came out from our short cut.L.C.Z. and Beef volunteered to go back and hunt

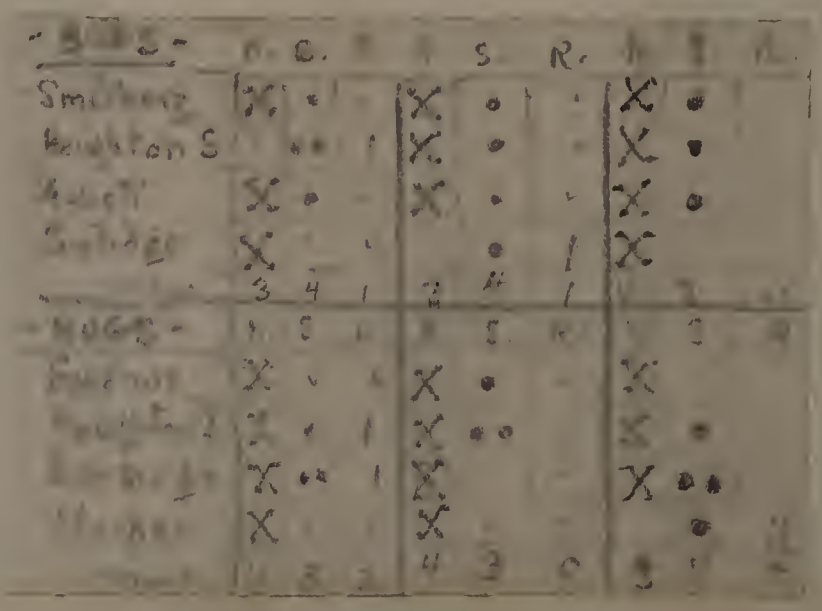
them up,and the rest of us went along.There was one pretty boggy place between the two hills,but it was short,and we dried off soon. When we reached the top,there were the Bickford Hillers,just starting for home.So we all went along together to the Howland Hill corner.Here some of us waited for signs of the missing five and their escort of two.In a few minutes they appeared.They had got rather far behind,so they sat down by the road and waited for us to come back. As no one had told them that there was any plan of coming back the same way,this appears to have been unwise.The rear-guard of eleven thus formed took a cut through pastures and woods,and thereby got home in advance of a good many who had followed the regular road all the way.

The Bickford Hillers had so much time on their hill that they settled down to Skowhegan.Their field was long,but narrow.We give the score card,which we owe to the kindness of G.E.A.The mortality seems to have been very heavy,as in each game all but one were killed.This makes a death-rate of over 88%.

When we got home we found that our other Augustus had arrived. Now if little Charlie is naughty,we will turn him over to his big brother.

Augustus Thorndike Jr.

After supper there was Digestion Club,with various rehearsals on the side.



WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

I. Piano Solo.....Chapman.

2. Songs.....T.L.

3. Merryweather Trio.....T.L.,A.G.,L.C.Z.

4. Choruses.....Water Rats,My Heart's in the Highlands,Rolling Down to Rio.

5. "Oddfellows'Hall."..... G.E.A.,A.T.,Lowell, Hun,A.G.

6. Stunt,"King Borri Bungalee Boo"....A.A.,R.G.H.,T.L.,R.P.C., Miner;Hun,C.W.,Parrish,Leland,P.Curtis.

7. Stunt,"Young Lochinvar",.....L.C.Z.,C.S.,Thorndike, Carey,Parrish,Paine,Leland.

Camp Song.

This is the first time Chanler has played for us,but we hope it will not be the last.

T.L. gave us two good songs;one of a local and personal nature,the other,"Martin and his Man",an old English song.We give the words of the first farther on.

The Merryweather Trio really had three in it.They gave us some capital rounds,for which see below.

"Oddfellows' Hall" has not been acted since the two "leading gentlemen" were prefects.They have certainly not lost in dramatic fire since those early days,for it was funnier than ever,which is saying a good deal.One cannot single out either,but simply say that,dancing,ogling,or scrapping,there was a pair of them.

Lowell as Miss McCann was a vision.Even two Dutchmen would have fought for such a damsel,let alone two hot-tempered Irishmen.

Hun gave to the silent part of Justice Duffy the dignity which the law requires.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Many of the Bab Ballads are in a vein of light comedy, but this, ending with the death of half the characters, is rather terrible. We give the characters in the order in which they appear in the poem. The man-eaters, or rather woman-eaters in this case, wore pretty much their ordinary clothes, which made it all the funnier. The Amazons were skirted and be-wigged, and a lovely sight.

A.A. as the King was truly awful. The expression of his tongue alone as he curled it about spoke volumes. R.G.H. was properly haughty. T.L. kept the air of massive silence which the character requires. R.P.C. was mournful in the extreme, and Miner was as exemplary a little cannibal as we have ever met.

Hunny was indeed a pretty queen, with good reason to rely on his charms. C.W. was hardly little, but his ogling and dainty ways were a joy to behold. Parrish rollicked in a gentle and subdued vein; a minor key, so to speak. Leland was highly jocular; and though Pelamon had no chance to show whether he was a nightingale or not, he certainly was good enough to eat.

"Young Lochinvar" was acted last year at the fancy dress party, and those of us who saw it then were glad of a chance to see it again. L.C.Z. was a dashing and gallant figure, whether swimming across the river or dancing the minuet with his lady. And C.S. was such a lady as a man would swim many rivers to win. Thorndike was a stern and imposing father, and Carey a matronly and impressive mother, though he could not give to the character quite the weight that Bubbles did last year. Parrish was capital as the poor craven bridegroom, and Paine and Leland were a bewitching pair of bridesmaids.

Altogether it was a splendid sing-song. And then we took a long word and made little ones out of it. "Observational" this time.

ROUNDS OF INSTRUCTION.

I

Old Pants to teach!Old Pants to teach!

Any highly intellectual old Pants to teach!

Newbold's asleep!Newbold's asleep!

Any old Chaps? Any old Chaps?

Any Wheelers or Hollisters?

II

Three boneheads!Three boneheads!Three boneheads!

See how they shirk!See how they shirk!See how they shirk!

Now out of the window they gape and stare,

They think it's either a cow or bear;

They'll find out which soon as I get there!

Three boneheads!Three boneheads!Three boneheads!

III

Henry Haarstick!Henry Haarstick!

Wake up!Wake up!

Hustle!Hustle!Hustle!Hustle!

Put your head on.Put your head on!

IV

Try again,Whitney!It's

Really as easy as

Twice two make seven.

V

The horn doth blow,and we must go

To teach our bonehead crew.

There's ne'er a duffer of them all can suffer

Half as much as I and you.

Oh!Great Caesar's Ghost!!

A SONG OF TUTORING.

(Air,"Prinz Eugen.")

Alan Gregg,the gallant tutor,
Thought he'd teach Jack Caribou and Clemmy Newbold how to spell;
So he got as far as Cat but when theycould not master that
He gave it up and fainting down he fell.

Then he said to Chanler Chapman,
"You will get a slap,man,if you can't at least take three from six."
But he could not do it,so the tutor made him rue it,
Coming down upon him like a load of bricks.

Then along came mighty Zahner,
Saying,"Watch me putting Roman history into Guido Pants!"
But though wondrous clever,yet with all his best endeavor
He could not recall the names of Caesar's aunts.

Then the two together shouted,
"We will not be routed by the noddies,nor yet by the fools.
Let us leave this Camping station,and go get a situation
In ghe best of feeble-minded schools."

THURSDAY Aug.19, B.29.08 T.60' W.T.65' N.W.

Not such a blow as we have been having, and falling all day. Still, sixty is not precisely hot.

A solemn warning was issued this morning that the back wall was to be inspected, but in spite of it a good many were caught, and lost swim and desert.

At morning reading R.G.H. told about the methods of transporting mail.

A huge lumbering squad did great things in the woods to-day.

EXPEDITION AND FISHING.

FISHERMEN.

YAMMER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.
T.L.	L.M.V.S.	A.G.	L.C.Z.	A.A.	Hun
Bennett	Stackpole	Hollister	M.L.H.	Scott	Chapman
T.Curtis	Paine	N.C.	C.S.	Wheelock	Whittemore
S.Houghton	Lansingh	Coolidge	Newbold	4 bass	
1 bass	2 bass	3 bass			ARKLET.
		1 pout			Pantaleoni
					Wheeler
	Total, eleven fish.				Bemis

MEADOW BROOK.

CORKER.	RIP.	ABOL.	EBEN.	ADLER.	GRAYLING.
R.G.H.	R.P.C.	Lowell	A.T.	J.G.C.	G.E.A.
R.R.(p)	Whitney(p)	Goodhue(p)	Thompson(p	J.Hough.(p	Winthrop(p)
Corning	Miner	P.Curtis	Payson	Smedberg	Parrish
Parker	Carey	James	Thorndike	Fairchild	

HECUBA.	PINK.
C.W.	C.F.B.
Abbott(p)	Meeker(p)
Leland	A.M.R.

The fishermen fished, most of them staying out to supper, and the results of their activities may be seen above. But the expedition must have given the dopesters a jolt. Small canoes! and passengers! Such things have not been since the early days; the days when two half-past eighters took the Rob Roy up Meadow Brook.

Well, we started out in a good bit of sea, but no damage was reported. When we reached the brook the Hecuba and the

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Grayling led, and we soon strung out a good deal. The first real excitement was at the second bridge, which will soon cease to be a bridge at all. Here we carried, as it was obviously too low to get under. (So we thought, anyway.) We didn't know exactly how far we were to go, but as we saw nothing of the leaders, there seemed to be nothing to do but plunk ahead; so we plunked. Suddenly, just as we thought we were beginning to be a good way up, round a bend came Hecuba and Grayling, with the news that we were only a few minutes from North Pond. That seemed too near to miss a sight of it, so all but two put it through.

Coming down it was less work, but the tremendous current got us into some unconfortable places. Most of us missed the carry, and found that we could get under the bridge after all, though it was a tight fit, and some of the big boats bumped their noses.

We had supper at about seven o'clock, on the north beach; a hasty meal, but enlivened by a good fire and cocoa. We got home at 8-25; not bad for boats with passengers, especially as it had been figured early in the day that the trip to Little Pond, which is not much longer, required seven hours. We had just about five and a half. Tired? Yes, somewhat. Just ready for pillows on the floor, and "A Modern Aladdin."

Those who got in earlier in the evening played "Indoor Wolf."

And about midninght R.G.H. left us, worse luck. We hope he enjoyed his journey, after that very strenuous paddle.

FRIDAY Aug.20 B.29.22 T.66' W.T.67' Fair N.W.

This morning R.P.C. told us about volcanoes.

The track squad,under A.A. went through a whole meet,including a 440.It consisted of older boys than the previous squads.

The navigation squad consisted of three four-paddle crews,in the three big canoes.The original arrangement,from stern to bow,was as follows:

AROL.	CORKER.	EBEN.
Paine	P.Curtis	Smedberg
J.Houghton	Lansingh	Meeker
Whitney	Coolidge	Abbott
S.Houghton	Goodhue	Corning

They first went out and round the roc for practice,and then had a race out and round.After that each man moved up one place,and they practised and raced again.In this way they had four races,giving every man a chance at every position in the boat.

Abbott was taken out in the middle of the morning,and Payson took his place.

The ladies are deeply grateful to the odd job squad for replacing their slip,which went adrift in the last blow.

At morning swim there was another big game of water scouting.The two sides were headed by G.E.A. and L.C.Z. In the first game each side made two runs,but L.C.Z. won by one shot. In the second the same side killed all of the enemy,and made six runs.The third game is more or less disputed.G.E.A. claimed it,but his opponents said that he had forfeited it by guarding in a boat,and waering a blue lady's cap.When we find the blue lady we intend to ask her about it.

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
AUKS VS. PENGUINS.

To quote Shakespeare, "When errors come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." And certainly this game showed the effects of the Meadow Brook trip pretty plainly. Errors and hits were both numerous, and the result was a score which sounds almost like the Rug League. The Auks seemed for a while to have it all their own way, for at the end of the first inning the score was 5-0. The Penguins bucked up, however, and began scoring in the second. Their great performance was in the sixth, when the first five men up got safe hits, culminating in the first of T.L.'s three-baggers. They fairly waltzed round the bases, and the inning ended 12-12. The final score was 15-14 in favor of the Auks.

The batting list is headed by T.L. and G.E.A., both batting for 1000; T.L. with a double and two triples, the latter with five singles. Thorndike batted for 750, Carey for .450, and A.T. and Pantaleoni for .333.

Auks vs. Penguins of Aug 20 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
0	3		1 Parker *	1		0 1-3	6-5-0		K	0 1-3		4 C					6	1	1		
3	1		2 J.G.C.	5			4 C										4	5	1		
4	2		3 R.P.C.	6			4 C				(K) 2-3		9 S				6	3	0		
2	5		4 L.M.V.S.	4				4 0-3			1 0-3						5	4	1		
6	3		5 A.T.	2		9 S					9 S						6	2	2		
11	0		6 L.C.Z.	3		K		9 7		(K) 2-3		6 3	K				6	0	1		
0	0		7 Pantaleoni	7	9 8		1-2	1 0-3				3 0-3					6	0	2		
1	1		8 Parrish	8	(K) 2-3		K		K	K							5	0	1		
0	0		9 Leland	9	K			2	6-3-6			6 0					5	0	1		
			10																		
			11																		
27	15		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	5	5 3	8 0	8 0	8 0	8 0	4 1	12 0	13 2					15	10		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.						Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	1			3	7	1-b. on errors.							1			
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.						Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.										

* Pantaleoni out 1, Parrish 3

Umpire..... of..... Scorer.....

Penguins vs. [illegible] of Aug 20 at [illegible]

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	1		1 Lowell	5	9-6	9-6					4-3		9-6				5	2	1	
0	5		2 C. W.	1	8-9		4-3				5-3		1-3				6	2	1	
2	3		3 G. E. L.	6	2-5												5	3	5	
1	0		4 [illegible]	7		H-5	9-8										4	2	3	
10	2		5 T. L. *	3								2-3					3	2	3	
9	2		6 A. G.	2			K	1-3		2-3		K					5	1	0	
1	2		7 Casey	4					K	2-3		K					5	2	2	
2	0		8 C. F. B.	8				8-6	1-3	0-3			K				5	0	1	
0	0		9 Bemis	9		6-5		K	4-3		6-3						4	0	1	
			10																	
			11																	
26	15		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0 0	3 3	1 4	3 7	0 7	5 12	0 12	2 14	0 14							

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
1				4	10	1-b. on errors.		2	2	

* Lowell runs on 2, 3, 4, 6

† Bemis runs on [illegible]

Blanks vs. Banks of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
			1 [illegible]	6													3	4	2
			2 [illegible]	4		F-4			8-3								4	3	1
			3 Whitaker	5			F-5										5	3	3
			4 Chapman	2													5	5	4
			5 [illegible]	1													6	3	3
			6 Paine	3		K											4	1	2
			7 [illegible]	8													3	2	1
			8 [illegible]	7													3	1	2
			9 [illegible]	9													4	2	0
			10																
			11																
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0 0	4 4	4 4	1 5	0 5	2 7	1 8	5 13	0 13						

Blanks vs. Banks of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
			1 Whitmore	1	K				6-3		F-6						5	2	0
			2 [illegible]	2	K			4-3									5	3	3
			3 Curtis P.	6	K				2-3			K					3	0	0
			4 Winthrop	5		5-3		K		K		2-3					4	0	0
			5 [illegible]	3		K		3-3		4-3							4	0	0
			6 [illegible]	7		K				K							2	1	0
			7 [illegible]	4			K				1-3	3-3					4	1	0
			8 [illegible]	9			1-3		K				4				3	0	0
			9 [illegible]	9			K	-			K		3-3				4	1	0
			10 Hun-	6	[illegible]			5											
			11																
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0 0	0 0	0 0	1 1	4 5	2 5	0 5	1 6							

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
BLANKES VS. BLINKS.

A very uneven game with a final score of 24-6.The Blanks scored in every inning but two,and twice brought in five runs in a bunch while their opponents had only three innings in which they crossed the plate.

After supper came Games on the Hill,followed by Quiet Games. "Messenger Boy" and "The Mansion of Happiness" give some startling results.When you hear a camper of long and excellent record announce cheerfully that he has just been sent back to prison,you are at first pained.

INDOOR ATHLETIC MEET.
PING-PONG BALL RACE.
FIRST HEAT.

Parker
L.M.V.S.
Parrish.

We give the order of the finish.Parker stole a start, and Parrish steered very wildly.The balls were propelled entirely by lung power.

SECOND HEAT.

C.F.B.
J.G.C.
James

C.F.B. had a long lead,his form and pace both being excellent.James was a slow third.

THIRD HEAT.

A.T.
Lowell
Hun

A closer heat,decidedly.

FOURTH HEAT.

Thorndike
G.E.A.
T.L.

Thorndike had a long lead at the finish.G.E.A. was wild,and T.L. got so nearly out of the door that he did not finish.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

FIRST SEMI-FINALS.

C.F.B.
Parker

C.F.B. kept up his reputation, wining in very fine and dashing style.

SECOND SEMI-FINALS.

A.T.
Thorndike

Thorndike was disqualified, for he hit his ball with his hand to keep it from going out of doors.

FINAL HEAT.

C.F.B.
A.T.

Once more C.F.B. got away in first rate form, and won the game by his whole length; that is by practically six feet.

NEEDLE THREADING CONTEST.

FIRST HEAT.

James
A.T.
Parrish
T.L.
Hun
G.E.A.

SECOND HEAT.

L.M.V.S.
Thorndike
J.G.C.
Parker
C.F.B.
Lowell

J.G.C. and Parker tied for third place.

LADIES' HEAT.

R.R.
C.S.
A.M.R.
M.H.
N.C.

FIRST SEMI-FINALS.

L.M.V.S.
Thorndike
R.R.
C.S.
A.T.
James

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) The ladies were started five seconds late.

SECOND SEMI-FINALS.

J.G.C.
M.H.
A.M.R.
Parrish
Parker
Hun

The last two were slow, especially Hun.

FINAL HEAT.

R.R.
M.H.
A.M.R.
J.G.C.
L.M.V.S.
Thorndike

This was a little harder, as the contestants had to pick up needle and thread from the floor. In all cases the thread was fine worsted, and the needle a worsted needle.

BLINDFOLD OBSTACLE RACE.

Hun
Parrish

This was not really a race at all. They were shown a fine assortment of obstacles, and told that they must clear them. As soon as they were blindfolded, the obstacles were siltently removed. It was great fun to see them prancing and hesitating along a smooth floor.

CANDLE LIGHTING CONTEST.

T.L.	6 1/2 s.
G.E.A.	13 3/5 s.

None of the rest finished. The game was to sit on a short board, balanced on a smooth roller, and light one candle from another. The other eleven contestants either put their candles out, or fell over in various Anglo-Saxon attitudes.

After this the company went to its various beds, the Point, the Bone-yard, or the Ouananiche slip, as fancy dictated.

SATURDAY Aug.21
B.29.28
T.62'
Water T.70'
Smoky,
Calm.

Hugh Whitney's birthday,which was duly observed at dinner.

A.T.left this morning,which was a pity.

L.C.Z.'s moustache also left,to our regret.And someone who saw him afterwards in the hammock didn't know him. It was bigger than he thought.

T.L. has "done over" the fish on the wall.They have been getting more and more ragged and disreputable,and it was plain that before long they would go entirely to pieces.He has retraced them on heavy pasteboard,and put them on with shellac, and they look as if they would last indefinitely.

The navigation squad continued its four-paddle races today.

SKOWHEGAN ON OAK..

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	TERROR.
G.E.A.	C.F.B.	J.G.C.	Thorndike	Carey
Whittemore	Leland	Bemis	Chapman	Pantaleoni
Miner	Smedberg	S.Houghton	P.Curtis	Corning
Stackpole	Coolidge	Newbold	Winthrop	Abbott

OUANANICHE.

L.C.Z.

Parker Lowell
A.M.R. C.S.
M.H. N.C.
Wheelock T.Curtis
Hollister Bennett
R.R.,Parrish
Goodhue,Lansingh,
Whitney,J.Houghton,
Thompson,Meeker

FISHING PEOPLE.

ARKLET.	CHUB.	WOBBLER.
T.L.	A.G.	L.M.V.S.
James	Scott	Hun
Wheeler	Payson	Paine
2 bass		2 bass
		1 pout

Total,5 fish.

There was some shifting,for A.G. landed his crew on Oak, as there was a shortage of rods.

One of L.M.V.S.'s bass was a two-pounder.We don't get so many like that as we used to.

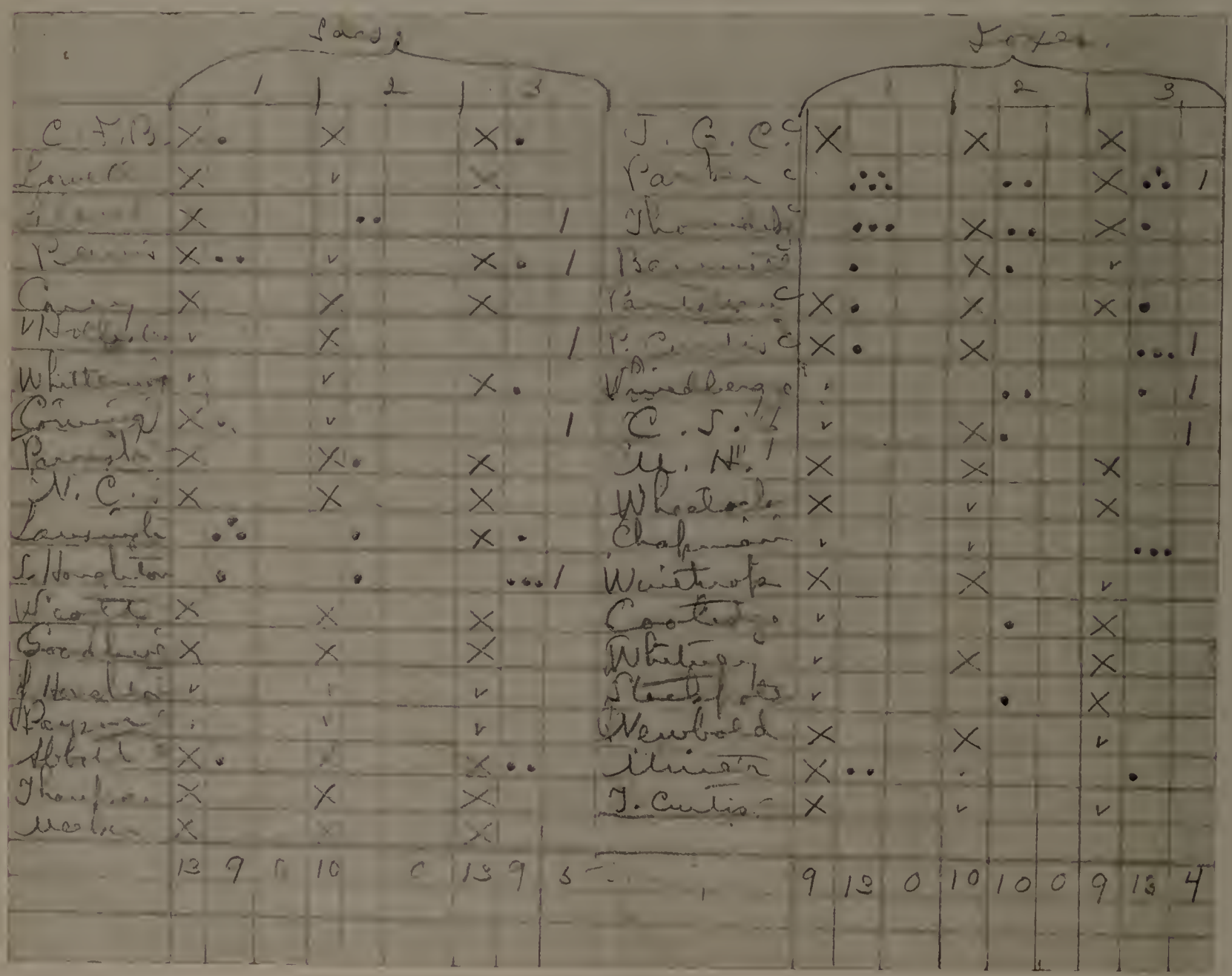
Skowhegan went merrily,except for those who got into the wasp's nest.We managed to keep C.F.B. out of it,knowing the way he behaves when he gets stung.It is an interesting but

SATURDAY (cont'd.) painful sight.

The first game went to the Foxes, they having only nine killed to the Sacs' thirteen.

The second game was a tie, ten to ten. The shots do not match the killed, but we take it that when a man says he is dead he ought to know, even if we can't find out who killed him.

The third game was much the liveliest. The shots were the same as in the first, but the Sacs won on runs, five to four. This left the afternoon a tie.



SATURDAY (Cont'd.) When we got home we found that our expected guest had arrived, in the person of Sherman Hill He was in time to be extremely useful in charades, but of that more anon.

After supper the four sides retired to their various lairs, amid the broom and elsewhere (Jitney will know what that comes from), and doped mightily. As a result we had four splendid charades, and could have finished before half-past eight. That is always the way when it has been hurried and late the week before.

CHARADES.

COUNTERPLOT. The first two syllables went together. Miss Hill was a clerk in a drug store, selling every kind of thing to help health or appearance, from Roger's tooth tonic and Stack's hair dye to G.E.A.'s scented soap at three dollars a box. Then came the thrills. R.P.C., Lowell and Hun came in with precious despatches, and very rashly went to sleep. While thus helpless they were sandbagged by G.E.A. and his villainous accomplices, who stole the despatches. The victims recovered consciousness enough to tell R.R. what had happened, and to charge her to go to the inn where the villains planned to put up, and get back the papers at all costs. This she did in the next scene, which was the whole word. Disguised as a barmaid she drugged their wine, and took the papers. Then the wounded heroes came in, and we rather think the villains were slain. It looked that way.

GRIMACE. The first scene was as grim as anything could be. We were at a cross road, where all sorts of people went by, and there dangling from the gallows hung the body of a man. It was really very shivery to look at. Then came a scene from Bret

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Harte;T.L. as Truthful James,Thorndike as Bill Nye,and J.G.C.,childlike and bland,as the Heathen Chinee.They played their game,and in due course the extra cards were found in the sleeve of the smiling Celestial.What happened to him after that we do not ,now,for the mob ran him off the stage.The whole word was really plural,for the whole side lined up and made horrid faces at us.

PICKWICK. This time we began with war,L.C.Z. commanding a line of men who dashed forward with picks and shovels to entrench themselves.A good many were killed by the terrific fire of the enemy, but the trench was dug,and the enemy repulsed.Then came a domestic scene from our own daily life;lamp squad,yard squad,Gordon Abbott at the pump,and C.S. making her egg-nogs.It was very realistic,and we think that the lamp squad,if this was a fair representation,deserves all the names that it is called.The whole word was the scene in "Pickwick" where the Pickwickians get in the way of a sham battle, and Mr.Pickwick is run down by a charge.A.G.,L.C.Z.,and Parker were delightfully Pickwickian in appearance,and the whole scene was a beauty.

BOMBPROOF. This time we began with assassination.King Moses,a fine figure on the throne of his ancestors,was approached by a cringing suppliant,who in a moment flung his bomb and shouted defiance, meeting a sudden death at he thands of one of the guards.The guard himself,with all the rest of the court,perished from the explosion, so it was very complete.For the second,A.A. and L.M.V.S conducted an investigation to see which claimant was the real heir to a handsome inheritance of a hundred dollars a year.Various humbugs wre detected,but Miner was proved by the strawberry mark on his elbow to be the real thing.The whole word took us back to war again. C.F.B. and a few gallant followres took shelter under a bombproof

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) dug-out, where they smoked and played games, regardless of the relentless fire that poured down upon their roof.

CHICKWEED. G.E.A. thought that this wasn't a real charade but was finally prevailed upon to do it, to help fill the time. First he gave us a front view, and then a back view, and then he ran across the stage.

METAPHYSICIAN, and METAPHOR. These two, acted by A.M.R. and L.M.V.S., just filled up the last two minutes. They are so simple that we do not need to tell how they were done.

We had three rounds of clothes-pins, the sides headed by C.W. and T.L. In the first game a tie was declared, because there was a discrepancy in the number of pins. C.W. won the second game by one pin. The third, which went down the line and back, was also won by C.W. We didn't get the exact number of pins, but it was a good margin.

And then we had half an hour of "A Modern Aladdin."

SUNDAY Aug.22 B.29.32 T.67° Cloudy S.W. Rain early a.m. also late p.m.

The rain was very discreet, for it stopped before break-fast, and did not begin again till after the half-past eighters had gone to bed. Would that it were evr thus!

In the small hours of the morning a coon walked along Sunshine Alley. We did not ask him where he was going.

Those who were out of swim for vaious reasons got a couple of turtles round in the Lagoon, and also some queer solid jellies that look like eggs, but are really plants. . . .

This morning the Birch was finished, and in the afternoon she made her trial trip, taking the food up for the picnic. Hurrah for the old three-decker!

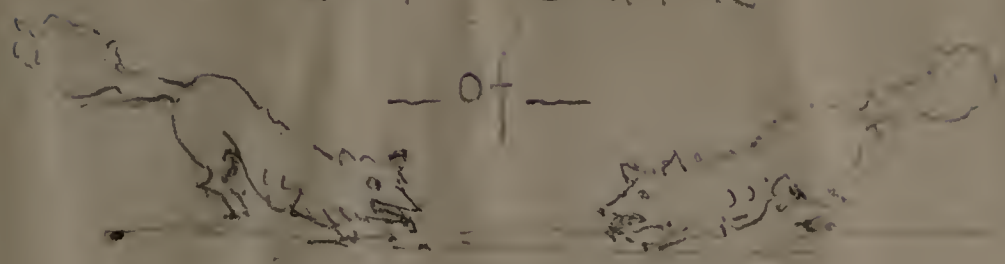
The weather was too uncertain to risk a water picnic, so we went up the shore to the little patch of greensward by Fourway Lodge. The announcement, which we give opposite, had all the dopesters in fits.

The game at Gleason's Fold was not Wolf, but a new game of Steal-Stick, which A.G. introduced. It is great fun, and judging from the condition of Jiggs's shirt, it must be pretty strenuous.

We had a good fire, and plenty of cocoa, and certainly the new picnic place is a success. After supper we had a couple of ghost stories, and then two or three songs, before starting back along the ridge. It was dark, of course, but for once we had remembered to bring plenty of lanterns.

This time our story was "007". And as it is not very long, we had time for "Mammon and the Archer" afterwards.

— Great Game —



— of —

— at —

— Gleason's —

— Fold —

——o——

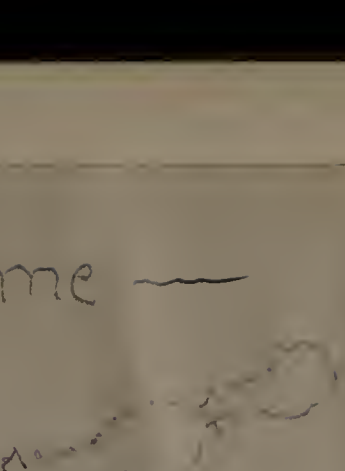
— Ferocious Food-Fight —

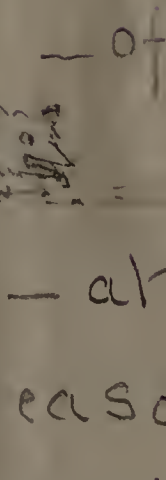
— at —

— Garden Glen —

— at —

six o' the





Start

at

3:50

MONDAY Aug.23
B.29.14
T.67'
Water T.69'
SW.
Cloudy
Rain
early
a.m.

Rather an exodus this morning.R.R. tookthe morning train,to go up to H.H.R. at Squam for a few days,and Miser went as far as Winthrop,to go to the dentist in Augusta.Later in the morning,the Hills and Nora Coolidge.So our number was rather diminished.

As it was a pretty wet morning,there was a big boat-building squad,and a ping-pong squad.The latter played six gentlemanly games,and ended with one that is described as "excessively mucker", with only one death apiece.We give the score below.

Thorndike beat Lowell.

Thorndike beat Lowell.

Lowell beat C.S.

Lowell beat Carey.

T.Curtis beat Thorndike

Lowell beat A.A.

Thorndike beat T.Curtis.

Instead of addy-humps there was a general 440 before swim.

The following communication has reached us:

"Dopester has his views about the small number of camping trips this year,but when our reporter asked him for an interview on the subject,all he would say was,"Crews no good,weather no good; coughs no good;poor dope."

Various enthusiasts walked round the 440 this morning,to see what time they could make.G.E.A. did best,his time being 2 m.10 s. He does not seem to be very keen to try it again.

Class B spent the afternoon in track and field practice,so that the handicapping committee could get on to their curves a little better.Four fishing boats went out,and the Ouananiche went on a little trip by herself.For particulars,turn over.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

CLASS B BROAD JUMP.

Chapman	12'4 ½"
Payson	12'4"
T.Curtis	12'2"

The next man was nearly nine inches behind.

CLASS B HIGH JUMP.

T.Curtis	4'1"
S.Houghton	3'11"
Chapman	3'9"

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

Chapman	27'8"
Payson	26'4"
Wheeler	22'9½"

The only close contest here was between Chapman and Payson.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

T.Curtis	16 s.
Paine	
Corning	

Not a very fast heat,but a close one,as the first three men were spaced only a foot apart.

SECOND HEAT.

Payson	15 s.
Whittemore	
Scott	

Faster,but not so close.Whittemore was two yards behind at the tape,and Scott well in the rear.

FINAL HEAT.

Payson	14 2/5 s.
T.Curtis	
Whittemore	

This our special reporter says was a whale of a race. Payson bettered his former time by three fifths of a second, and T.Curtis was a scant two feet to the bad.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) There was also a good deal of experimenting with hurdles and pole vault, but nothing definite enough to put down in figures.

OUANANICHE.		WILLIWAW.	YAMMER.	IDENTICAL.
G.E.A.		A.G.	R.P.C.	A.A.
Parker	Lowell	Bennett	Parrish	Fairchild
Thorndike	Hun	Wheelock	Thompson	J.Houghton
A.M.R.	C.S.	2 bass		1 bass
Hollister	Carey	1 pout		7 pout
James	Pantaleoni		PANTASOTE.	
Abbott			L.C.Z.	
Coolidge			Leland	
Newbold			Bemis	
Lansingh			7 bass	
Meeker			3 pout	
Stackpole				

Total number of fish, 21.

The Ouananiche went up the northwest brook, and found the water so muddy from recent rains that it was very hard to see submarine obstacles. She ran on one log, but Beef boldly got out and lifted her off, and no damage seemed to be done. We came home behibd Hoyt's running an exciting race with a big shower, which split just west of us, half going up Meadow Brook and the other half down Long Pond. It was a wonderful sight, for the rain came down the Hill to within a couple of hundred yards of us, yet we didn't get a drop.

When we arrived we found Dr. and Mrs. Flagg, who had come over for another look at Hugh. They meant to take him off to supper, but as there was some misunderstanding their motor-boat did not come till eight o'clock.

After supper came Games on the Hill by moonlight, and then the Voice Game, with Chicken-me Chinken-me and Monkey in Sight to follow.

The half-past niners finished "A Modern Aladdin", and began "The Beach of Falesa."

AS TOUCHING TABLE GAMES.

My mind to me a rag-bag is.
Such odds and ends therein I find
As are more various, I wis,
Than aught to ash-barrels consigned.
And still I seek and crave for more,
To add unto this motley store.

There spelling puzzles may be found,
B-p, g-t-h, t-h-q;
Words for dumb-crambo eke abound,
That rhyme with "cat" or "pill" or "too".
And though my soul revolts and reels,
I sometimes play at automobiles.

The famous monosyllable;
Or famous men of five or six;
Or rivers--Kennebec, Moselle,
Missouri, Teviot, Tees, or Styx;
Varieties of birds in F,
Or famous villains who were deaf.

"It rhymes with "sprawl"--"Bucephalus"--
"The stag at eve had drunk his fill"--
"Defoe"--"Belshazzar"--"Octopus"--
"The Headless Horseman"--"Belted Will"--
"Lake Titicaca"--"Mandalay"--
"The letters now are g-h-a."

But still I play them o'er and o'er,

The names of famous men and things.
There's only one that's such a bore
The mere remembrance of it stings.
I will not play, wher'er I be,
Your head and tail geography.

A.M.R.

TUESDAY Aug.24, B.29.16 T.68° Water T.69° Fair N.N.W. light.

Dr.and Mrs.Flagg came over this morning,and stayed to dinner.

As the old Pie-plant went to pieces,and became a dangerous derelict,a fine new one was built and launched this morning.It is a good deal bigger than the old one,and so seaworthy that one could paddle a good way on her in calm weather.Who wants to try it round Pickerel?

Some doped baseball for the afternoon,but it was too good a day for canoe races to be let go.The wind died down entirely,it was warm without being hot,and the word was given.

We have never had the races so well run.There were plenty of lists,so that the officials did not have to keep running about and asking each other what came next,and the events were for the most part arranged so that rangeleys and canoes came alternately.This made it possible to get the crews of a race into their boats while the preceding race was going on.There were fourteen races in all,counting the separate heats,and we got through at quarter past five,which is really wonderful. The following is the order of events:

Senior Singles,first and second heats.

Junior Rangeleys,first heat.

Junior Doubles,first heat.

Junior Rangeleys,second heat.

Junior Doubles,second,heat.

Junior Rangeleys,finals.

Senior Singles,finals.

Junior Doubles,finals.

Senior Douhles,standing.

Junior Fours,first and second heats.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.) Junior Fours, finals.

Senior Fours.

All races were out round Pickerel and back except the senior fours, which as usual was twice round.

SENIOR SINGLES, STANDING.
FIRST HEAT.

Parker (H) 3 m.33 1/5 s.
Parrish (G)
Carey (P)
James (Sq)

The Squannacook made a quick start. The Grayling was rather unsteady. The Hecuba gained on the way out, and made the turn first, with the Squannacook second. The Hecuba won easily, with the Grayling second, a good way behind. The Pink came in third. The Squannacook got too far north, and didn't really cross the line at all.

SECOND HEAT.

Thorndike (G) 3 m.28 1/5 s.
Pantaleoni (Sq)
Lowell (P)
Hun (H)

The Grayling made the best start, and turned first, with the Pink second and the Squannacook third. The The Hecuba was rather slow. On the way in the Pink [illegible] went over, but Lowell got in again and finished in third place. The Grayling won by a long lead, in spite of rather erratic steering, with the Squannacook a moderate second. The Hecuba devoted most of her energies to keeping right side up, and was a very conservative fourth.

FINAL HEAT.

Parker (H) 3 m.12 1/5 s.
Thorndike (P)
Parrish (Sq)
Pantaleoni (G)

The Pink started quickest, but was erratic in steering. The Hecuba made the best turn, and led all the way home; the Pink second, showing plenty of power, but zigzagging back and forth.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) The other two crossed in the order given, a good way behind.

JUNIOR RANGELEYS.

FIRST HEAT.

Scott (YAM) 3 m.35 s.
Abbott (Wil)
Coolidge (Ident)
Newbold (Ter)
Meeker (Pan)
Thompson (Ere)

The Yammerschooner started best. Erebus was disqualified early for fouling the Terror. The Williwaw came up well on the way home, but the Yammerschooner, though hampered by the Terror won by two lengths, with the Williwaw second. The others trailed a good way apart, in the order given above.

SECOND HEAT.

T.Curtis (Ter) 3 m.43 1/5 s.
Whittemore (Ere)
Lansingh (Iden)
Winthrop (Wil)
J.Houghton (Pan)
Stackpole (Yam)

A very even start. The Identical pulled away from the bunch, soon overhauled by the Terror, though the latter steered far to north. The Terror won, Erebus second, Identical third. The Williwaw was fourth, a good way behind. The Pantasote was inclined to give up, but crossed the line in response to some urging. The Yammerschooner la ked speed, but stuck to it manfully.

FINAL HEAT.

Scott (Ter) 3 m.31 1/5 s.
T.Curtis (Ere)
Abbott (Pan)
Whittemore (Iden)
Lansingh (Yam)
Coolidge (Will)

The outward trip was very close. The Terror turned first and the Erebus second, but the latter steered badly and would have lost second place but for a lively sprint. The Pantasote was a good third; the others came in farther apart, in the order given,

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

JUNIOR DOUBLES.

FIRST HEAT.

PINK. 3 m.22 3/5 s.
Bemis
Smedberg

GRAYLING.
Leland
Goodhue

SQUANNACOOK.
Corning
P.Curtis

The Pink started best,turned first,and kept her lead all through, but all were fairly close,and at the finish the Grayling overlapped somewhat.

SECOND HEAT.

HECUBA. 3 m.26 2/5 s.
Chapman
Payson

SQUANNACOOK.
Hollister
Abbott

PINK.
Wheeler
Whitney

Grayling.
S.Houghton
Paine

The Hecuba was unsteady,but turned first.The Squannacook came up on the home course with a splendid sprint,and the Hecuba beat her by only six inches.The Pink was a good third,the Grayling a bit slower.

FINAL HEAT.

PINK. 3 m.17 s.
Leland
Goodhue

SQUANNACOOK.
Hollister
Abbott

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)
HECUBA.
Bemis
Smedberg

GRAYLING.
Chapman
Payson

The Pink got away best with the Hecuba next.The Pink led all the way,but coming home the Squannacook passed the Hecuba and crossed the ling second.Hecuba third,Grayling fourth.

SENIOR DOUPLES,STANDING.

SQUANNACOOK. 3 m.25 s.
Carey
James

GRAYLING.
Thorndike
Pantaleoni

HECUBA.
Parker
Hun

PINK.
Lowell
Parrish

Just as this race started the breeze started too,from the south.The Squannacook drew away at the start.The Hecuba's bow man seemed a little uneasy,and the Grayling's bow man did no work on the turn.The Squannacook almost lost her lead on the way home,but recovered in time to win.The Grayling was a good second,the Hecuba a rather slow third.The Pink didn't finish.

JUNIOR FOURS.
FIRST HEAT.

CORKER. 3 m.13 1/5 s.	EBEN.	ABOL.
Bemis	Leland	Chapman
Wheelock	Coolidge	Miner
Abbott	Goodhue	Winthrop
P.Curtis	S.Houghton	Paine

The turn was practically simultaneous,but on the home course the boats strung out considerably.The Corker won by five lengths,and the Eben was three lengths ahead of the Abol.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

SECOND HEAT.

ABOL. 3 m.20 2/5 s.	EBEN.	CORKER.
Hollister	Wheeler	Fairchild
Corning	Thompson	J.Houghton
Lansingh	Scott	Smedberg
T.Curtis	Payson	Whittemore

The Eben got away best, but on the home course the Abol passed her, and won by four lengths. The Corker was one length behind the Eben.

FINAL HEAT.

EBEN. 3 m.8 4/5 s.	ABOL.	CORKER.	RIP.
Bemis	Leland	Hollister	Wheeler
Wheelock	Coolidge	Corning	Thompson
Abbott	Goodhue	Lansingh	Scott
P.Curtis	S.Houghton	T.Curtis	Payson

A very even start, and an even turn. The Rip was put out on the way home for fouling. The finish was a first-rate one, the Eben winning by half a length over the Abol, with the Corker a very good third.

SENIOR FOURS.

CAUGHCOMGOMOC. 6 m.16 2/5 s.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.
Parker	Lowell
Parrish	Pantaleoni
Hun	James
Thorndike	Carey

This race, as is usual with the senior fourpaddle, was out and round the rock twice. The breeze was still blowing. The Abol led on the first trip out, but the Corker turned first, and gained on every stretch and every turn, though her gunwale was perilously near the water at times. On the home stretch the Abol went over and filled, so that it was impossible for her to finish.

After all this exercise Digestion Club seemed the natural thing. Then came "Predicament and Cure", and "Shouting Proverbs"; the latter a fine game for the lungs, though less good for the throat.

And then, for the first time this year, half-past boats, with the full moon.

We forgot to say that at afternoon reading we finished "Pickwick", and began "The Shaving of Shagpat."

WEDNESDAY
Aug.25
B.29.04
T.63'
Water T.70'
Rain
a.m.
Shower
p.m.
S.S.W.

The rain began early,sending the pointers in to the shelter of the shop.

This morning R.P.C. gave us an outline of the earth's history,and the different ages.It makes one feel small to know that the last fifty thousand years or so counts as recent.

A bar for chinning was put up by the boat-house this morning,and chinning and four-forties took the place of the usual addy-humps.The following were the best performers:

Parker.....20.
Fairchild.....16.
Bemis .....15.
Leland.....14.
Lowell.....13.
Bennett.....11
Carey.....11.
James.....11.
Coolidge.....10.
Hollister.....10.
S.Houghton.....10.
Paine.....10.
Smedberg.....10.

Parker broke the bar,and his twenty was made on the beam in the dormitory,after he hadkalready done several.

By afternoon the waether was pretty uncertain again.Boat building was announced for the majority,with soccer to follow and a Ouananiche trip and two four-paddlers.But the weather changed from uncertain to certain,and the would-be watermen devoted their energies to playing ping-pong,while the shower

WEDnESDAY (Cont'd.) first came up and then came down.It was a good heavy one, too.

PING-PONG SCORES.

G.E.A. beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat Bemis.

G.E.A. beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat Leland.

G.E.A. beat Parker.

Leland beat G.E.A.

G.E.A. beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat Leland.

G.E.A. beat Leland.

Leland beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat A.A.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

The boat-building came on well.The original Shark is being refitted,and so is that good ship the Blueberry Pie.We notice a good many small boats which are a modification of the shark type,and look rather like tadpoles.And I.M.V.S. has a vessel that is a prolonged triangle,that is wholly original,we think.

When the rain stopped we emerged from our holes.L.C.Z. took a select run for the mail.The Ouananiche went round Pine Island,and came round the point just as the horn blew for supper.The Eben didn't go quite so far,and got in before supper,though there was scant time for those who had to change wet clothes.

The soccer teams,led by A.G. and A.A.,played a 1-0 game,A.A.'s

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) team winning.Bennett made the goal.

Ned Billings came over to supper and sing--song.He and his family are off tomorrow.

After supper it was Games on the Hill,which had the dope-sters fooled.They thought it was too wet for anything but Digestion Club.

SING--SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....T.Curtis,P.Curtis.
2. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
3. Stunt,"Little Miss Muffet".....Goodhue,Bemis,Miner.
4. Choruses.....Fishing Song,October,Merryweather Cup.
5. Stunt,"General Grant".....A.G.,Thorndike,Bemis, Miner,Wheeler.
6. Hampton Trio.

Camp Song.

The Curtises gave us Chopsticks in good style.After all, there is nothing like it.

A.M.R. played the slow movement from one of the Schubert sonatas.

"Little Miss Muffett" was brief,but effective.Goodhue made a charming little girl,and Bemis and Minor together made as horrible a spider as ever crawled on eight legs.We wish there had been more,but Mother Goose didn't make any more.

"General Grant "was splendid.The curtain fell.revealing A.G.,amazingly transformed by spectacles and goatee,in the midst of his interesting family;Thorndike as Irene,and Bemis as his wife.The old boss (Wheeler) entered at the proper moment, and then Miner as Squire Bill Jones rushed in with the news of the fire.Alarums and excursions,and they went out,"to run

WEDNESDAY
(Cont.d) with the old machine".

The second scene took us to the battle-field, with cannon-balls flying. And they were beneath the Stars and Stripes, for there was a tiny flag hanging from the beam by a wire. What more could one ask of realism?

Then the Hampton Trio gave us all sorts of delightful songs, grave and comic. They named the baby, and told us about a farmer's life; and there was "Ezekiel", and perhaps best of all, "Great Tribulation."

We got through on time, wonderful to relate. We have been running late a good deal this summer.

Then came "The Beach of Falesa", till it was time for bed.

AT 10 A = 245

THURSDAY,
Aug.26
B.29.08
T.61'
Water T.61'
Fair
N.W.

O-U-A-N-A-N-I-C-H-E

around the HORN.

H.R.	
A.M.R.	CAREY
J.G.C.	A.A.
C.S.	PARRISH
LOWELL	ABBOTT
WINTHROP	CORNING
LANSINGH	WHITNEY
STACKPOLE	THOMPSON
15--	

****

EXPLORERS

ABOL	EBEN	CORKER
L.C.Z.	C.W.	G.E.A.
BEMIS	CURTIS P	HOUGHTON S
PAINE	MINER	CHAPMAN
PARKER	BENNETT	JAMES
4	4	4

****

BROOKS BROTHERS

REP
R.P.C.
FAIRCHILD
HOLLISTER
PANTS G
4

****

DEEP-SEA-DIVERINGS

WILLIWAW	PANTASOTE
A.G.	THORNDIKE
WHEELER	WHITTEMORE
GOODHUE	HOUGHTON J
COOLIDGE	MEEKER
4.	4.

****

Stay at homes
L.M.V.S.
T.L.
NEWBOLD
SCOTT

Campers
As posted....

Camping Trip
August 26th

Hun
Payson
Wheelock
Curtis, T.
Smedberg
Leland, O.
C.F.B.

Yammerschooner
Identical

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The day's list, as posted is so handsome that we have put it in bodily. We must however make a note or two before we start on our expeditions. H.R. took up the question of ponds and other effects of glacial activity this morning.

C.F.B. and his bunch were off in good time this morning. They went in light marching order, without a tent, meaning to go a good way before camping.

Miss Robertson came over this morning just as the expeditions started, with Clem's sisters and various other girls. Poor Clem was celebrating with a bad ear in the Infirmary, but they took Scotty over to the Mills.

The wind was pretty lively when the three big canoes started, so they cut across Monkey Point. They waited at the Mills to help the Ouananiche across the carry, and then headed south. They landed at the Hornbeam Hill landing, and then tried for Moose Pond by water. They went up a very beautiful brookwhich finally divided into two. both stopped short of any pond, one very soon. They came back, and when they reached Long Pond, there was a head wind of the meanest kind, blowing hard in their faces. They had been working hard, and the prospect did not look inviting. So they decided that the longest way round was the shortest way home, and turned down Belgrade Stream to come home round the Horn. The wind was bad on Messalonskee, of course, but they came over to the west shore and thus got a good lee. They x reached the station just as H.R.'s train came in, and she took the grub and the Pudwuddle along in her wagon. The other half-past eighters walked home, and C.W., G.E.A., L.C.Z., Parker, and James came behind, carrying the three canoes. It must have been some carry. And when they got to the Pond the wind was blowing harder than it had blown all day.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) There were five of them, and three canoes. So C.W. took the odd canoe alone, kneeling in the middle and using two paddles like a Rob Roy paddle. And in time they arrived, very wet and chilly.

The Ouananiche pursued the same course to the Mills, with the same wind, but did not try to cut across the point, for obvious reasons. At the Hornbeam landing we started off alone, wondering what kind of wind we should get on Messalonskee. At the entrance to the last brook on the right we stopped for a bite of chocolate, as it was very evident that our dinner would be late. The water was so high in the stream that we had a lively time getting under the first bridge, with much shifting of weight and shoving. A.A. didn't quite crack his skull against the timbers, but he came near it. The second bridge, just above the Mt. Vernon dam, was so low that we snubbed the tip of our bow off, and decided to carry round bridge as well as dam. This involved going through a potato patch, but it was so overgrown with weeds that we did not recognize it as such till we were in the middle, and no one seemed to mind anyhow. There was swim for those that wanted it, which was all except the ladies and Killy, who arranged the lunch. While we were waiting for the return of the swimmers along came a bunch of half a dozen boys with packs. They looked natural, and in a moment we recognized C.F.B. and his campers. They passed the time of day and then went on.

Our next real adventure was at the start after dinner, when A.A., just as we swung into the current, shied a stick at a big hornet's nest. The hornets came out in full force and

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) fury, but luckily did not find us.

The railroad bridge gave us a scare, for there was only an inch and a half to spare; and the thought of carrying up the embankment was a painful one. Just before we went through along came Buster Chapin's train, so we waved and he waved back. The wind on Messalonskee was lively, but twenty minutes of going right into it brought us to the lee of the shore. We reached Gleason's at an unseemly hour, and came home in Millard's motor-boat, with two rowboats towing behind.

The Brooks Brothers, in the Rip, went up Meadow Brook nearly to the second bridge. They also landed and climbed a hill. Their worst time was getting up to Stony Point. They landed at Fourway Lodge to dump, and again at the beach. But after they rounded the point the wind was more astern, so things went better. All the way up they pursued turtles, and caught one. They didn't get him home, though, for he gnawed through the necktie they had hitched him with and got away. There were no turtles on the way down. They had learned a lesson.

The Deep-sea Divers went up Northwest Brook, and landed in the usual field. The sign about parsons has been down for some years, so they did not worry. We are glad that this prejudice against the clergy is wearing off. They explored the "haunted house", but found no ghosts therein. To make up for the hard row that they had going up, they were able to sail home.

Supper was a prolonged meal, as the Ouananiche came in very late, but we got fed at last, and there was time for half an hour of Digestion Club. Then came Monkey in Sight, in the middle of which R.R. and the younger explorers turned up. They were chilly, so we filled them up with ginger wine, in spite of their struggles. Bemis had to be pursued half round the camp before he would be good.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Then we went down to Andy Coggin's, as it seemed hardly fair to read our regular book with so many out.

We finished attwenty minutes past nine, and were just beginning a round of Consequences, when in came the last of the explorers. They were so wet and chilly that we pursued them also with ginger wine, and there was malted milk too. Beef and Jamesy went to bed in ten minutes, of course, and the others at least got warm before the fire, if they didn't get exactly dry.

We have hinted at Buster's arrival, but we give it due space and honor here. All hail to Pine St!

Russell Chapin.

So ended a strenuous and exciting day.

FRIDAY Aug. 27
P.29.70
T.51'
Water T.66'
Fair
N.W.by W.

A cool day,thank you,but growing warmer as the wind fell.It would have been a fine day for all sorts of things, but there was a camping trip off,and truth to tell, there were some pretty weary bones in camp.

At morning reading we finished Benvenuto,and began "Famous Escapes of the Civil War."

As Clem's ear didn't seem to get any better,it seemed best to take him over to Waterville for a couple of days.Miss Robertson came over to dinner,and inthe afternoon they motored over.

JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
RICE PUDDINGS VS. PIES.

A poor game,as was to be expected when almost all the players had been on strenuous expeditions the day before.Errors were numerous,almost as numerous as the runs.The Puddings started with three runs,and led all through the game, in spite of the fact that the Pies got going in the seventh and scored five.

Carey	.750
Chapin	.600
Thorndike	.500
J.G.C.	.400
Parrish	.400

Rice Puddings vs. Pies of Aug. 28 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	3		1 Bemis	4	K				K			K					5	3	0
0	6		2 Lowell	1							8-6						5	3	1
7	3		3 A.A.	2							K						1	4	0
15	0		4 Chapin	3		8-5											5	3	3
3	1		5 Carey *	6				3-0			6-3						4	2	3
0	0		6 Bennett	7	K			K		4-3		1-3					5	0	0
2	0		7 Pants	5	(K) 2-3		0-3	K		2-0		(K) 2-3					5	0	1
0	0		8 Corning	8		K	K		4-0								3	0	0
0	0		9 Whittemore	9		8-5	1-3		K	(K) 2-3							4	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	13		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3 6	1 7	4 11	0 11	3 14	1 16	0 16					37	15	8

* Whittemore ran for Bemis in 6

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
1				9	6	1-b. on errors.			

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

Pies vs. Rice Pudding of Aug. 28 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	0		Fairfield		5	6-2		5		4-3		K	6					5	0	0
0	2		2 Parker		1	K		1-3			3		1-3					6	1	0
4	1		3 J. G. C.		6									6				5	4	2
7	3		4		3				7-3		1-3							4	3	2
11	1		5 Parmita		2					6								5	3	2
0	0		6 Hollister		7	7-3						1-3						4	0	2
0	0		7 Chapman		8		2-6	1-3			2-3			3				6	0	1
0	2		8		4		6-3		4-3			1-3						3	0	0
0	0		9 Paine		9		K		K	K			1-3	4-3				5	1	0
			10																	
			11																	
24	9		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	1	0	1-3	4	0	4	0	4	1	5	5-10	0	0	2	12	43	12	9

Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base ou b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
2	2			6	14	1-b. ou errors.		1	

* Paine runs out for

The faculty and the smaller boys had a wild game of pudding-ball, C.V. heading one side and A.G. the other. The former won by a wide margin, but we don't know the exact figures, as they kept no written score.

While the games were going on Arrived the following guest. He may not have gron miles, but he certainly is miles high. William Chisholm

After supper came Games on the Hill, and half-past eight Boston.

When the small fry had gone to bed we had a good game of Mythology, and a seclect number played Compendium in M and P.

Camp Greeley came home in time for a swim before supper. They reached their pond, and there they found a friend of T.L. Who also knew various other Merryweathers, past and present. He not only let them camp there, but invited them all to spend the night with him, which some of them did, the sybarites!

SATURDAY Aug.28, B.29.45 T.55' Water T.66' Fair W.S.W. A perfect day for paddling,but there was no question of that.Barring an earthquake or a sandstorm,it would be scouting.

Henry Whittemore left this morning,to connect with his family,who are going out to California to see the Exposition.His boat is all ready for the race,and is to be raced for him.Too bad he has to miss so much.

Just as we scattered to get dressedfor scouting,Mrs.Houghton and Billy arrived,and with them the Dormouse.They stayed to see the game,and came back for charades in the evening.Dormouse is sunburned till,as the poet says,he is "ruddier than the cherry",but looks very natural,and so does Billy.

FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The first game came very near being an Iroquois victory,for they had a long lead on shots,but Whitney got through for a run. This made the sides even.

In the second game the Iroquois still had the advantage in shots,but the Algonquins got four runs.This put them one up.

The third game was the closest.The Iroquois were two shots to the good,and made four runs to the Algonquins three,thus tying the score for the season.The last scouting afternoon promises to be an exciting one;a fitting climax to a very lively season.

Thompson was put out of the game for the last two games for calling every name he could think of at one man.We hope that this will put an end to that particular kind of unfair play.Goodhue was out of the second game and Abbott out of the third for poor play.

Bill Chisholm and Buster Chapin both played,and Buster made a run in the second game.

A.A. killed eight in the afternoo,Leland seven,and Lansingh

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.M.V.S	X					/			/
A.G.	X			X	•		X	•	
R.P.C.	X			X			X		
A.M.R.	X			✓			✓		
Bemis	X			✓			X		
Bennett	✓			✓				•••	/
Chapin	X					/	X		
Curtis, P.		•		X	•	/	✓		
Fairchild		••		X			✓		
Houghton, S.				X			X	••	
Hun	X			✓			X		
Leland, O.	✓				••••		X	•••	
Lowell	X	••		X	•	/	X		
Meeker	✓			X			✓		
Parker	X			X			✓		
Scott	X			X			X		
Thompson	X	•		○	○	○	○	○	○
Thorndike	X			✓			✓		
Wheeler	X			✓			X		/
Wheelock	✓			X			X		
Whitney	X		/	X			X		
Winthrop	X			X				•	
	15	6	1	12	7	4	12	10	3

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	X			✓			X	○	
L.C.Z.	X			X					/
G.E.A.		•		X			X		
A.A.	X	•••••			•••		X		
C.F.B.		○		X			X		
J.G.C.	X			✓			✓		
W.C.	✓			✓			X		
Abbott	✓			X			○	○	○
Carey	X	•		✓			X		
Chapman	✓			✓			✓		
Coolidge	✓				•		X		
Corning	✓			✓			X	•	
Curtis, T.	✓			✓				•	
Goodhue	✓			○	○	○	X		
Hollister		•			•			••	
Houghton, J.	✓				•		✓		
James		••			••				/
Lansingh	✓				••••			••	
Miner	X	••		✓			✓		
Paine		•		X				•	
Pantaleoni	✓			X			X	•	
Parrish	✓			✓					/
Payson	✓			✓			✓		
Smedberg		•		X				∴	/
Stackpole	✓			✓			✓		
	6	15		7	12		10	12	4

SATURDAY six.
(Cont'd.)
Supper was late, of course, and we had no more than time to plan charades.

CHARADES.

FRIGHTFUL. In the first scene we had Tubera as a most imposing lady, with T.L. as a footman in attendance, in very dressy scarlet and black livery. She gave orders for various things, but was suddenly startled by a mouse, and fainted dead away. (Chorus of small boys: "Was it a real mouse?") The lady being rather a lift to pick up, T.L. telephoned for Dr. Tweedle, who came in at once. He looked in his book to see what to do, and after feeling her pulse concluded that she was probably dead. The second syllable was an awful warning to Smeddy of what may happen to people who eat too much. J.G.C. came in late to breakfast, and sat at a side table, where he was out of observation, and could stuff to his heart's content. He ate so much and grew so fat that they had to take him and carry him off to bed without bending him. The frightfulness of the whole word consisted of the degree of noise that was made at a picnic, and it certainly beat even our noisiest picnics, which is saying a great deal. They yelled, they screamed, they banged their tin cups on the floor, till we were really afraid something would break.

TIPPERARY. We began with a barber's shop, L.C.Z. and Carey officiating. A.G. came in for "everything", from a hair-cut to a syrup massage. They finished him off with the fire-extinguisher, and he was so pleased that when he left he tipped them generously with a whole fierce thing. The second syllable must have been "her", which is stretching the pronunciation a bit, but it was a lovely scene. Here were Rends and Meeker as Adam and Eve, with garments of sheet

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) fern,enjoying life in Eden,and naming the plants and animals as they saw them.Then Eve picked the apple and ate most of it,apologizing to Adam for not leaving him more of it.The curtain before the third scene was a little ineffective,as L.C.Z. and A.G. were well above it in their aeroplane.We plainly heard the whirring of the propeller,and their glee as they dropped bomb after bomb upon the enemy was frightful to see."Got 'em again!" And down would go another bomb.For the whole word (the third scene was "airy") we had a regiment starting for the front,with the band playing the tune that we all know so well now.It was a spirited performance.

DRAMATIC. The first scene might have been called "Life under the prohibitory law.We had a"blind tiger",where you asked for silk stockings,and were shown into a back shop where hard drinks of all kinds flowed freely.Just as the fun was growing lively,the police,headed by L.M.V.S. and C.F.B. came in,and with some use of their sticks took the whole gang off to jail.The second scene was a daring robbery.Miner,an elderly gentleman,came in yawning,put on pajamas and night-cap, and went to bed with his money-box under the mattress.As soon as he was asleep C.F.B. tiptoed lightly in,stole the money, climbed up to the attic by a ladder,and pulled the ladder up after him.Loud were Ranny's complaints when he woke up.The police came in at once,and promptly found the handkerchief that the robber had dropped,but back-trailed him out of doors without noting his feet,which showed over the edge of the attic floor.So when they had gone out,he swung himself down

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) and bolted. The whole word was as dramatic as we could make it without actually hanging Gus for horse-stealing. The mob got him on a chair, with his hands tied, the noose round his neck, and the end of the rope over the beam, and he looked as if he ha given up all hope of escape, when C.F.B. came in and told them that they were making a mistake. Weren't they looking for a calico hoss? Well, he had seen an ugly looking Dago making off with a calico hoss a little way back down the road. They hesitated, and some wanted to hang this one anyhow, but finally they let him go, and went off after the Dago. "How did you know about the horse?" says A.A., as his hands are untied.

"Why" says C.F.B, "that hoss is in my stable, and I'm of with him."

HOLOCAUST. The first two syllables went together. Some of us were on the tragic expedition to Philip, when the cows ate the supper, and everyone felt so hollow in consequence. The cows did a fine job, especially Lansingh, who carried off two baskets on his horns. The state of mind of the supperless campers was too pianful to describe. The second scene was in a restaurant, where G.E.A. and his friends had a very expensive meal, and objected to paying for it. The proprietor finally called in the police, and G.E.A. then made him out a cheque, though it drew all but a few cents of what he had in the bank. The whole word was as startling and realistic as anything we have ever had. G.F.A. and some of the boys came in and went to bed peacefully, to be awakened by a smell of smoke. We all smelled it, and saw the sparks rising. Pretty soon there were flames two feet high, and the sleepers leaped from bed and got the buckets going. The fire was put out, and only one bucket was spilled. It was a wonderful scene; a fitting end to a splendid season.

And then we finished "The Beach of Falesa."

The new Wormomontogus has come, and we hope she will be all right.

SUNDAY Aug.29
B.29.30
T.55'
Water T.66'
Cloudy
S.W. by S.
Light rain
p.m.

This morning Mrs.Houghton came over with Billy and Dornouse and stayed to dinner.

The dessert campaign has been rather slow this year,but this morning the poems began to sprout on the door like mustard and cress.We have never had so many good verses

When that Auguste wyth hys nippyng colde
Doth pinch ye nose of wery Camper bolde,
When lyttle boys must swift from table gone,
Because of undershirt they wearen none,
Then for to cheare their hartes from most^least,
Good Mayo maketh them a goodly feast,
With plummys stuffed,with sweetest sugars tinct,
Of golden hue,as Sol thereon had wynk't.
What is this royal dish ? Sure kynges might feed
Thereon,and other victual none should need.
Had I a spoon,I'd show ye in a trice
What poets thynke of Puddings made of Rice!

Geoffrey Chaucer.

(By special medium.)

Rice Pudding is go od! rice pudding is good!
Sure no one with brains will deny it.
So if you are seeking the Perfect Food,
O sensible Camper,TRY IT!!!

Scorn not rice-pudding; children, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours; with this dope
Hector unlocked his jaws; the lighted hope
Of puddinged rice cheered Shelley ere he drown'd;
Cooked rice by Borgia's teeth was daily ground,
With it and Virgil, Dante found a way
Through Hell and e'en through Purgatory; yea,
Because of rice did Gabriel's trumpet sound
And Beatrice smile; a cure for cramp,
It cheered brave Peary, called from Baffin's Land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Mayo, by his hand
The Thing became a Marvel! by all odds,
Vote for rice-pudding, the honey of the gods!!!

T. L.

Milk and eggs and sugar and spice,
Raisins and currants and butter,
These things make my PUDDING OF RICE
Choicer than words can utter.
Vote on it !
Doat on it !
Hasten to gloat on it !
Read the remarks of your favorite pote on it !
Chaucer to Shakspeare, and
Kipling to Noyes,
All of them swear 'tis <u>the</u> pudding for boys !

SUNDAY (Cont'd.)

A BUST GASTRONOMICAL.

My natural affiliations are with pie;
With the multitudinous
Ineffectual intersections
That make helping;
The crisp crust hiding
A bog of blue berries,
Or Sargasso-Sea of squash!
The coolth of ice cream
In its creaming,
Roman Noses!
Pomp of conquerors!
Break down the bonds of mere puddingers!
Oh the ineffable freedom
Of the Desert!

Amy Lowell.

OUR FEELINGS IN THIS FOOD FRAY.

I am no craven mugwump,I
Come out upon both ground-grippers
And loud declare superiority
To be upon the side of Skipper's
Pies.
Disheartened not by concentration
I scoff at openly your forces,
Food of oriental nation,
Weaklings and dreamers!The cause is
Rice.

SUNDAY
(Cont'd.)

("I don't think-"said Alice.
"Then you shouldn't vote",said the March Hare.)

"The time has cOme",a camper said
"To vote on many things!
On dumplings,pies,and Roman Nose,
And puddings fit for kings.
"Are watermelons good as prunes?
Does chocolate cow beat syrup?
There's such a host of candidates
That my poor brain won't clear up.
"My head is in a dizzy whirl,
My mind in fearful state;
So as I cannot think it out,
I'll vote the ticket straight."

What are all the campers yellin'?
"Bring along the Watermellin!
None of your cooi ery!
Off with your bookery!
Old Mother Nature's the cook to suit me!"

Then here's to you,Ricey Pudding,
In your 'ome at North Belgrade!
Though the factions rage around you,
Yet your friends are not afraid.
We give you your certificate,and when you come to table
We'll come and dip our spoons in you as long as we are able.

Rudyard Kipling.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.)

Blueberry Pie!

Blueberry Pie!

Dark as Cleopatra's eye!

Melting and rich as well might be

Amethyst 'solved in Malvoisie!

Who for commoner cates would ask?

'Twere a fond and foolish task!

Campers all,now join my cry.

"Blueberry Pie!

Blueberry Pie!"

A.Noyes.

OMAR KHAYAM.

I Pie.

Miss Farmer's cook book underneath a bough,

The little cow,a Bit of Cheese--and Thou

Beside me nestling in the Wilderness---

Oh,Wilderness were Paradise enow!

II

Some for the glories of this world,and sone

Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come.

Ah,take the Pie,and let the Pudding go!

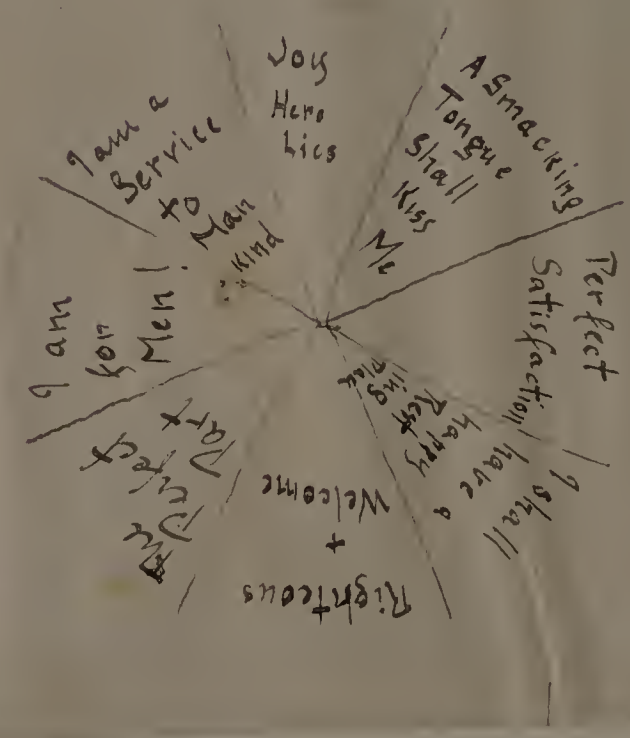
Nor heed the rumbling of a distand Tun!

Today's Geometry Lesson.

If 0 of a suspicion arise
Among the Camp that shout for rice
That in this [illegible] of our friends

A group to sharp practices tends,
I would announce without amends:

"Tell Those With Pudding For Their Fare
Supporters of the πr^2!"



WHAT MAKES THE CAMPER'S BELT SO TIGHT?
WHAT MAKES HIS FACE SHINE WITH DELIGHT?
WHAT IS THIS BITE THAT'S OUT O' SIGHT?

APPLE PIE!

At dinner the speeches were many and brilliant. One of the best touches was A.G.'s reference to the Pilgrim Father, who left England, and later Holland, "because they could not get their just desserts."

The following is the list of winners:

Apple Pie	49
Mince Pie	39
Jam Tails	39
Bananas	37
Blueberry Pie	37
Roman Nose	33
Frog Dumplings	32
Vanilla Ice Cream Maple Cow	32

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) PICNIC TO BLUEBERRY HILL.

ADOL.	CORKER.	IBEN.	ADLER....	WORRY.	RIP.	HECUBA.
Chisholm	R.P.C.	C.F.B.	G.E.A.	C.W.	J.G.C.	L.C.Z.
Abbott	Winthrop	P.Curtis	Miner	Corning	Chapman	Bennett
S.Houghton	Lansingh	Smedberg	Bemis	Whitney	Scott	
G.Pants.	A.M.R.	C.S.	Paine	Hunn	Chapin	

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTH.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
A.G.	L.M.V.S.	Thorndike	Carey	Lowell	Parker
Leland	Wheelor	Fairchild	Parrish	Payson	James
R.R.	J.Houghton	Wheelock	T.Curtis	Goodhue	Thompson
		Stackpole		Meeker	Coolidge

GRAYLING.
A.A.
Hollister

This was a new picnic place, in a pretty pasture east of Blueberry Hill, close by a brook. We had no difficulty in landing, but we found in the pasture two big steers who were so disturbed at sight of us that they ran away, and knocked down their fence, besides going into a field where they had no business to be. Their owner was very much annoyed, and spoke his mind to the crowd when they came up the hill. And when they came down, he came and stood on a commanding position and watched us for fully twenty minutes.

Meanwhile the party that stayed below to get the fire going and boil the kettle was not free from troubles. The fire went finely, but the kettle had a leak. It was a tiny pin-hole, but when C.W. tried to plug it a pice broke away, and the final plug was nearly half an inch wide. We boiled our first help of cocoa in a milk can, and then mixed it in the kettle. After that the plug had swelled enough so that we were able to do the whole of second helps in the kettle. The plug caught fire, but there was enough left to hold.

After supper we started a ghost story, but it immediately began to rain. So we came home, and finished the story under cover.

After hymns we began "The Tomb of His Ancestors." It can't be finished in one evening.

The new Worromontogus is wholly satisfactory. Hurrah for her!

The Race For
The Merryweather Cup.
(Tune,"Lützow".)

On yonder blue water what tumult prevails?
What cries from the slip are resounding?
The sunbeams are striking on spars and on sails,
The air is a-quiver with hollo's and hails,
And loud the deep megaphone's sounding.
And if you should ask what is taking placd,
It is Merryweather's gallant and glorious race.

The starters are off in their Rangeleys so bold,
The boats to the starting-place bearing.
They'll be very wet and they'll be very cold,
They'll feel very faint and they'll feel very old,
When homeward at evening they're faring,
But still they will cry with a jovial grace,
"This is Merryweather's gallant and glorious race!"

The Skipper,as steady and firm as a rock,
Gives out his instructions so clearly;
"From left to the right you shall marshal your flock,
From east to the west,with the hands of the clock,
With the sun,or you'll rue it full dearly!
For"-and a smile here illumes his face-
"This is Merryweather's gallant and glorious race!"

The Jumpers are gathered on slip and on float,
Their cries to the welkin are ringing;
As everyone yells for his favorite boat,
"She's over!She isn't!she's up and afloat,
And over the water she's winging!
Hi!Yah!she is striking a leading pace
In the Merryweather's gallant and glorious race!"

Now hither,now thither,like birds of the wave,
Their snowy sails bobbing and dipping,
They come;and while some find a watery grave,
Here's one little beauty,as staunch as she's brave,
That over the line comes a-tripping.
Hurrah!for the winner of cup and place
In the Merryweathers' gallant and glorious race!

L.E.R.

THE DOPESTERS' SONG.

A-doping, a-doping,
Beside a summer lake:
All day I heard a dopester guess
What sport we next should take.

"Oh, sure we'll have a scouting game;
'Tis just two-forty-five.
It's glassy calm and beastly hot.
Jump up and look alive."

"'Twill be an all-day expedish.
It's raining good and hard.
The fog it lies about so thick
You cannot see a yard."

"Oh yes, it's final track and field;
With half the camp away,
And jumping pits knee-deep and dank
With slimy mud and clay."

"I know! We'll have the yacht race, sure;
The wind has fallen flat.
My boat has surely got the rest
Knocked into a cocked hat."

And so we dope from morn till night,
And when we fail, 'tis plain
The only thing for us to do
Is, dope it out again.

A.M.P.

MONDAY Aug.30
B.29.29
T.60'
Water T.66'
S.by E.
Rain.

It didn't rain all day,but enough of it to make any sort of expedition impossible.All sorts of plans had been made,but they were laid on the shelf,and boats were built from morning till night.

Bill Chisholm and Russell Chapin left by the morning train.

We had news this morning that though Glen's ear is better,it is likely to start up again at any moment,and tthe doctors think that he would be better off at home,where he can be under observation.Too bad that he has to miss the last week,and for such an uncomfortable reason.

All work on rigging and sails was done in the big room, which soon resembled a sail loft.Thread,paper,paste covered such parts of the floor as were not occupied by sailpmakers, and overflowed on he piazza.It was a cheerful if messy scene.

Trials were going on all day,though the wind was too light to be wholly satisfactory.

At 4-45 the following select company ran for the mail: A.A.,Lowell,Scott,Goodhue,Hun,Parker,Abbott,J.G.C. We give the order in which they came in,J.G.C. staying behind to coach Abbott along.Abbott went only to the cross roads,and coming back Scott and Goodhue walked up the hill.

After supper we had Digestion Club,and finished "Rudder Grange".

Then we went through the pile of unclaimed clothes,and got a good many connected with their owners.

After that came Indoor Wolf.We had one very lively round and started on a second.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The half-past niners played the Foot and Mouth game; so called because it has nothing to do with either feet or mouths. We began with eyes.and then took noses and hands.

On eyes,G.E.A.'s side guessed five out of seven,C.W.'s three out of eight.

Noses were easier,for there was not a mistake made on either side.

Hands were harder again.G.E.A. guessed four out of seven,C.W. three out of eight.

Personalities were many and rude,as usual.Perhaps G.E.A. got off the prize remark,when he said "Yes,that is C.S.'s nose. So long!"

By bed-time the stars were out and the moon coming up over the hill,so our hopes were good for a fair day to come.

TUESDAY Aug.21 B.29.22 T.61' Water T.66' Cludy N.N.W.

Not a very propitious day, and some shook their heads and prophesied rai; but the lists were posted, the grub was packed, and off we went.

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

OUANANICHE, AROUND THE HORN.

H.R.

A.G.	L.H.V.S.
R.P.C.	L.C.Z.
Hun	Pantaloein
Chapman	Wheeler
Fairchild	Hollister

R.R., Goodhue, Keeler, Coolidge.

HAMPSHIRE HILL.

WORRY.	AROL.	CORKER.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.
G.I.A.	A.A.	Lowell	Thorndike	Carey	Parker
Paine	Smedberg	Corning	Parrish	James	Payson
S.Houghton	Remis	Scott	Thompson	T.Curtis	Whitney
Leland	C.S.	A.M.R.	Miner		

TIBER AND ENVIRONS.

WILLIWAW.	YAMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
C.W.	C.P.E.	J.G.C.
Bennett	Lansingh	Abbott
T.L.	P.Curtis	Wheelock
Stackpole	Winthrop	J.Houghton.

The Log of the Ouananiche.

The crew chosen to bring the Ouananiche home round the Horn was made up almost entirely of tutors and tutorers, and for that reason could not start until 11 a.m. To make up some of the lost time Millard Gleason was engaged, with his launch, to take the party across the bay. They got away promptly on time, either in the launch or in the two rowboats in tow of her, and it was a fine sight to see L.C.Z. and A.G., trying, with set faces, to steer the rowboats, which were wallowing behind the launch in a smother of foam with their noses in the air.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) R.R. arrived at the station in Anderson's Ford almost simultaneously with the crew, at 11.55, and chocolate was served out all round--a good point to remember when luncheon is to be late.

Future Hornors will find a wonder ul place for luncheon in the first wood above the railroad bridge on the south bank of the strea.

The point-to-point and total paddling time of the trip are here given, as a fair standard of what a fairly good crew can do under reasonable good conditions.

Station to Midway Island,	28 m.
Island to mouth of stream,	18 m.
Mouth to first bridge,	14 m.
1st. to 2nd. bridge,	30 m.
2nd. to R.R. bridge,	7 m.
R.R. bridge to E.Mt.Vernon,	35 m.
E.Mt.Vernon to low bridge,	9 m.
Low Bridge to Mills,	1 hr., 17 m.
Mills to Camp,	37 m.
Total paddling time,	4 h.15 m.
Delay at 1st. bridge,	1 m.
Time for luncheon,	1 h.32 m.
Carry at E.Mt.Vernon,	24 m.
Delay at low bridge,	5 m.
Carry at Mills,	13 m.
Station to Camp,	6 h.30 m.
Camp to station,	55 m.
Delay for sponging boat, and eating chocolate,	30 m.
Total time,	7 h.55 m.

Th this should be added about fifteen minutes if the crew crosses the bay "on its own". An allowance of eight hours to eight hours and fifteen minutes therefore is about right for a pretty good crew, under fairly good conditions, to round the Horn, without rushing lunch time or carries.

H.R.

To the above should be added that they had a fair wind on Messalonskee, and less trouble with the wind on Long Pond than had been expected. The bridges were no better and no worse than they

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) were last week,but they got under the bridge at Mt.Vernon,which the out-going crew did not do.At the Mills there was one accident.The Ouananiche got away after they slid her into the water,so A.G. jumped in and caught her.A nice coold day for an extra swim.

The Tiber boats went up their stream,and then walked across to Little Pond.Here they played Skowhegan,and had their dinner.They then planned to walk round the pond,fording the mouth,which is narrow and shallow.But finding a new road back to the Tiber,they took it instead.It revolutionizes the Little Pond trip;and though very wet in spots,would probably be perfectly comfortable in any ordinary summer.

The baskets etc.having been left on the far shore of Little Pond,C.W. and C.F.B. went back for them,while the rest walked up the hil behind the schoolhouse.Here they passed a house with a very crazy lady,who called them names,and danced and gave them apples,which they much enjoyed.

As they had been very hungry at dinner,in spite of cocoa,or chocolate,which they made over their fire,supper was not very ample,so when they came home they began again,overlapping on the Ouananiche crew,who were still eating.

The Hampshire Hillers.got away at ten o'clock,and in spite of head winds and wet boats made the meadow by the northwest brook in very good time.As most of us were wet,we got a fire going,and then all except the ladies had a good game of prisoner's base,to get dry,and fill up the time before dinner.

After dinner we headed to the left,and then took the first

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) turn to the right. Some of the younger boys groaned when they saw the real Philip Mountain, and learned that they were to walk round it and beyond, but after a few stitches in sides had passed off, and Snelberg had been carried by G.E.A. for a couple of hundred yards, all went well.

A.A. had brought trout flies in his pocket, and he and two or three others went ahead to the trout brook; where he caught a real trout. Then the crowd came up, and after that the fishing was not so good.

We rested by the brook awhile, and then followed it as far as the schoolhouse, when we took to the road again, up the back of the hill. The view was fine, and while we rested on top Miner told us about "Our Hero" and "The Villain".

We walked up the height east of Hampshire, and then came down to the road along the south side. On the way we met a small boy with some trout, and once more A.A. and the other enthusiasts cut on ahead. When we reached Rome Corner they were not in sight, so G.E.A. and Lowell waited for them, in case they got mixed up at the turn, which is rather blind, while the rest of us went ahead and got the fire going.

We had so much time that we had a ghost story after supper; and coming we had such a strong favoring wind that we coasted most of the way.

When we got home we found supper still going on, so we turned to and had some.

The Colonel was in sight for a little while, and the half-past niners had a story; that is, all who did not go to bed early.

This evening our number was increased by Miss Rosamond Bennett, who has come to see how bad Tom is.

WEDNESDAY Sept.1 B.29.54 T.51' Water T.66' Rain

Very little wind of any description,but we went to work on our boats,and there is prospect that a good many will really get finished.In fact most of the good ones are done already.It is the people who have smashed seven that are wanting more time.

One hears of a bull in a china shop,but did anyone ever hear of a bull in a carpenter's shop?That was what R.R. found early this afternoon.The biggest of Mrs.Cook's bulls was in the far corner of the shop,licking the shellac and oil off sails and anything else that he could get hold of.She made demonstrations through the window with a landing-net,and drove him out.Cheers for the young lady of Hull!

FINAL MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
LOX VS. BOX.

When it became evident that there would be no racing wind,the baseball lists were posted,and we went up for our last senior game.It was very uneven,unfortunately,so it could not be very exciting.The Lox led all the way,and increased their lead at frequent intervals.Their biggest addition was in the fourth,when they had ten men at bat,and made five runs.

The Box pulled off two good double plays,one in the second,the other in the sixth.In the former,Lowell flied out to J.G.C.,who threw the ball to L.M.V.S. in time to get Carey. In the second,Parker threw to R.P.C.,putting out Thorndike, and R.P.C. got the ball to first in time to cut off C.V.

L.M.V.S. batted for .750,G.H.A. for .666,Thorndike and Carey for.500,and C.V. for .400.The longest hit of the game was J.G.C.'s three-bagger,in the first inning.

Lox vs. Box of Sept. 2 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	0		1 Lowell	5		6-3			K			6-3					4	2	1	
6	5		2 A. A.	2				9-3				4-3					3	2	0	
5	2		3 G. E. A.	6					9-8								3	4	2	
1	4		4 Thorndike	4	4-3		(K) 1-3			1-0							4	2	2	
1	4		5 C. W.	1	4-3		(K) 2-3			6-3							5	0	2	
12	0		6 T. L. *	3			1-3			K		9-6					4	0	1	
0	0		7 Painter	7	6-3			8-4			5-2						4	1	1	
0	0		8 Fairchild	9		1-3		0-3	4-3		K						4	0	0	
0	0		9 Carey	8		9-6					4-3						4	2	2	
0	0		10 Hollister	7																
			11																	
27	15		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	0	2	5	1	0	0	2					35	13	11	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home rnns.
				3	8			4		
						1-b. on errors.				

* Lowell runs

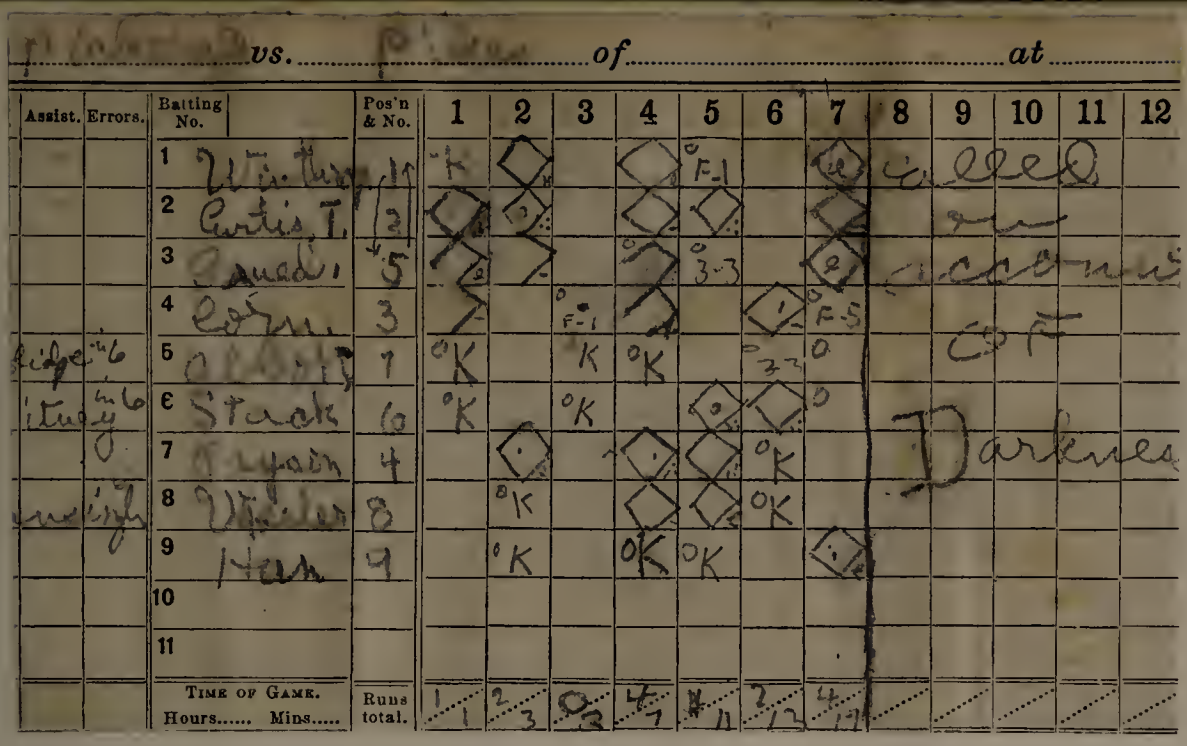
Box vs. Lox of Sept. 2 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
6	1		1 Parker	1	(K) 2-3		K			4-3		K					4	0	0	
1	2		2 J. G. C.	5			K			1-3			6-3				4	1	1	
2	3		3 R. P. C.	6	9-6		1-0			1-3							3	1	1	
2	6		4 L. M. V. S.	4	2-6 2-0			2-6			6-4		1-3				4	0	3	
14	0		5 L. C. Z.	3		9-6		(K) 2-3									4	0	1	
3	2		6 A. G.	2		K		4-3			0-3		4-3				4	0	0	
0	0		7 Parish	7					K		0-1						2	0	0	
1	0		8 Leland	8					9-5			9-6					2	0	0	
1	0		9 Bemis	9		K			1-0-3			4-3					3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
34	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1				30	2	6	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			0	5			1	1	
						1-b. on errors.				

Pikes vs. P. Wheel of at

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6 5	7 6	8 7	9 6	10 9	11	12	AT BAT
		1 Curtis	6	4-3												
		2 [illegible]	11	K		1-3				1-3		Called				
		3 [illegible]	2	K		0-4				0 3						
		4 [illegible]	5								K					
		5 James	3									Dark				
		6 Goodrich	12		K	K					K					
		7 Scott	9				4-3									
		8 Paine	3		K											
		9 [illegible]	9		K		3-3		K							
		10														
		11														
		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	2	2	6	7	1	1	1					



Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		1	Winthr	10	K				F-1			called				
		2	Curtis T.	3												
		3	Quadi	5					3-3							
		4	Corse	3			F-1				F-5					
Ridge	6	5	[illegible]	7	K		K	K		3-3	0					
Ituzy	6	6	Stack	6	K		K				0		Darkness			
	0	7	Swain	4						K						
Ridge		8	Wheeler	8		K				K						
		9	Han	9		K		K	K							
		10														
		11														
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	2	0	4	1	2	4					

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
FIRES VS. FIGHTERS.

The score was of the usual Bug League type,but this game was remarkable in being called for darkness.We think this is the first time that it has happened in Camp.If Francis Perkins were here he would know for certain.

After supper there was a good deal of rehearsing,but those who were not dramatically occupied had games on the hill.

LAST SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....Meeker,Miner.
2. Duet,drum and harmonica,.....A.G.,L.C.Z.
3. Russian Ballet.....C.W.,G.E.A.
4. Choruses.....Drink Puppy,Scouting Song, Merryweather Races.
5. Duet.....T.L.,A.M.R.
6. Stunt,"Ode to My Infant Son".....A.G.,A.A.,A.M.R.
7. Stunt,"College Days".....T.L.,C.W.,G.E.A.,A.G., L.C.Z.,L.M.V.S.

CAMP SONG.

Our new alliterative Chopsticks team did a good job.Why wouldn't their names look well on a professional programme? Unless "our hero" feels that the drama is more in his line.

L.C.Z. did not appear with his harmonica,but that may

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) have been because Joab makes such a very big bass drum that it needs the whole stage to itself.We heard him plainly;and some want to know how he managed to play the harmonica and sandpaper at the same time.A.C. discoursed upon the drum,with fire and fury,or with soft pathos,according to what the tune was.

Our Russian ballet-dancers were wonderful.Clad in white,with blonde braids and flowers here and there,waving long graceful scarfs, their mere aspect was enought to charm the spectators;and when they began to dance,the audience went wild with delight.They twirled, they bounded,they pirouetted;and when C.E.A.,perched on C.W.'s knee,with one leg straight out in front of him,threw his final kiss,the applause was so deafening that Camp Kunoia must have heard it.

Mozart's G minor symphony is a very wonderful thing,even if one doesn't have the orchestra.(I hope most people didn't notice too plainly that I lost my place.A.M.I.)

The Ode to My Infant Son has been acted before,but never more effectively.A.C. as the poetice father was a wonderful sight.We have never seen him in a pink smock before,and we think it a great pity that he can't wear one all the time.Perhaps it might cause comment in the medical school,though.

There is no doubt that A.A. as the baby was the vort-behaved child we have ever had to deal with.He not only did all the naughty things he was supposed to do,but whenever he was stopped or rescued he fairly roared with disappointment and rage.If ever a baby needed spanking,it was that one.

Our last stunt was more elaborately staged than most.The red-shaded lamp just above the table,the lettered "barrers" on the wall, gave most valuable local colour.T.L. was very much at home in the corner of the window-seat,C.E.A. a little ill at ease,as the sly

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) freshman would naturally be.Then the others came in,full of enthusiasm over a victory.At least,some of them were.C.V.'s feelings were rather too mild and gentle to be called enthusiasm.We had sings.and various card and coin tricks.The one which amazed the audience most was throwing a coin to any part of the room suggested.It landed on the base-balls,on the yachting cup,and even higher up.A missing card was found in Fudwuddle's pocket,and C.V. could tell which card in a row was touched when he had had his back turned to it all the time.It was very amazing.

G.E.A. did not join in the singing,although he was out for the freshman glee club,but devoted his attention to a photograph.He gazed and gazed,and at one time hid it in his breast pocket,but at last the others caught on,and made fun of him.

Altogether it was a delightful stunt,a fitting climax to a splendid season.

This wonderful programme took a good deal of time,so we had only just time to finish the story that we began Tuesday night.

THURSDAY Sept.2, B.29.54 T.54' Water T.64' Fair S. A lovely day,warming fast,and though not perhaps ideal for racing,good enough to do.The first six preliminary heats were run off in the morning,cutting off the regular morning swim.We will,however,give the whole thing together,for the sake of clearness.

This morning Reed brought back the Pie-plant from the beach inside the point,where she has been lying for a couple of days.He handled her with great skill,not shipping a drop of water.

Just before dinner Mr.and Mrs.Meeker came,to take a look at Arthur.They found him thriving,and thought he had gained not only in weight but in height.

Late in the afternoon arrived,not our oldest,but our tallest graduate.May his shadow never grow less!

Henry Ten Eyck Perry

Oh yes!And at afternoon reading we finished the Shaving of Shagpat.

And now,the decks being cleared,we will proceed to the race.

ANNUAL HERRYWEATHER CUP RACE.

FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Boat.	Owner.
Dark Hoss	Carey
Golden Grass Bird	Parker
Valspar	Coolidge
Foam	Lowell

The wind was very light,from the south.The Dark Hoss and the Foam went over early,but the former,when set up,soon overhauled the G.G.Bird,and took first place,with the Bird second. The Valspar was a very slow third,and the Foam did not finish.By the way,Coolidge's connection with the Valspar was a nominal one.

SECOND PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Vivace	T.I.
Brutus	Smedberg
Skylark	J.Houghton
Purple Cow	Chapman

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The Purple Cow went over at once.It is said that she will race next year.The other three were close for a while,but the Vivace soon drew away from her competitors,and deserved her first place.The Brutus was a fair second.The Skylark went over as the breeze freshened,and didnot finish.

THIRD PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Speedboy	Thorndike
Caesar	Smedberg
Shark	C.W.
Peanut-shell	Winthrop

The breeze was a,little better,but the Peanut-shell was out of it from the first,tough she eventually finished.The Speedboy led at one time by half the length of the course,and the Caesar was a pretty moderate second.The Shark was third. What she likes is a gale.

FOURTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Hydroplane IV	James
White Star	Scott
Foab	G.E.A.
Sea Sled	Chapman

All over at the start,except the Hydroplane.This gallant vessel,though her pace suggested that she had stopped to fish or was anchored,finished the course without a hitch,and won first place,After the next heat had started.The White Star, the only other boat to cross the line,did so in a water-logged condition,drifting helplessly.The Foab could not stay up long,though at times she went well.

FIFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Comet	C.F.P.
Bullboat	James
Valley Dawg	Payson
Rocket	Stackpole

The Comet had it pretty much her own way in this heat, leading easily all the way.The Bullboat passed the Valley Dawg,and came in a slow second.The Rocket was fourth.The whole

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Heat was over before the preceding heat;a rather unusual state of things.

SIXTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Hydrox	J.G.C.
Little Pop	Corning
Banana Peel	Scott
Mudlark	J.F.K.

The best heat so far.The Hydrox went over at the start, but did well,and came up to the front,passing both the Pop and the Peel.The contest for second place was a hot one,the Pop finally beating out her slippery rival.The Mudlark refused to soar.

SEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Speejacks	James
Great Salt Spoon	I.M.V.S.
Bear Kitten	Ieland
Funboat	Lowell

The first afternoon heat,with the wind perhaps a little fresher.The Bear Kitten and the Funboat went over early, and could not seem to stay right side up.At one time all four boats were down,but the Speejacks,when righted,went well and won easily. The Salt Spoon was the only other one to finish.

EIGHTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Little Bear	Ieland
Mo epunkee II	James
Slowpoke	P.Curtis
Dartaway	T.Curtis

Much capsizing,but after being righted the Bear and the Morepunkee went well,the Bear winning by a very narrow margin.The other two didn't do much.

NINTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Rough Stuff	Whittemore
White Bird	Parker
Blue Grass	Bemis
Shamrock IV	Parrish

Only the first two here amounted to anything.The

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) White Bird capsized,and though she care along well afterwards she could not catch the Rough Stuff,which won by a good margin.

TENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Benesaw	Jares
Tubera	Thorndike
Revenge	Paine
Shooting Star	Lansingh

The Benesaw was the only boat that stayed up throughout, and she was slow and steered wildly to port.In fact she hit the float before she crossed the line,and had to be rescued. The Tubera,which won second place,was fast,but went over a good many times.

As there were forty-one boats,the Sunshine Sally,C.S.'s boat,drew a bye.This gallant craft was once the Blueberry Pie and later the Leathery Ape.

FIRST SECONDARY HEAT.

Golden Grass Bird
Vivace
Dark Horse
Brutus

A good heat.The Golden Grass Bird won,but the Vivace, making a brilliant sprint,was a fine second.The Dark Horse, which came in third,tipped over just after crossing the line. The Brutus didn't finish.

SECOND SECONDARY HEAT.

Speedboy
Caesar
Hydroplane IV.
White Star

The Speedboy won easily,with Caesar a moderate second. The Hydroplane was very slow,but as the White Star soon went out of commission she couldn't very well help making third place.

THURSDAY ((Cont'd.)

THIRD SECONDARY HEAT.

Comet
Hydrox
Little Pop
Bullboat

The Comet and the Hydrox had a lively fight of it all the way,the Comet finally winning by a short lead.The Pop was third,not so close,and the Bullboat a slow fourth.

FOURTH SECONDARY HEAT.

Rough Stuff
Moerpunkee
Kenesaw
Little Bear

The race was really between the first two,for the Little Bear could not be kept right side up,and the Kenesaw was finally picked up heading for Foyt's Island.The Morepunkee was a close second,but the Rough Stuff was too much for her.

FIFTH SECONDARY HEAT.

Speejacks
White Bird
Tubera
Great Salt Spoon

A good race.The Speejacks kept ahead all the way,with the Tubera and the White Bird shifting positions.The Bird got second finally on a desperate sprint,with the Tubera a very close third.The Salt Spoon was reported as still sailing,but we did not hear of her crossing the line.

FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Vivace
Speedboy
Caesar
Golden Grass Bird

The Vivace lived up to her name,and set a lively pace.The G.G.Bird was speedy,but yawed so much that she tipped over.The Speedboy sprinted into second place,not far behind the Vivace,with the Caesar third.

THURSDAY SECOND PENULTIMATE HEAT.
(Cont'd.)
Hydrox
Comet
Rough Stuff
Morepurlee

A fine heat.The Hydrox won,with the Comet a good second, in spite of capsizes.The Rough Stuff tipped over late in the race,but came in third.

THIRD PENULTIMATE HEAT.

Sunshine Sally
Speejacks
White Bird

There were only three in this heat.The Sally was certainly the faster,and deserved the first place,but she had to work for it,as she went over once.The Speejacks was a steady second,with the White Bird a good way behind.

FIRST SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Hycrox
Speedboy
Vivace

The Hycrox led all through.The Vivace was second,till an unlucky capsize set her back.The Speedboy took advantage of this,sprinted,and got into second place.A very close heat.

SECOND SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Comet
Speejacks
Sunshine Sally

The Comet won,in spite of going over once.In fact every boat went over at least once.The Speejacks made a good second, with the Sally third.

FINAL HEAT.

Speed-boy
Comet
Hycrox
Speejacks

The first start was a poor one,so the boats were sent

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) back to try again.For nearly half the course,they kept a beautiful line,and no one could tell what would happen.The Speedboy finally sprinted into first place,with the Comet close behind,and the Hydrox a good third.The race was won in the last five yards.

Congratulations to Captain Thorndike and his gallant bark.She has served him faithfully,and now comes her reward.At supper,when the cup was presented,he referred feelingly to the fact that this was the Speedboy's fourth year.

REFLECTIONS OF A STARTER.

This is the place to write a pome,
Out on the tossing sea.
Starting the ships that are sailing home,
Tumbling on o'er the scudding foam,
Wandering aimlessly.

This is the place to laugh at the guys
That bring out the boats to sail.
Here we may hark to their horrible cries,
Listen in awe to their pants and sighs,
And scoff at their curious wail.

Kuni is prone on the floor of the boat,
Flat,with his feet in the air,
Yelling like mad 'cause he got Chase's goat,
(Chasey is uttering curses remote,
Curses,and something to spare.)

Chickweed and Doctor are cursing their luck,
Cursing the wind and the sun.
The Fork and Salt--spoon have both run amuck,

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

And sunk with an ominous hollowish cluck:

I laugh at the fiendish fun.

But see,'tis the finals,the boats number four,

The Hydrox ,the Comet,I say,

The Speejacks and Speedboy,are way on before,

The latter has won by a scant foot or more,

And thus ends a glorious day.

T.L.

We doubt if T.L. felt so poetical in 1912,when he was taking boats out to the starters,in a howling west wind.He didn't look as if his reflections would have been safe to print.

After supper we had Digestion Club,and then came in for the tree contest.We have never had such a good arrangement of specimens.Instead of being on tables,they were hanging on cords,each with its tag,two specimens of each of the thirty-one kinds.Thus no one could get specimens away,and there was none of the usual mess and confusion.We take off our hats to T.L.,who thought it up and arranged the strings.

We do not give the whole list of contestants.The first ten deserve mention,but we will spare the blushes of the tail-enders.Suffice it to say that several got only two right.

A.A.	31
C.F.P.	21
Paine	20
T.Curtis	19 1/2
J.Houghton	17 1/2
H.P.	15
Wheeler	15
Bennett	12
Corning	12
Thorndike	12

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The half-past niners played spelling,making words out of "insupportable".It is a very good word.

We give below a list of those whose blushes we do not intend to spare:those who did not get any boat finished for the race. Some of them smashed seven in the course of the summer,but never seemed to learn anything by the process.

Abbott
Coolidge
Fairchild
Goodhue
Hollister
Hun
Hecker
Miner
Pantaleoni
Thompson
Wheeler
Wheelock
Whitney

S.Houghton got one done,but put her off the flont and spoiled her just after dinner.We have never had a year with so many boys in the duffer class as regards boat-building.

MERRYWEATHER RACES.

Merryweather ladies sing this song,
Doodah! Doodah!
Merryweather race course eight rods long,
Doodah,doodah day!
Went down the slip with my sails all set,
Doodah! Doodah.'
Came back up with my feet all wet,
Doodah,doodah day!

Chorus: Gwine to race all night,
And gwine to race all day;
Some bet their money on the old Slowpoke,
Some on the Speedaway.

The gay Little Pop and the Caribou,
Doodah! Doodah!
The Tubera and the Bootjack too,
Doodah,doodah day!
See them flying like a sea-bird flock,
Doodah!Doodah!
Heading away for Pickerel Rock,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

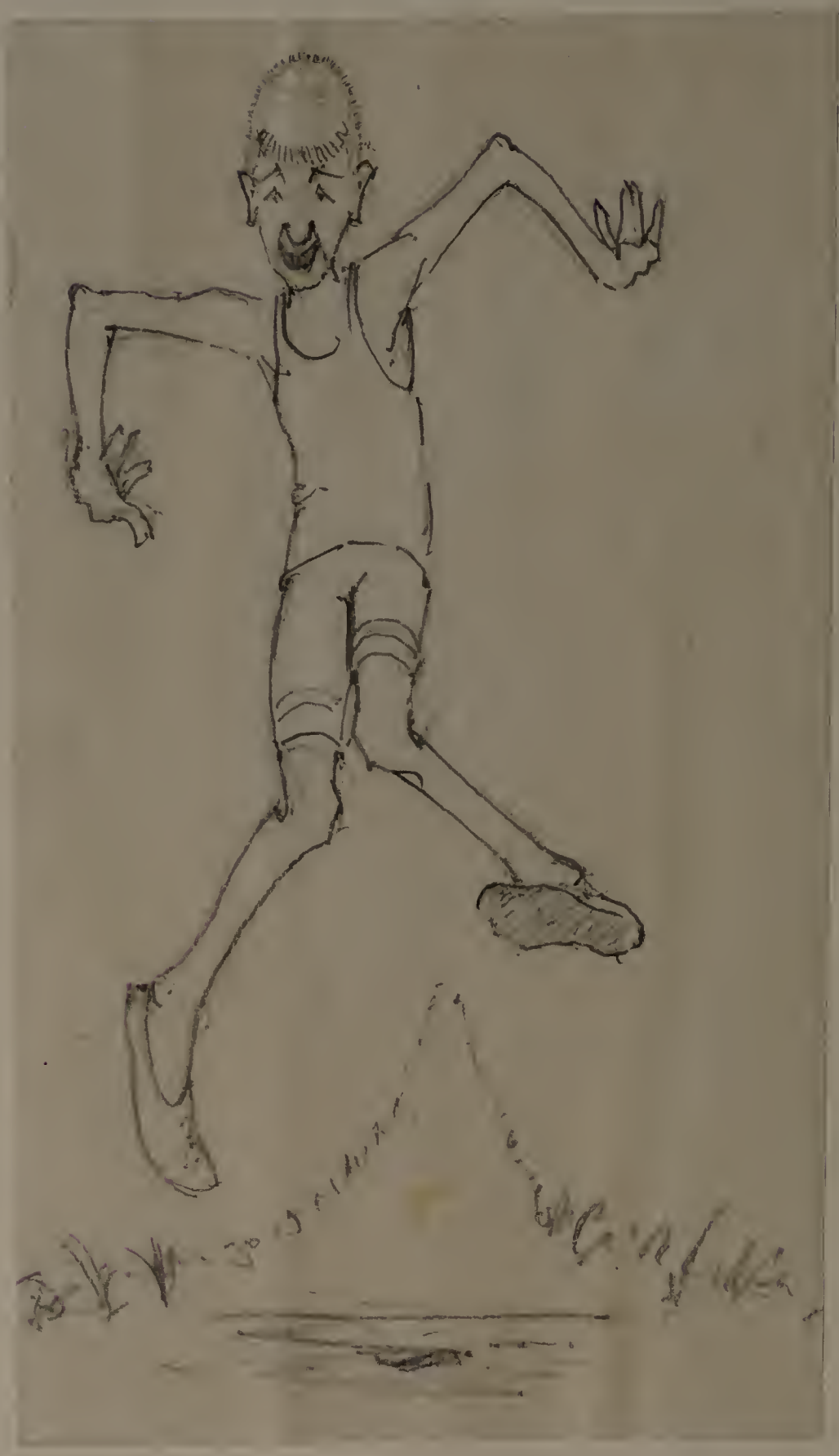
The Rocket and the Tomato -Can,
Doodah! Doodah!
Smart little craft as ever ran,
Doodah,doodah day!
Off they start with a lively dash,
Doodah! Doodah!
Over they go with a lively splash,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

Old Purple Cow is off the course,
Doodah! Doodah!
Give her a shove and send her across!
Doodah,doodah day!
Here with a tack and there with a dodge,
Doodah! Doodah!
Go ahead her off at Fourway Lodge,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

See them flying before the wind,
Doodah! Doodah!
Some before and some behind,
Doodah,doodah day!
Some of 'em down and some of 'em up,
Doodah! Doodah!
And one of 'em all to win the cup,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

L.E.F.

S. Houghton, Broad Jumping.



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Tree Game

1915.

1 Hemlock

2 Yellow Birch

3 Balsam Fir

4 Beech

5 Larch

6 Red Pine

7 Hornbeam

8 Alder

9 Swamp Maple

10. White Cedar

11 Red Maple

12 Elm

13 Linden

14 Hop Hornbeam

15 Shad Bush

16 Juniper

17 Sumach

18 Spruce

19 Cherry

20 Red Oak

21 Willow

22 Canoe Birch

23 Striped Maple

24 Witch Hazel

25 Large-toothed Aspen

26 Quaking Aspen

27 Gray Birch

28 White Ash

29 Yew

30 Hazel

FRIDAY, Aug.3, P.29.46 T.63' Water T.66' Fair N.N.W. The morning seemed very quiet, after the excitement of the recent boat-building mornings.

We hateto have to record that the Comet, which was taken from her owner's tent last night, was found this morning hopelessly damaged out by the Pine Parlor. We hope that the person who did it will be man enough to admit it.

Having finished Shagpat, we began "Robin Hood" this afternoon, taking it up where we left it last year.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

Conditions were good as far as weather went, but besides Bennett and Meeker, who were out all along, Lewis, Corning, and Fairchild were out because of their coughs.

The officials presented an elegant and professional aspect, all wearing straw hats, and most of them wearing the tops of bathing-suits and white trousers, either duck or flannel.

CLASS A HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Height.	Handicap.
Parker	4'7"	Scratch
Carey	4'6"	Scratch
Lowell	4'6"	Scratch
Pantaleoni	4'6"	Scratch

Parrish also got 4'6", but it was by virtue of his handicap, so he was not really tied with the other three.

CLASS A BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Carey	15'2 1/2"	Scratch
Pantaleoni	14'3 1/2"	Scratch
Parker	14'2 1/2"	Scratch

It was very satisfactory in both these events that the point winners were all scratch men. As will be seen, it was very close between second and third, and Lowell, who was fourth, was only a quarter of an inch behind Parker.

FRIDAY, (Cont'd.) CLASS A SHOT PUT.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Thorndike	32' 1/2"	Scratch
Parker	27'2"	1'
Leland	25'5 1/2"	7'

Thorndike outclassed the others,as can be seen by the figures.

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Time	Handicap.
Thorndike	12 s.	2 yds.
Carey		Scratch
Parrish		2 yds.

None of the three who qualified were working very hard at the end,evidently satisfied at getting into the finals, and saving themselves for those.Carey was about three yards behind Thorndike,and Parrish five yards farther back.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Parker	13 1/5 s.	3 yds.
Lowell		Scratch
Pantaleoni		Scratch

This was not a rapid heat either,for the same reason as the former.In fact Pantaleoni nearly missed his calculation, for he wasn't more than a couple of inches ahead of Hollister at the tape.Lowell was much bothered by Hun,who ran all over the field.

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Pantaleoni	11 3/5 s.
Carey	
Thorndike	

This was real business,and the finish was a good one. Carey was about four feet behind Pantaleoni,and Thorndike rather less behind him.

CLASS A 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Pantaleoni	1 m. 4 3/5 s.	Scratch
Thorndike		20 yds.
Carey		10 yds.

Thorndike's heavy handicap stood him in good steal, for he led until part way down the hundred,when Pantaleoni

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) passed him. This event, which was the last for Class A, gave Pantaleoni the win.

CLASS B HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Height.	Handicap.
T.Curtis	4'1"	Scratch
Chapman	4'	Scratch
S.Houghton	3'9"	Scratch

Here again good handicapping showed, with three scratch men leading.

CLASS B BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
T.Curtis	12'4 1/4"	Scratch
Sredberg	11'11 1/2"	1'
Chapman	11'6 1/2".	Scratch

Goodhue also did 11'6 1/2", but it was with a handicap, so the place goes to Chapman.

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Chapman	23'2 1/2"	Scratch
Payson	24'7"	Scratch
T.Curtis	24'3"	3'

Chapman was over three feet better than anyone else, and certainly earned his five points.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
S.Houghton	14 3/5 s.	3 yds.
T.Curtis		Scratch
Scott		3 yds.

T.Curtis was three feet behind Houghton at the finish. Scott was about five yards behind him.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Payson	14 1/5 s.	Scratch
Chapman		4 yds.
Paine		Scratch

It looked a little as if Chapman owed his place more or less to his handicap.

FRIDAY, (Cont'd.)

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Payson	14 s.
T.Curtis	
Chapman	

This was the second race.The first was not satisfactory,because Curtis was crowded and hampered,if not actually fouled, and fell just before the finish.The time was not so good as in the second race,being 14 1/5 s.at the finish T.Curtis was not more than a foot behind Payson,and led Chapman by about the same.

CLASS B 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
T.Curtis	1 m.11 3/5 s.	20 yds.
Chapman		16 yds.
Paine		Scratch

Snedeker,who had a very long handicap,led as far as third base,where he was passed by S.Houghton.Then Curtis came to the front,and held his lead the rest of the way.Even if the first two places had been reversed,T.Curtis would still have had the cup.

CLASS C HIGH JUMP.

Name	Height.	Handicap.
Thompson	5'2"	Scratch
Lansingh	5'1"	1"
Whitney	5'1"	1"

Wheelock's jump appears as tying Whitney and Lansingh, but his handicap was larger than theirs,so he does not share in the points.

CLASS C BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Coolidge	12'4 3/4"	Scratch
Whitney	12'2 1/2"	1'
Stackpole	11'2 3/4"	1'

Coolidge did very well,coming up over a foot in his jumps.Whitney bettered his mark by nearly a foot.

FROM CLASS C HUNDRED YARD DASH.
(Cont'd.)

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Whitney	1F 1/5 s.	3 yds.
Thompson		5 yds.
Abbott		5 yds.

Thompson was very close on Whitney, but Abbott was a very slow third. Only two were placed in the finals.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Wheelock	1F 1/5 s.	4 yds.
Stackpole		3 yds.
Dulsingh		Scratch

Not a very speedy heat, as can be seen by the time as given.

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Whitney	1F s.
Thompson	
Wheelock	

Whitney did not make quite such good time as he did in the first heat, but it was better than the time of the second. Thompson was three feet behind, and Wheelock two yards behind Thompson.

CLASS C 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Stackpole	1 M. 1F 4/5 s.	50 yds.
Whitney		15 yds.
Coolidge		40 yds.

There were no scratch men, as Meeker, the only one, was not allowed to run. Coolidge passed Stackpole at third base, but Stackpole repassed him by the start of the hundred, and kept his lead. Whitney passed Coolidge by a good sprint, and second place was enough to give him the cup.

So ended a very good meet. It was not a day for records, but good work was done, and that is the main thing, after all. We give the list of point winners on the next page.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

LIST OF POINT WINNERS.

CLASS A.

	High.	Broad.	Shot.	100.	220.	Total.
Pattaleoni	1	1/3 3		1	1	12 1/3
Carey	1	1/3 5		3	1	10 1/3
Parker	5	1	3			9
Thorndike			5	1	3	9
Lowell	1	1/3				1 1/3
Leland			1			1

CLASS B.

T.Curtis	5	5	1	3	5	19
Chapman	3	1	5	1	3	13
Payson			3	5		8
Smedberg		3				3
Paine					1	1
S.Loughton	1					1

CLASS C.

Whitney	2	3		5	3	13
Thompson	5			3		8
Coolidge		5			1	6
Stackpole		1			5	6
Lansingh	2					2
Wheelock				1		1

After supper came Digestion Club, except for those who were rehearsing.

Then came Dumb Cranbo, which in turn was followed by half-past nine Boston.

SATURDAY, Sept.5, Fair, Hot. W.W. by W. Whether the weather report got lost,or Pops forgot to make it,we don't know.It was a glorious day,though pretty hot in the afternoon.

A good many rehearrals this morning,of course.A big squad got pine boughs for decorations,and a bonfire squad did good service.

It was hardly a handy time for callers,but the two we had were very pleasant,and stayed only a little while,so we didn't mind.They were Mrs.Holt and Elwell,of Camp Kowabi,where John Houghton was last year.Having finished their season,with a fancy dress party,they were motoring in this direction,and thought they would like to take a look at us.

PICNIC AT POYT'S ISLAND.
Start at 11 o'clock.

WORRY.	OCTIER.	APOL.	HIM.	RIP.	ARGUS.
E.R.	C.V.	C.L.H.	J.G.C.	Lowell	F.T.V.P.
Ferris	Corning	Lansingh	Swedberg	Paine	Fairchild
S.Houghton	P.Curtis	Miner	Wheelock	Scott	R.R.
Parker	James	Carey	Parrish	Leland	

TIFFOR.	WILLIAM.	IDENTICAL.	YANKEESCHOONER.
C.L.L.	L.T.E.	J.M.V.S.	A.G.
Hun	Hollister	Pants	Thorndike
Thorpen	Stackpole	Coolidge	T.I.

QUAHAUGH.
H.F.C.
A.A.
H.F.
Wheeler
Winthrop
T.Curtis
Keeler
J.Houghton
Goodhue
Abbott

This gallant company proceeded to the dry-dock,where they dined extensively.The frog dumplings went too,so no one needed to worry.

After dinner came a rehearsal or two,and then Skowhegan up inthe field.It was very hot,and the field,which has been cut,was full of thistles,but the games were lively all the same.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) At three o'clock it was all aboard for home;and once there the work of decorating began,with rehearsals and collecting of cauldrons,zoetropes theodolites,fenny snakes,and such other articles as were needed for the evening's entertainment.

The decorating committee did fine service.A great deal of ground pine had been brought over fron Foyt's,and that and great bunches of golden-rod,added to the usual pine and cat-tails,made the room as pretty as we have ever seen it.And when it was done all hands went in for a swim.

Just about this time arrived one of our western travelers,to wit E.W.P..It is good to see her back,even at this late date.

Eleanor W. Burrage

And let us also add here the later arrival,though it did not come till we had begun our stunts.We'd been expecting him any time during the past twenty-four hours,and Roger was very much worried for fear he had started on his motor-cycle and had lost his way.Here he was,safe and sound,already to be Ali Baba in a stunt.

Hamilton Coolidge

The dressing was much more comfortable than it was last year, for there was no rain,and it was warm enough for even the thinly clad to flit about easily.We began very promptly,lining up in the South Dormitory as usual.Here follows the full list of characters,though A.L.R. was playing the piano,and H.C. did not arrive till the march was over.When one person took two parts,we have tried to put him down in the character in which he marched. We may not have done this always,though,not having had so good a view of the procession as we might have had.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) THE GRAND MARCH.

Caesar Borgia	C.W.
Lucretia Borgia	R.R.
Borgiana	R.T.
Ali Baba	H.C.
Robber Captain	H.T.E.P.
First Thief	Carey
Second thief	Corning
Third Thief	J.Houghton
Fourth Thief	Coolidge
Prince Agib	T.L.
The listener	Parrish
First Tartar Minstrel	Fairchild
Second Tartar Minstrel	Hollister
First Officer	Abbott
Second Officer	Lewis
Third Officer	Leland
Fourth Officer	Wheelock
Mr.Weller	A.G.
Sam Weller	Bennett
Mr.Stiggins	L.H.V.S.
The Western Queen	Lun
Jim	Stackpole
Joe	Thorndike
Jerry	J.G.C.
Red Devil	Goodhue
Blue Devil	P.Curtis
Macbeth	A.A.
First Witch	A.M.R.
Second Witch	S.Houghton
A.Bloody Child	Miner
Armed Child	Whitney
Clarence O'Shea	G.F.A.
Bud Lanigan	L.C.B.
Villian	C.F.P.
The Poet	Pantaleoni
The Villain	R.P.C.
Vermello	Lowell
Unlucky	Meeker
King Arthur	Parker
The Miller	T.Curtis
First Lady	Thompson
Second Lady	Lansingh
A Nobleman	Payson
The Sleeping Beauty	C.S.
The Prince	G.E.A.
Pocahontas	Chapman
John Smith	Wheeler
Powhatan	Paine
First Brave	Snedeker
Second Brave	Winthrop
Third Brave	Scott
Fourth Brave	James

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) This brilliant company circled round the pool several times, and then took partners for a one-step. The first stunt of the evening was

POCAHONTAS, A FOREST DRAMA.

This was brief but thrilling. The fall of the curtain revealed the hapless explorer in the hands of his captors, who danced and yelled round him in truly blood-curdling fashion. We could not get the exact meaning of their words, and we haven't had time to ask T.L. to translate them for us, but their general purport was only too plain, especially when Powhatan raised his weapon. It was a great relief when the fair Pocahontas rushed in, and flung herself down beside the captive in such a way that any blow aimed at him would strike her first.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Another brief drama, in two scenes. The first revealed L.F.R. as the spinning fairy, turning her mystic wheel. Enter C.S. as the princess, and in a moment the spell had worked, and the lovely maiden lay on the floor in deep sleep. The hundred years passed rapidly, and behold G.E.A., "fleeter-footed than the fox", making his way through all obstacles in a manner that showed his training in Indoor Scouting. No trees nor table legs could stop him, and in a moment the charm was snapped, and the Princess was his.

A SCENE FROM PICKWICK.

It is a long way from fairy princes and princesses to Mr. Weller and the Deputy Shepherd, but we took the leap, thanks to the actors, with ease and agility. A.G. was a fine old coachman, especially when he began kicking, and Bennet looked like a very lively Sam, in spite of his mourning hat-band. (We have always said that he looked like Sam.) As for L.F.V.S. as the red-nosed man, he was truly a

BARUCH (Cont'd.) sweet object,and there were those who would hardly have recognized,him.No one could wonder that Mr.Weller kicked him.he looked as if he needed kicking.

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

. . This brief historical opera deals with the famous episode of the theft of the barley meal.Parker filled the rol of the king with dignity and cheerfulness,especially when he got a chance to supplement his ordinary bill of fare with barley meal.R.R. made a very domestic Queen,caring for her lord's digestion as well as for his palate.T.Curtis was a capital miller.Parson and Leland were a dashing pair of noblemen,and Thompson and Lansingh were as lovely ladies as one would see in a summer's day.We shall give the full text of the opera a little later.

PRINCE AGIB.

We have seen this noble ballad acted before,but never was a more princely prince than T.L.Men of evil mind might question whether he were indeed a prince,but we knew better. Why,one had only to look at him,as his gentle spirit rolled in the melody of souls,to see that here was a prince indeed. Parrish filled the painful part of the gentleman who listened with great success.He made his part less painful by putting a folded bath towel in that part of his costume where it would do most good.Fairchild and Hollister certainly played infernally.If their minds were as evil as their music,they must have been pretty bad.Bemis,Leland,Abbott,and Wheeler were fierce and forceful as the guards,and wallowed their victim in great style.This ballad is an awful warning against eavesdropping.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

MACBETH.

Not the whole play, of course, but the last scene with the witches. The scene was pretty weird. The curtain revealed the cauldron, gloving with strange lights, and three black-shrouded figures circling round it, dropping in their horrid ingredients. A.M.R. was the first witch, R.P.J. the second, and S.Boughton the third. Then A.A. strode in as Macbeth, a fine martial figure with sword and shield, the crown he had gained by his crimes on his royal brow. One by one the apparitions rose; Guido as the armed head, Miner as the bloody child, and Whitney as the crowned child: all in white, ghastly in the glare of the cauldron. There was a good deal of real excitement, especially behind the cauldron, for the lights spat fire all about in a totally unexpected way. The third witch got a big spark in his shoe, and the armed head got really on fire, and had to be put out by A.G. Mosquito netting and cheesecloth are not the materials one would choose to wear with such goings on. But no real damage was done, and the effect was certainly as ghastly and uncanny as could have been wished for.

PORGIA.

We do not often put in a charade at this time, but this is a beauty. For the first syllable we had M.T.J.P. making a call on C.S., and boring her most horribly by his talk. Then came Ali Baba and the forty thieves. For "jar" M.T.J.P., the robber captain, in most wonderful green garments, hit Carey, Corning, J.Boughton, and Coolidge, in the jars, and down they dunked out of sight. Then R.P. appeared as Porgian, most Oriental to behold, and discovered the peculiar contents of the jars. The groans of her victims as she poured the oil on were very fine. Ali Baba (E.C.), an imposing figure, then entertained the robber captain at supper. Porgiana, noting that the guest would not eat salt, guessed that some

SATURDAY thing was wrong,and stabbed the guest with force
(Cont'd.)
and dexterity,so that he rolled right over on his back and died immediately.The whole word was the best scene.R.H., as Lucretia Borgia,was revealed in her laboratory,which was also apparently her dining-room,experimenting.To her enter in succession Whitney and T.Curtis as troublesome tradesmen, to be given glasses of wine,which finished them in short order.A.H. as old Mr.Borgia was the next victim.He was very uneasy at the idea of breakfasting with his daughter,but she was very affectionate,and finally persuaded him that a boiled egg would be safe,even if he did not trust her.So he ate the egg,and went off in spasms all over the carpet.And then in came Brother Caesar,(C.W.);a most dashing and swash-buckling blade.He was much amused at the signs of Lucretia's activity, though he thought that the corpse of his patent spoiled his appetite for breakfast.Besides,he was frankly suspicious.But finally the amiable pair agreed to take some coffee,there being an agreement in the family that beverages should be let alone.Of course each poisoned the other;and their disgust when they found each other out was joyful to look upon.As for Caesar's last agonies,when he jumped three feet in the air and dropped with a crash on the floor,it makes us ache to think of it.

THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

The scene began with the landing of the three sailors on the island,where Lucy as the Queen sat in calm splendor. J.C.C. and Thorndike as Jerry and Joe called each other names in Greek style:while Stacy as Jim cut in and kissed the

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Queen,and then the red and blue devils,Goodhue and P. Curtis,came out and set Joe and Jerry to work.It was a delightful scene,and highly moral besides.

ANDY COGGIN'S.

Clarence O'Shea is dear to all the hearts of those of us who know him,and G.F.A. made him even more of a joy than he was before.He surely fought strong and not weak.L.C.H. was capital as Henrion,and Guido was wonderful as the "Angora poet."He looked as vague and monstrual as ever a pote can possible look.C.F.F. was extremely haughty,and "shrugged his nose at us" with all the pride of a man who has been in the cavalry.As for R.P.C. as the villain,we can quite believe that he killed Yvernelle's father and Kathryn's,and indeed all the fathers in the neighborhood.He was a bad man if ever there was one.Meeker was a capital Thuthelred. though we doubt if he would be very villainous.But Yvernelle! Words fail us when we try to describe that vision of golden-haired loveliness.No wonder Thuthelred got lost in the glare of her beauty.Has none ever thought of bleaching his hair,or getting a blonde wig?He would create a sensation in Chestnut Hall.

Well,that ended the stunts,and grand stunts they were.And then came the reel:forty-five minutes to the second,though it was danced double.Of course it would be quicker if so many of the younger boys didn't have to be coached.Why not a reel squad next year,shortly before the party?

Lemon sherbet was a welcome thought,and we ate and were merry. Taps was fine,with three circles,and then came clearing up and table setting.And then there was faculty swim:though it really should go on Monday morning.

SUNDAY Sept.5. Fair Warm S.W. Breakfast was late,of course,but with very little to do in the way of wash lists and letters we were ready for service at the usual time.

And then came the photographing:a long and arduous job, and made worse than usual this time by the trying nature of the autographic film,which plays all sorts of games.Skipper didn't order that kind,but they came,and he has had much trouble with them.

But at last it was all done,and all hands went in for a swim.Safety-pins were restored,costumes were piled waist deep in the second ~~tent~~ tent,and swords and shields began to turn up in odd places.

PICNIC AT HEDLOCK POINT.

COMM'R.	LIEN.	APOL.	YORK.	RUP.	LIEUT.
C.I.A.	I.C.E.	A.A.	I.C.	R.P.C.	L.H.V.S.
Corning	P.Curtis	Penis	Goodhue	Chapman	Parrish
Whitney	Miner	leland	Coolidge	Paine	Heeler
C.S.	E.W.F.	Bennett	J.G.C.	R.B.	

TAILOR.	ARIEUS.	PANTASOTE.	YACHT SCHOONER.	OUTMANOEVRE.
C.T.I.	H.T.H.P.	Parker	A.G.	I.K.
Hollister	Thorndike	Jones	Payson	Fairchild Hun
A.M.R.	E.D.	Lansingh	J.Houghton	Smedberg Scott
				P.Curtis Wheeler
				Wheelock Lowell
				S.HoughtonThompson
				I.F.d.
				Abbott
				Winthrop
				Stackpole

It was too bad that we had to have any stay-at-homes from the last picnic,but R.R. had a bad sick headache,and Guido was knocked out entirely by a fall while scrapping on the float this morning.He thought he could get up and go to the picnic,but when he tried to sit up he found that it was not so easy as he thought it would be.As for I.W.,he stayed at home to look out for the invalids.

It was a lovely picnic,with a good game of Hold beforehand, After supper we had so much time that we had a wild circular

SUNDAY story before our songs.
(Cont'd.)

Singing was very good;and ended with "The Merryweather Light",and then Auld Lang Syne,hand in hand round the fire.

And then it was light lanterns,and stumble along the path to the boats;for though lanterns help,they do not make our path a boulevard,by any means.

We kept a good line home,in spite of a brisk following wind,which sent us coasting in great shape.

When we got home we found that the invalids were better.In fact E.F. was up and in for hymns.

Hymns were lovely,and we finished the whole list,which is unusual.

Then we had two poems;Emerson's "The Problem",and "The Long Trail",which we always have the last Sunday night.Then came "In the Bukh",or as much of it as we had time for.

And Peps Wheeler had a special dispensation to sit up.His birthday is Monday,and as he would be sitting up then anyway for the bonfire,it seemed hard that he shouldnt have one evening of half past nine privileges.

So ended the last Sunday of many delightful ones.

MONDAY, Sept.6, Cloudy, Cool, S.W. "The morning dawned full darkly", and we expected at every moment that the rain would come.Still,it held off,and packing and bonfire scouts went on in good earnest.No trunks to go early this time,as we had all the checks ourselves,and could put them on at leisure.Bill Payson,hearing someone speak of cashing a cheque,says"Why, no one did that to mine."

After dinner there came a spatter or two of rain,but we were able to read in the Fine Parlour;and at 2-15 we broke up to get ready for the final scouting afternoon.

LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The first game was a decided victory for the Algonquins, with two runs,and a good lead in shots.This put them one up.

In the second game the Iroquois turned the tables,with three runs,and a good lead in shots.Could a thing be much closer without a final tie?

The third game was hotly fought.The Algonquins made more shots,but late in the game A.A. saw Whitney come up dead,and knew that he was a guard.He started on the run from the bone-yard,picked up a party at the south end of the upper woods, and took them down.Most of them were killed,but Corning got to the line first.This,with the run C.W. made when he killed Whitney,gave them game,season,and cup.

So ended a close and hard-fought season.Congratulations to the Iroquois on their victory,and to both tribes on their work and their spirit.

Tartaleoni was not playing,on account of his shoulder.It is better,but crawling would be impossible,and he has broken his glasses,he would not have been a very effective guard.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.M.V.S.	✓			X			✓	-	
A.G.	X	•	/	X			X	•	
R.P.C.	✓			X			X	•	
A.M.R.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Bemis	X	••		X			X	-	
Bennett	✓			X	•			•	
Curtis, P.		•••		X	•		X	-	
Fairchild			/	✓				••	
Houghton, S.	✓				•		X	-	
Hun	✓			✓				••	
Leland, O.	✓			X	••		X	-	
Lowell		••		X			X	••	
Meeker	✓			X			✓	-	
Parker	X			✓			✓	-	
Scott	X			X			✓	-	
Thompson	X	•		X			✓	-	
Thorndike		•••			•			•••	
Wheeler	✓			X			X	•	
Wheelock	✓			X			✓	-	
Whitney	✓			X	•		X	-	
Winthrop	X			X				•	
								-	
								-	
								-	
	6	12	2	15	7		9	14	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	✓				••		X	•	/
L.C.Z.	✓			X			X		
G.E.A.	X	••			•			••	
A.A.	✓			X	•		X	••	
C.F.B.	✓			X			✓		
J.G.C.	✓			✓			✓		
H.C.	X			X			X		
Abbott	✓			X			X		
Carey	X	•		✓			✓		
Chapman	X			✓			X		
Coolidge		•		✓			✓		
Corning	X			✓			X		/
Curtis, T.	X			✓			✓		
Goodhue	X			✓			X		
Hollister	X			✓			X		
Houghton, J.	✓			✓			✓		
James	X			X	•		X		
Lansingh	✓					1		•	
Miner	X				••••	1	X	•	
Paine		•		✓			✓		
Pantaleoni	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Parrish	X			X			✓		
Payson	X			✓			X		
Smedberg	✓				•••••	1	X	••	
Stackpole		•		✓			X		
	12	6		7	15	3	14	9	2

MCIIAY (Cont'd. F.C. played for the Irocuois;three Coolidges together.

It is interesting to notice that five out of the seven runs made in the afternoon were made by half-past ~~riners~~ eighters, four of them small.

Thorndike and Smedberg each killed seven in the afternoon and Miner six.

Supper was a prolonged meal.First came the dormitory prizes,as follows:

First Prize, James.
Second Prize, Paine.
Third Prize, J.Ieland.
Honorable Mention,in order:Dennis,Langsingh,Bennett,and Reynolds.

TRACK AND FIELD CUPS.

Class A , C.Pantaleoni.
Class B, T.Curtis.
Class C, Hugh Whitney.

CANOE CUP.
Parker.

Then Skipper said a word or two in praise of the grand scouting season,and left the floor to T.I.

The Algonquin captain spoke with feeling of the horrible shakiness of nerves as one sits in the bore-yard and watches things happen and hears shots.Never again,he vows,will he be a spectator and director all the season.(We hope he is right there.We would rather have him that way.than not at all,but next year we hope to see him in the field,leading the charge.) It had been a darned good season,and if one was to be beaten one couldn't be beaten by a better man than C.V.and he harded

MOLLY the cup to the Iroquois captain.
(Cont'd.)

C.F. responded,speaking of the remarkable good feeling that had been kept up all the season.The Iroquois,he said,are a bit perry in the temper,but this year there has been splendid feeling on both sides.He praised the Algonquins for the way in which they fought the season,when things looked so much against them at the start.

Then came the healths,the two captains passing the cup round together.

F.F. led off with,"Peter,God bless him." Mr C.V. went on with "Tyrus and his braves."

"The Skipper,standing on your chairs!(C.W.,and some of us had one foot on the table.)

"The Ladies'(T.L.)

L.E.F. then spoke of the fonde reminders that will remain to us; Moses'sweater,Fudwuddle's stockings,etc.,and reminded everyone of letters.

And in the midst of our fun,we stopped for a moment to drink a silent toast to the memory of Moulton Bartlett,the friend who never grows old.

Then A.A. proposed "The best losers that ever were'.

L.E.F.:"That long-suffering body,the Merryweather tutors."

L.C.Z.:"That even more long-suffering body,the Merryweather tutees."

J.C.C.:"Captain John."(Don't we wish he were here!)

Thorndike:"The Faculty!"

Parker:"The Prefects!"

F.F.:"Our long-suffering secretary;the man who is always on his job!"

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)
A.A.:"Gentlemen,Hoburkus!"

A.C.:"Duke and his faithful keepers,the Houghtons!"

Smedberg:"Our hero!"

Time was getting on,so we had "The Little Pig",and then cleared the table.

There was a brief interval of packing,checking,and odd jobs generally,and then it was "All hands up for the bon-fire". The work of the birch squads had borne splendid fruit,and the blaze was one that might have roused Pine Island,if they had not broken up last week.

There were also red and green lights,and Roman candles, and Smedberg had two fine fire balloons,which sailed a good way before they burned up.

We sang "Auld Lang Syne" round the fire,and then the half-past eighters went to bed.The rest of us had time to finish "In the Pukh",and "The Lost Blend",and ended the day with "The Feet of the Young Men."Could there be a better ending to day and season?

TUESDAY, Sept.7, Fair, Warm, S.W.

A lovely day,and the getting up began bright and early,for all trunks were to be locked before breakfast.So Tom Bennett came in with his half packed, and had to be finished by force and arms.

Sam Houghton doesn't believe in dressing up for a journey, and wore the shirt he had worn in the last scouting game,and for a week before.Scotty had a wholly unrelated coat and pair of trousers.But Fudwuddle had on garters.They were given to him at breakfast,and A.G. took an extra one in case of accidents.

Besides the two hay-riggings,there was a three-seater for those of us who were coming back,and Gus rode ahead on his bicycle.

All reached the station safely,though Beef had to run back after his overcoat,leaving hat and coat in the wagon.The train-men gasped at the sight of the trunks,but faculty and prefects pitched in and helped,and soon the last boy and the last trunk were on board.

C.W. and A.G. had a good big crowd to see to,but they are able for it.

Besides the big crowd,Thorndike,Jiggs,and John Corning went off very proud and select to Oakland,to catch the Bar Harbor.Tubera had had a pail of fish,as usual.

Greg Bemis's family came for him by motor,and just after swim "Our Hero" departed with his family,in a motor boat.

Well,it was hard to let them go,and here's hoping for as many of them back as may be next year.

We came back from the station eleven in one three-seater;total weight,over seventeen hundred pounds.The back seat relieved its feelings by mauling Chasey all the way home.

We had a good swim,and felt that after all thirteen was a pretty good number.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.) For afternoon reading we began "The Pavilion on the Links."

After reading we worked till four,picking up generally, and then most of us went out canoeing for an hour.

Then we went up to the pie parlour for supper.It was a very grand affair,with scrambled eggs and bacon and tea!Was ever such magnificence? But you see J.F. had come,and we had to celebrate.He told us all sorts of interesting things about Plattsburgh,and one cannot help feeling that this year's experiment is the beginning of something new and big.

We sat round our fire a long time,but when it got to be eight o'clock we headed for home,greatly assisted by Peps's acetylene lamp.

Then came music for a while,and then we went on with "The Pavilion".

Peps went to bed at half past nine,and none of us stayed up very late.Faculty and prefects moved into the South;all except R.P.C.,who was already in bed and asleep when the move was suggested.

WEDNESDAY, Sept.8, Fog a.m., Clearing, Warm, S.W.

This morning we lost Erick and Caroline.A sad loss,but it was good to have them stay over,even for so short a time.

Gus is on the sick list to-day,with a bad headache,and feeling poorly all over.The rest of the company did a great deal of work among mattresses etc. all the morning.

For morning reading we have begun "The Pentecost of Calamity" by Owen Wister.For afternoon,now that we have finished "The Pavilion on the Links,we have begun "The New Arabian Nights".

After reading to-day we divided.T.L. and F.P.C. made an expedition to the Point in search of sleep,which they found in abundance.Gus also slept,and F.W.B. picked up and read.J.L. went up to Fourway Lodge,to look at his estate,and Pers went out fishing in the Bob Boy.The rest went on an expedition to the Caves,in the Eben and the Merry.

I.F.I. and F.I. stayed near the landing and found a wonderful new picnic place.They also played a new game of scouting,just by themselves.

F.I.,I.C.Z.,C.F.B.,and A.M.I. went up to the caves by the path, and had a wonderful view.The haze only made the hills look more beautiful.We sat on the shelf for a while,and then C.F.B. and A.M.I. went down to take a look at the caves.C.F.B. could not get in so far as Pudwuddle did last year,but when he saw something white he reached way in,and pulled out-- a scouting cap! So we find traces of our Pudwuddle,even so far away.

When we got home,a bit late,we were welcomed by a comb band, who discoursed sweet but reproachful music at us.We also found our number augmented by Asher Estey Hinds

He hasn't been here for two years. Supper,music,stroy,and bed. This seems an abrupt ending,but I wanted to end on this page.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.I.A.	4	13	11	8	2	1	0	1	7	.615
Thorndike	4	16	7	9	3	0	1	0	4	.562
I.M.I.S.	4	19	7	10	1	0	0	0	1	.527
Carey	4	16	5	5	1	0	0	3	2	.312
Partalecris	3	13	2	4	0	0	0	1	1	.307
C.F.-	3	17	2	5	1	0	0	0	0	.294
J.G.C.	4	14	10	4	1	1	0	2	3	.285
L.C.A.	4	20	1	5	1	0	0	4	0	.250
T.L.-	4	16	2	4	2	2	0	2	2	.250
R.P.C.	4	20	9	5	2	0	0	2	1	.250
Hollister	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.250
Lovell	4	20	5	4	0	0	0	5	1	.200
Parker	3	16	3	3	1	0	0	3	0	.188
Leland	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	.167
A.J.-	2	7	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	.143
C.F.P.	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.111
Ferris	3	10	1	1	0	0	0	2	2	.100
Parrish	4	14	2	1	0	0	0	7	2	.067
A.C.-	4	19	1	1	0	0	0	7	0	.052
Fairchild	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Bennett	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Corning	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Cross	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000

VISITORS.

A.T.	1	6	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	.333
R.C.F.	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	1	2	.250
J.E.A.	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.200
A.F.-	1	6	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	.166

Compiled by A.A.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	T.F.	R.	F.	2	3	4	T.C.	P.F.	Ave.
C.F.F.	8	28	21	18	6	2	0	2	10	.428
Thorndike	4	16	7	9	3	0	1	0	4	.562
L.N.J.S.	6	28	9	14	1	0	0	0	0	.500
Carey	6	24	5	9	2	0	0	0	4	.375
Hollister	3	6	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	.333
R.F.C.	8	38	11	11	5	0	0	2	4	.289
L.C.Z.	8	38	4	11	4	0	0	7	1	.289
J.C.C.	4	14	10	4	1	1	0	2	2	.285
T.I.	8	32	9	8	3	2	0	7	3	.278
A.A.	4	15	5	4	0	0	0	2	2	.266
C.V.	7	35	7	9	2	2	0	6	0	.257
C.Parts.	5	21	2	5	0	0	0	4	1	.238
Iovell	8	36	8	8	1	0	0	13	2	.210
A.T.	4	18	2	3	1	0	0	4	0	.167
Ieland	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	.167
A.C.	8	38	4	6	2	0	0	10	0	.158
Parker	7	34	9	6	3	0	0	1	0	.154
Bemis	7	24	3	3	0	0	0	4	4	.125
C.F.E.	5	20	3	2	1	0	0	5	1	.100
Austin	4	12	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.083
Parrish	8	29	2	2	1	0	0	12	2	.069
Cross	4	15	2	1	0	0	0	4	1	.067
Fairchild	5	14	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Bennett	5	13	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
L.Parts.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Corning	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000

VISITORS.

L.W.S.	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.500
P.P.	2	6	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	.333
A.T.	1	6	2	2	0	0	0	2	2	.333
R.C.F.	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	1	2	.250
J.F.A.	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.200
A.S.	1	6	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	.167
J.P.	2	8	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	.125
F.W.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
P.Ieland	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

Compiled by A.A.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G...	A.B.	R.	H	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.F.B.	2	9	3	5	1	0	0	2	0	.555
J.G.C.	3	14	11	7	3	0	0	0	1	.500
A.A.	3	8	11	4	1	0	0	1	6	.500
Thorndike	4	19	8	9	2	1	0	2	3	.473
Lowell	4	17	10	6	2	0	0	3	4	.353
Parker	4	20	4	7	3	0	0	4	0	.350
Carey	4	18	6	6	0	0	0	1	1	.333
Leland	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.333
Parrish	4	14	4	4	1	0	0	4	6	.285
Cross	2	7	2	2	0	0	0	3	2	.285
Hollister	4	15	1	4	0	0	0	2	4	.266
C.Pants.	2	9	1	2	0	0	0	4	0	.222
James	3	12	0	2	0	0	0	1	2	.166
Fiarchild	4	19	2	3	1	0	0	5	1	.157
Chapman	2	10	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	.100
Penis	4	18	9	1	0	0	0	9	4	.055
Paine	4	16	1	0	0	0	0	13	3	.000
Bennett	4	15	1	0	0	0	0	6	4	.000
Corning	4	14	0	0	0	0	0	7	5	.000
Payson	3	11	1	0	0	0	0	6	1	.000
Whittmore	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Smedberg	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
P.Curtis	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Miner	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000
Meeker	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000

Visitors.

Chapin	1	5	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	.600
C.Corning	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000

Compiled by A.A.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.	
A.A.	5	16	14	8	3	0	0	1	7	.500	
J.G.O.	3	14	11	7	3	0	0	0	1	.500	#
C.F.B.	5	19	4	9	2	1	0	2	3	.473	
Thorndike	4	19	8	9	2	1	0	2	3	.473	#
A.T.	3	13	1	5	3	0	0	2	2	.384	#
O.Leland	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.384	#
Parrish	7	26	7	8	2	0	0	11	7	.307	
Lowell	7	25	16	7	3	0	0	6	9	.280	
Parker	7	34	7	9	4	0	0	7	0	.264	
Carey	7	27	7	7	0	0	0	1	2	.260	
Cross	5	20	3	5	1	0	0	7	2	.250	
Hollister	6	21	1	5	0	0	0	5	4	.238	
G.Pants.	5	22	4	5	0	0	0	10	1	.227	
Chapman	4	12	1	2	0	0	0	4	0	.166	
Fairchild	7	27	2	3	1	0	0	8	3	.111	
Janes	6	20	0	2	0	0	0	5	4	.100	
Hemett	7	26	4	2	0	0	0	10	9	.076	
Austin	3	14	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	.071	#
Ferris	7	28	10	1	0	0	0	10	9	.037	
Paine	7	24	1	0	0	0	0	20	6	.000	
Payson	5	16	1	0	0	0	0	10	1	.000	
Corning	4	14	0	0	0	0	0	7	5	.000	
R.Pants.	3	11	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	.000	#
Whittmore	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000	
Miner	2	7	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000	
Smedberg	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000	#
T.Curtis	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000	
Winthrop	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000	
Reynolds	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000	#
Wheelock	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000	
Becker	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000	#

#one month only.

Visitors and Other.

G.T.A.	2	6	3	4	1	0	0	1	2	.667	
R.R.	1	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	.667	#
Chapin	1	5	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	.667	#
C.Corning	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000	#
F.Leland	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000	#

Compiled by A.A.

3/5

LIST OF HEIGHTS.

Name.	Height.	Gain since 1914.
Parrish	5'10 1/2"	
Fay	5'10 3/8"	3"
Parker	5'9 5/8"	.1/4".
Iovell	5'9 1/2"	1.7/16"
Thorndike	5'9 1/2	.15/16"
Cross	5'8 1/4"	3"
Bennett	5'7 5/8"	
C.Pantaleoni	5'7 9/16"	
Reynolds	5'7 1/2"	3.1/4".
Carey	5'6"	1.1/2".
Fairchild	5'5 3/4"	
Paine	5'5 3/8"	2.3/4".
Chapman	5'5 1/16"	
Scott	5'4 3/4".	4 1/8"
Hollister	5'4 9/16"	
James	5'4 1/2"	3.1/2"
Wheeler	5'4 1/8"	
Payson	5'3 1/4 "	
T.Curtis	5'2 5/8"	1 7/8"
Weeker	5'2 9/16"	
S.Houghton	5'1 5/8"	1.3/4"
C.Ieland	5'1 5/8"	2 3/4"
Austin	5'1"	1 3/4".
Bemis	5' 1/2"	
Abbott	5' 7/16"	
J.Houghton	5' 3/8"	
Thompson	5' 5/16"	
Winthrop	5'. 1/4"	
Wheelock	5'. 1/8"	
P.Pantaleoni	4'11 3/4"	
Whitney	4'11 3/4"	
Whittemore	4'11 3/4"	
Lansingh	4'11 1/2"	1 3/4"
Newbold	4'11 1/4"	
P.Curtis	4'10 1/4"	3"
Miner	4'10 1/4"	
Corning	4'9 7/8"	
Coolidge	4'9 9/16"	
Hoffman	4'9 1/8"	
Sturges	4'8 3/4"	
Smedberg	4'8 5/8"	2 3/4"
Coolidge	4'7 3/4"	1 13/16"
J.Leland	4'7 3/8"	1 7/8".
Stackpole	4'4 5/8"	
H.P.	6'11 1/2"	
C.V.	6' 1/16"	
T.I.	5'10 3/8"	
C.F.J.	5'10 1/16"	
L.C.Z.	5'10 3/4"	
A.C	5'11 1/2"	
I.I.V.F.	5'6 3/4	
E.I.C.	5'5 1/8"	
A.A.	5'10 1/4"	
C.F.F.	5'11 3/4"	
A.T.	5'11 1/2"	
C.C.C.	5'8"	

TOTAL LENGTH, 101 yds, 1 ft. 3 3/8". Best gain since 1914, Scott 4 1/8"

WEIGHT STATISTICS.

TWO MONTHS.

Name.	First Weight.	Final Weight.	Gain or Loss.
Payson	107 lbs.6 oz.	118 lbs.9 oz.	11 lbs.3 oz.
Parker	146 lbs.8 oz.	156 lbs.11 oz.	10 lbs.3 oz.
Janes	120 lbs.4 oz.	128 lbs.8 oz.	8 lbs.4 oz.
Lovell	140 lbs.1 oz.	148 lbs.2 oz.	8 lbs.1 oz.
C.Pantaleoni	126 lbs.4 oz.	134 lbs.3 oz.	7 lbs.15 oz.
Parrish	147 lbs.4 oz.	154 lbs.8 oz.	7 lbs.4 oz.
Carey	123 lbs.12 oz.	130 lbs.7 oz.	6 lbs.9 oz.
Hollister	113 lbs.1 oz.	117 lbs.14 oz.	4 lbs.13 oz.
Wheeler	107 lbs.4 oz.	111 lbs.8 oz.	4 lbs.4 oz.
J.Houghton	77 lbs.6 oz.	81 lbs.7 oz.	4 lbs.1 oz.
Perrett	112 lbs.8 oz.	116 lbs.8 oz.	4 lbs.
Whittemore	78 lbs.9 oz.	82 lbs.8 oz.	3 lbs.9 oz.
Corning	78 lbs.	81 lbs. 8 oz.	3 lbs.8 oz.
S.Houghton	87 lbs.6 oz.	89 lbs.15 oz.	2 lbs.9 oz.
T.Curtis	88 lbs.12 oz.	90 lbs.14 oz.	2 lbs.2 oz.
Stackpole	64 lbs.12 oz.	66 lbs.8 oz.	1 lb.12 oz.
Wheelock	114 lbs.8 oz.	115 lbs.14 oz.	1 lb.12 oz.
P.Curtis	78 lbs.8 oz.	79 lbs.14 oz.	1 lb.6 oz.
Chapman	118 lbs.11 oz.	120 lbs.	1 lb.5 oz.
Lansingh	82 lbs.15 oz.	84 lbs.	1 lb.1 oz.
Bemis	79 lbs.8 oz.	80 lbs.8 oz.	1 lb.
Fairchild	114 lbs.	114 lbs.8 oz.	8 oz.
Paine	104 lbs.4 oz.	104 lbs.12 oz.	8 oz.
Winthrop	96 lbs.	96 lbs.8 oz.	8 oz.
Thompson	85 lbs.8 oz.	85 lbs.12 oz.	4 oz.
Coolidge	75 lbs.8 oz.	75 lbs.	8 oz.
Hirei	83 lbs.	81 lbs.8 oz.	1 lb.8 oz.
Newbold	102 lbs.8 oz.	99 lbs.1 oz.	3 lbs.1 oz.
Cross	187 lbs.1 oz.	183 lbs.10 oz.	3 lbs.10 oz.
Abbott	101 lbs.8 oz.	95 lbs.7 oz.	5 lbs.11 oz.
Hun	180 lbs.15 oz.	174 lbs.	6 lbs.15 oz.
Whitney	99 lbs.1 oz.	89 lbs.13 oz.	9 lbs.7 oz.

ONE MONTH.

Sturges	76 lbs.12 oz.	80 lbs.15 oz.	4 lbs.3 oz.
Reynolds	154 lbs.12 oz.	157 lbs.8 oz.	2 lbs.12 oz.
Scott	98 lbs.	100 lbs.5 oz.	2 lbs.5 oz.
J.Leland	66 lbs.8 oz.	68 lbs.12 oz.	2 lbs.4 oz.
Hoffman	75 lbs.4 oz.	76 lbs.3 oz.	15 oz.
C.Leland	95 lbs.8 oz.	96 lbs.	11 oz.
Cocchis	68 lbs.7 oz.	69 lbs.3 oz.	9 oz.
Smeckers	77 lbs.4 oz.	77 lbs.7 oz.	3 oz.
Austin	105 lbs.	105 lbs.	0
Fay	149 lbs.14 oz.	148 lbs.14 oz.	1 lb.
E.Pantaleoni	90 lbs.6 oz.	89 lbs.5 oz.	1 lb.1 oz.
Meeker	106 lbs.	104 lbs.12 oz.	1 lb.4 oz.
Thorndike	195 lbs.	192 lbs.	3 lbs.

Best gain for two months, Payson, 11 lbs.3 oz.

Best gain for one month, Sturges, 4 lbs.3 oz.

THURSDAY, Sept.9, Fog a.m., Clearing, Warm, S.W. T.I. left us this morning by the first train.He spared our feelings as long as he could by coming to breakfast in khaki and moccasins,but all too soon it was grey suit and real shoes,and off he went.

Cus was the next departure;feeling much better,we are glad to say,though he still has a good deal of a sore throat. He finished the batting averages before he left,like a good boy.We shan't see him during the year,as we may hope to see so many,for he is going out to Arizona.

In the middle of the morning E.V.E.'s family,with various friends,arrived in two automobiles.They picnicked on the point,and spent a good deal of the day,ending with a swim. Their original plan had been to take her right away,but we are glad to say that they decided to spend the night at Gleason's and not go on till tomorrow.

Today the Quaniche slip was taken up.Much work was also done with mattresses etc.,and the bon-fire was reconstructed so that we can have another good blaze.

We have now three secretaries in camp,for this afternoon arrived

Russell H. Millman

It is three years since he has been here.

After supper we took to the boats for over an hour,and watched the fog rising slowly.Then we came in,and found that the mail had come,with the first letters from the boys.We heard from Ran Coolidge,Tom Perrett,F.T.E.F.,Sam Houghton, both Curtises,Ione,and Rosamond.The journey seems to have been very hot and tiresome,poor dears.

Then we went on with the New Arabian Nights.

By the way,we have again a pantry cat.

Friday, Sept.30. We began with a fog and a flat calm,but neither
Fair, lasted long.The northwest wind did its best to cool
Hot, us off,but accomplished surprisingly little.
I.V.

I.V.P. left this morning by automobile,we hope they will not all melt on the way.

letters to-day from Charlie Thorndike and Roger Coolidge.

Account of stock continues steadily.It is a big job,even with three secretaries to run it.

This afternoon J.B. brought the Bob White down from Fourway lodge.

We had the Quaniche slip all in,but late this afternoon the essential part of it was run out again temporarily,and we went out for a paddle.We had a crew of eight,and two passengers, with the Skipper to steer,and we went along merrily.We went up by Stony Point and round Chute Island.It was a lovely little trip.And then the slip was put away again,this time permanently.

After supper it was getting cooler,and as we were late it was a bit dark for boats.We began reading at half-past seven,and finished the Ten Arabian Nights.

Then most of us had a good game of mythology.

AFTER HERRICK.

Whenas in white my Peter goes,
Then ,then(methinks) how sweetly shows
That nivifaction of his clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
Him stride in bathing suit so free,
O how that glittering taketh me!

II

Whenas unshorn a Master walks,
Then,then(meth inks,) though proud he stalks,
He much resembles Guido Fawkes!

Next,when I cast mine eyes and see
Him smooth and sleek as eggés be,
O how ~~that~~ beauty pleaseth me!

Next?

III

When down the dance our Hurney goes,
Then,ther methinks,we voice our woes,
Lest he should leap upon our toes.

And when the rest before him flee,
And he descendeth ponderously,
Oh how his weight amazeth me!

IV

When through his nose J.Houghtontalks,
Then,then methinks,my fancy balks
At the peculiar way he squawks.

And when,eschewing game and book,
He lies and squirms,and grins at Luke,
Oh then I'm sure he is a spook.

(Please excuse bad rhyme.)

COOD KING ARTHU.

CHARACTERS.

King	Parker.
Queen	F.F.
Miller	T.Curtis
Nobles	Payson,Leland,l.
Ladies	Thompson,Lansingh.

Scene I.

(Enter Miller,carrying bag.)

Miller.(Air,"Days of Absence.")

Oh,how weary do I feel,
Carrying of this barley meal!
'Tis as heavy as 'twi good,
Human nature's perfect food!
Here's a seat beneath a stile.
I'll lay me down and rest awhile.

(Lies down and sleeps.Enter King.)

King.(Air,"The Lone Fishball.)

In me you see that piteous thing,
A weary and a hungry king:
A flake of corna bale of hay,
Are all I've had to eat to-day.
(Sees Miller.)

What do I see?A sleeping wight!
A miller,by his garb of white.
Aha! his bag! I'll take a pee,
The while he doth so soundly sleep.
(Opens bag.)

What do I see? 'Tis barley meal!
Oh joy! a portion I will steal--
Or rather take! Of all such things
A portion surely is the king's.
(Fills his pockets etc.)

Three pecks,methinks,will be enough!
No more about me can I stuff.
Now to my queen avayaway!
A royal feast I'll have to-day!
(Exit.Curtain.)

Scene II.

Queen (Air,"The Campbells are Coming.")

The soup is all ready,and so's the roast;
Potatoes and onions are done,almost,
And now I must think of some delicate thing
That's worthy to make a dessert for my king!
He had frog dumplings but yesterday;
To make bread pudding's to throw it away.
And giving him jam-tails is fearfully rash.
They're certain to give him a terrible sash.

(Repeat first four lines.)
(Enter King.)

DUETT,King and Queen.(Air,"Heinrich und Liese.")

Queen. Oh,what do you bring me,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Barly meal,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,barley meal!

Queen. Oh,what shall I make with it,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Make a pudding,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,make a pudding!

Queen. Oh,what shall I put in it,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Many plums,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,many plums.

Queen. What else shall I put in ti,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Lumps of fat,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,lumps of fat.

Queen. But what shall I make it in,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. In a bag,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,in a bag.

Queen. But the bag has a hole in it,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur.

King. Sew it up,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,sew it up.

Queen. But what shall I sew it up with,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. With a skewer,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,with a skewer.

Queen. Oh,that's what I'll do,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur!

King. 'Rah for you,lovely dovely Guinevere!
Dovely Guinevere,'rah for you!

(Dance and Curtian.)

Scene III.

(King,Queen,and Court at table.)

King.(Air,"long,long ago.")

This is the pudding that Fifie did make,
Of barley meal! of barley meal!
Ichen,and ladies,I pray you partake
Of barley meal.barley meal!
Never a pudding so goodly as that,sirs!
Stuffed full of plums and of great lumps of fat,sirs!
Best in the world,I will wager my hat,sirs!
Oh,barley meal,barley meal!

Queen.

Sirs,it is true that I've labored my best
With barley meal! with barley meal!
Now,I beseech you.fall to with a zest
On barley meal.barley meal!
Eat all you can,and if any remain,sirs,
Think not my labor expended in vain,sirs!
Next morning,fried,you shall batten again,sirs,
On barley meal,barley meal!

(All eat vigorously.)

All.

Lo! we have eaten as much as we could
Of barley meal! of barley meal!
Oh Julius Caesar! but wasn't it good!
Oh,barley meal,barley meal!
Feing replete,we must leave it in sorrow,
Yet from our Queen a fond hope we may borrow;
Yes,every morsel we'll finish tomorrow
Of barley meal,barley meal!

(All join hands and dance.)

Now we have sung you a sweet little song
Of barley meal! of barley meal!
Truly we hope we have not sung too long
Of barley meal,barley meal!
Never at Camp has this dainty been seen,boys,
Yet if he's asked by a king and a queen.boys,
Surely the Skipper will treat us,I ween.sirs,
To barley meal,barley meal!

(Dance and exeunt.)

Saturday,Sept.11th
Fair and warm.

A.M.F. left us at 7.30 a.m.,going in to Gardiner per Anderson's motor. A large slice of Camp seemed to go with her,but we all tried to look as big as we could,and spread our selves to fill all the vacant places. (N.B.The present scribe is not used to this machine!) We had a busy morning, much account-of-stock-taking,etc,etc. Just before swim a long-postponed and most necessary operation was performed-- to wit,the washing of Jukey. Joab was taken down to the float, together with warm water,ammonia,soap,gold dust and sulpho-nap, and three scrubbing-brushes;also a huge sponge. All being ready,Skipper called Jukey,who came joyfully leaping to the head of the slip.He cast one glance ~~fleetward, turned tail and fled~~ fleetward, turned tail and fled.Skipper came and called,in vain.T The louder he called,the faster Jukey ran. Finally Skipper took him gently but firmly by the collar and dragged him all the way down,every claw and hair protesting.Then--he was washed! J.F. and Skipper scrubbed and sponged,R.R. washed his face,affectionately but thoroughly;then all three sponged,and rinsed,and poured,and sponged again. For some time the poor old dog was very wretched,protesting,and making frantic efforts to escape;but finally he gave in,and found it after all not so bad.Finally,when all was done,and he the clear,handsome,respectable dog he was meant to be,he ~~shaving proceeded to dry himself joyously by rolling every~~

was as proud as Punch,and went capering all round Camp, calling upon us all to admire him,and shaking himself joyously over everybody he encountered. So ended the Great Washing.

Miss Pond and Miss Weiser,the owners and managers of Camp Kuncia,came to dine,and very pleasant guests they were. We learned much of their way of life,and were filled with amazement and admiration at all that these two ladies accomplish with no man to help them,save the farmer who does the chores.Later,they took E.E. to Waterville in their automibile,and brought her back loaded with chocolate,etc. Very pleasant neighbors;but during the camp season, they are as anxious to avoid us as---well,I don't wish to be rude!

In the evening we began "The Lost House"a thriller of high degree.and wound up the evening with a "long word" game.

Sunday,Sept.12th

Fair,calm,warm.

The day began with a great surprise--to all save Patchy! Skipper had called "Great tent!" and I was going to speak to E.E.,when,lo! out from the end tent,all in her bathing-suit arrayed,brisk,calm and smiling,came A.M.K.,who had left us for good ,as we supposed,the day before! Our amazement and delight can be imagined. She had arranged it all,telling no-one but Patchy,who was instructed to take out blankets for her before he went to bed. Anderson met her at the night train,and brought her as far as the culvert;she would not drive farther,for fear of waking someone;so,she crept

ly over the hill and covr into camp,and went to bed just as if she had never been away at all. We thought he a true sport! ---The day was one of perfect beauty.W took tthings pretty quietly,doing more or less picki g up,etc,with intervals of canoeing,swimming,etc. I.E.I. and J.F. vent sailing in the Bob White,A.M.F. and Batchy vent exploring;ill in the Hecuba,Chasey and Prescott lounged in the Pink,Peps pottered about in the Sandpeep. Finally,ve all met in the Pin Parlor for supper,had a rousing fire,hot tea,eggs,etc,etc.

At 9o'clock,Anderson and his motor came again for A.I.F.,and whirled her off to Waterville to catch the night train;trintine vas the last indeed,as her school began next morning.

Monday,Sept.13th.

Gray,cold and rav. Hasty morning dips,nolingering ,even for Peps. All hands very busy all day,taking account of stock, packing,etc.etc. In the morning we read about Casanova,one of the most astonishing scamps in all history;after dinner ve finished the "Lost House",with many thrills.

Then something more important vas finished,the account of stock of food and dishes.The book trunk vas packed,;and R.P.C. raged mightily in the storehouse and elsevlere. Before supper a small but energetic party paddled swiftly round Oak Island,while J.I. ran twlve four-forties,all of his own accord!! In the evening ve read'The Prince's Confinents' and began 'The Barker and the Bear."

Tuesday Sept.14th.

Fog in the morning,clearing off soon after breakfast;the little dry,cold storm all gone,and delightful weather again. J.R. has been taking down the decorations all the morning, and desires to present his mingled compliments,respects and curses to the people who put them up. He begs to call their kind attention to the fact thataccording to the best of knowledge and and belief,these decorations were meant to be temporary. If they were destined to emulate the Pyramids,it would be grand to have staples every two inches,and nails in between,and the whole tied up with marline in every knot the Skipper ever taught,from a Turk's Head to a Matthew Walker;but as it is,he makes the aforesaid said presentations,and the next time he will put up,and they shall take down.

We get many dear letters from many dear boys. Home's was the first,the Curtis next;they wrote the very evening of their arrival,which was the very height of virtue;but we continue to get a few every day,and they are a great pleasure.

Wednesday Sept.15th.

Another warm day. And--alas! a day of departures. In the morning Patchy left us,to our great sorrow;we cannot say how helpful and comfortable he has been. Later in the morning came Dr and Mrs Chase in their car;stayed to dinner,and then carried off the beloved R.F.C. and P.V. So here we are just our four selves, Skipper,R.R.,J.R.,L.F.R.,and Pepperell Wheeler,who is to stay with us till he goes to St.Paul's.

Much sailing this afternoon, northwest breeze.Skipper took R.R. and Peps round Hoyt's,and I don't know where else. A good letter from Augustus Aspinwall.

Out -of- Doors Notes.

Three pairs of hermit thrushes nested along the wood path and their singing, through July and half through August, has been most beautiful.

Veeries hve been singing close about Camp, for the first time for several years; and whippoorwills have been close about Four Four-way lodge.

A White-throated sparrow nested near the Pine Boudoir, the first time that one has ever been heard on the Camp grounds.

A few tern, and a few other small gulls, have been seen at intervals through the summer, as usual, and twice we have seen a big herring gull.

An osprey flew over the ball field on the afternoon of the last game.

The Tree Squad, under T.L.'s leadership, has done delightful work.

The aquarium has had a smaller variety of fish then last year, only yellow perch, striped bass, a few bream, and a good-sized pickerel. Next year we must get slmon and trout from the Hatchery again.

Three curious hybrid specimens have been found along the wood path, a cross between a hemlock and a white cedar.

A record has been made earlier of the otter which swam past Camp in the early morning. He looked like a German periscope, swam very fast but without a ripple, kept fairly close in shore, and landed just above Faculty Coffee.

A raccoon walked past the Sunshine Alley tents just at about first light, one August morning, and on Sept 13 a handsome skunk, nearly all black strolled about the same place, but did no harm.

On Sept 8, on the way to the Caves, we heard a White--throated Sparrow singing, and saw witch hazel in blossom. This is certainly late for the one, and early for the other.

On Sept. 13 a belated fire-fly was seen.

Four new varieties of fossil shell prints have been found, two by R.T. Paine, two by R.R. We wish we knew their names.

R.R. also found a good flint arrow-head, among the pebbles, close by the boat-house.

Thursday, Sept. 16.

Fair, very hot.
SI.

It was still and hot yesterday, but stiller and hotter today. J.R. has been reading some most interestin and valuable extracts from the Plattsburg Camp paper, chiefly the speeches of the different army officers, Gen. Wood, and others, upon our frightful unpreparedness.

We forgot to mention that we stayed up till ten o'clock on Wednesday, to finish the Banker and the Bear, with thrills of excitement, reading for over two hours.

A lovely letter from L.C.Z. cheered us to-day.

R.R. drove over to call on Mrs Wallace, who had prepared a hospitable little feast of ice-cream, cake, etc. She showed us the great airy shed charher, spotlessly neat, where the Camp washing is done, the pipes that collect the rain water (that is why our clothes are so beautifully white! Nothing less is good enough for Merryweather garments!), and her extremely ingenious arrangement for keeping each boy's laundry separate.

Lively work has been done, in sending off the left behind clothes and other belongings. Twenty-three bundles have been done up so far. I rauge to say, the largest package was of the things left by Messers Curtis! They took a wooden packing box.

Friday, Sept 17.

80 Still very hot, but a breeze relieved us.

The heat in Boston has been excessive.

There were six deaths and over twenty heat prstrations yesterday.

We keep up reading , of a rather mixed sort; more readings from the Plattsburg paper, the Outlook, etc, and yesterday we thrilled over "Gallegher".

To-day the Slip came in, and the shore looks queer, though very pretty, without it. J.R. did mighty work at Four-way Lodge. He larded all his pots hutpans, Mave doing the same for the cup ones, and got up his anchors, and swan hos float in.

The Rat-trap was nightily packed.

Ruth and Marion Thompson have given us good help with cleaning and closing up.

Peps has been a very useful and merry citizen. He and R.R. continue to get in three good swims a day, R.R.'s last by the merry moonlight..P's unending laughter is a complete comfort; and when it gets too loud, and we remonstrate, he says "And you pick on me, just because I have a buoyant temperament!"

On Tuesday, we had word that Lieut. Roger Draper, to whom dear Anna Gardiner was married last Christmas, had fallen in action at the Dardanelles. We had only seen him a few times, but we had an indelible impression of a very rare personality. Their brief married life was one of rare and beutiful happiness and he leaves her a noble and uplifted memory.He was twenty six years old.

Saturday, Sept. 18. A pefect day, the hot wave passed.
Fair, bright, We woke early enough to see the
cool and still. windows of the little dam on beaver
mountain twinkling as the sun rose,
and some early gulls flying over. Everybody had a good swim.
Hays, Miser and White, looking very spick and span, got off in
fine shape for the nine-nineteen.

J.R. started earlier for the Mills, in his green boat, to return oars, etc.

We forgot to say that we have been watching the scattered flight of endless little companies of migrating birds, all this last week, with greatest interest, and have stayed down on the s. slip to hear them passing over at night.

The tents look very queer, in just their frames; and doing ones hair in them , up on an open platform, gives a quint feelin

Ruth Thomson is washing the dishes. We don't know exactly what we shall have for dinner, but there are hay-bales , and part of a mince pie, and tunny fish, and jam.

If all goes well, Anderson and Scott will come for us at three in the Ford and the Ruick, respectively; so this is the last entry, and we go to the last packing; very thankful people for this beautiful and valuable summer.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) There was also a good deal of experimenting with hurdles and pole vault, but nothing definite enough to put down in figures.

OUANANICHE.		WILLIWAW.	YAMMER.	IDENTICAL.
G.E.A.		A.G.	R.P.C.	A.A.
Parker	Lowell	Bennett	Parrish	Fairchild
Thorndike	Hun	Wheelock	Thompson	J.Houghton
A.M.R.	C.S.	2 bass		1 bass
Hollister	Carey	1 pout		7 pout
James	Pantaleoni			
	Abbott			
	Coolidge			
	Newbold			
	Lansingh			
	Meeker			
	Stackpole			

PANTASOTE.
L.C.Z.
Leland
Bemis
7 bass
3 pout

Total number of fish, 21.

The Ouananiche went up the northwest brook, and found the water so muddy from recent rains that it was very hard to see submarine obstacles. She ran on one log, but Beef boldly got out and lifted her off, and no damage seemed to be done. We came home behind Hoyt's running an exciting race with a big shower, which split just west of us, half going up Meadow Brook and the other half down Long Pond. It was a wonderful sight, for the rain came down the Hill to within a couple of hundred yards of us, yet we didn't get a drop.

When we arrived we found Dr. and Mrs. Flagg, who had come over for another look at Hugh. They meant to take him off to supper, but as there was some misunderstanding their motor-boat did not come till eight o'clock.

After supper came Games on the Hill by moonlight, and then the Voice Game, with Chicken-me Chinken-me and Monkey in sight to follow.

The half-past niners finished "A Modern Aladdin", and began "The Beach of Falesa."

AS TOUCHING TABLE GAMES.

My mind to me a rag-bag is.
Such odds and ends therein I find
As are more various, I wis,
Than aught to ash-barrels consigned.
And still I seek and crave for more,
To add unto this motley store.

There spelling puzzles may be found,
B-p, g-t-h, t-h-q;
Words for dumb-crambo eke abound,
That rhyme with "cat" or "pill" or "too".
And though my soul revolts and reels,
I sometimes play at automobiles.

The famous monosyllable;
Or famous men of five or six;
Or rivers--Kennebec, Moselle,
Missouri, Teviot, Tees, or Styx;
Varieties of birds in F,
Or famous villains who were deaf.

"It rhymes with "sprawl"--"Bucephalus"--
"The stag at eve had drunk his fill"--
"Defoe"--"Belshazzar"--"Octopus"--
"The Headless Horseman"--"Belted Will"--
"Lake Titicaca"--"Mandalay"--
"The letters now are g-h-a."

But still I play them o'er and o'er,

The names of famous men and things.
There's only one that's such a bore
The mere remembrance of it stings.
I will not play, wher'er I be,
Your head and tail geography.

A.M.R.

TUESDAY Aug.24, B.29.16 T.68' Water T.69' Fair N.N.W. light.

Dr.and Mrs.Flagg came over this morning,and stayed to dinner.

As the old Pie-plant went to pieces,and became a dangerous derelict,a fine new one was built and launched this morning.It is a good deal bigger than the old one,and so seaworthy that one could paddle a good way on her in calm weather.Who wants to try it round Pickerel?

Some doped baseball for the afternoon,but it was too good a day for canoe races to be let go.The wind died down entirely,it was warm without being hot,and the word was given.

We have never had the races so well run.There were plenty of lists,so that the officials did not have to keep running about and asking each other what came next,and the events were for the most part arranged so that rangeleys and canoes came alternately.This made it possible to get the crews of a race into their boats while the preceding race was going on.There were fourteen races in all,counting the separate heats,and we got through at quarter past five,which is really wonderful. The following is the order of events:

Senior Singles,first and second heats.

Junior Rangeleys,first heat.

Junior Doubles,first heat.

Junior Rangeleys,second heat.

Junior Doubles,second,heat.

Junior Rangeleys,finals.

Senior Singles,finals.

Junior Doubles,finals.

Senior Douhles,standing.

Junior Fours,first and second heats.

TUESDAY, (Cont'd.) Junior Fours, finals.

Senior Fours.

All races were out round Pickerel and back except the senior fours, which as usual was twice round.

SENIOR SINGLES, STANDING.

FIRST HEAT.

Parker (H) 3 m.33 1/5 s.
Parrish (G)
Carey (P)
James (Sq)

The Squannacook made a quick start. The Grayling was rather unsteady. The Hecuba gained on the way out, and made the turn first, with the Squannacook second. The Hecuba won easily, with the Grayling second, a good way behind. The Pink came in third. The Squannacook got too far north, and didn't really cross the line at all.

SECOND HEAT.

Thorndike (G) 3 m.28 1/5 s.
Pantaleoni (Sq)
Lowell (P)
Hun (H)

The Grayling made the best start, and turned first, with the Pink second and the Squannacook third. The The Hecuba was rather slow. On the way in the Pink [illegible] went over, but Lowell got in again and finished in third place. The Grayling won by a long lead, in spite of rather erratic steering, with the Squannacook a moderate second. The Hecuba devoted most of her energies to keeping right side up, and was a very conservative fourth.

FINAL HEAT.

Parker (H) 3 m.12 1/5 s.
Thorndike (P)
Parrish (Sq)
Pantaleoni (G)

The Pink started quickest, but was erratic in steering. The Hecuba made the best turn, and led all the way home; the Pink second, showing plenty of power, but zigzagging back and forth.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) The other two crossed in the order given, a good way behind.

JUNIOR RANGELEYS.

FIRST HEAT.

Scott (YAM) 3 m.35 s.
Abbott (Wil)
Coolidge (Ident)
Newbold (Ter)
Meeker (Pan)
Thompson (Ere)

The Yammerschooner started best. Erebus was disqualified early for fouling the Terror. The Williwaw came up well on the way home, but the Yammerschooner, though hampered by the Terror won by two lengths, with the Williwaw second. The others trailed a good way apart, in the order given above.

SECOND HEAT.

T.Curtis (Ter) 3 m.43 1/5 s.
Whittemore (Ere)
Lansingh (Iden)
Winthrop (Wil)
J.Houghton (Pan)
Stackpole (Yam)

A very even start. The Identical pulled away from the bunch, soon overhauled by the Terror, though the latter steered far to north. The Terror won, Erebus second, Identical third. The Williwaw was fourth, a good way behind. The Pantasote was inclined to give up, but crossed the line in response to some urging. The Yammerschooner la ked speed, but stuck to it manfully.

FINAL HEAT.

Scott (Ter) 3 m.31 1/5 s.
T.Curtis (Ere)
Abbott (Pan)
Whittemore (Iden)
Lansingh (Yam)
Coolidge (Will)

The outward trip was very close. The Terror turned first and the Erebus second, but the latter steered badly and would have lost second place but for a lively sprint. The Pantasote was a good third; the others came in farther apart, in the order given,

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)

JUNIOR DOUBLES.

FIRST HEAT.

PINK. 3 m.22 3/5 s.
Bemis
Smedberg

GRAYLING.
Leland
Goodhue

SQUANNACOOK.
Corning
P.Curtis

The Pink started best,turned first,and kept her lead all through, but all were fairly close,and at the finish the Grayling overlapped somewhat.

SECOND HEAT.

HECUBA. 3 m.26 2/5 s.
Chapman
Payson

SQUANNACOOK.
Hollister
Abbott

PINK.
Wheeler
Whitney

Grayling.
S.Houghton
Paine

The Hecuba was unsteady,but turned first.The Squannacook came up on the home course with a splendid sprint,and the Hecuba beat her by only six inches.The Pink was a good third,the Grayling a bit slower.

FINAL HEAT.

PINK. 3 m.17 s.
Leland
Goodhue

SQUANNACOOK.
Hollister
Abbott

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)
HECUBA.
Bemis
Smedberg

GRAYLING.
Chapman
Payson

The Pink got away best with the Hecuba next.The Pink led all the way,but coming home the Squannacook passed the Hecuba and crossed the ling second.Hecuba third,Grayling fourth.

SENIOR DOUBLES,STANDING.

SQUANNACOOK. 3 m.25 s.
Carey
James

GRAYLING.
Thorndike
Pantaleoni

HECUBA.
Parker
Hun

PINK.
Lowell
Parrish

Just as this race started the breeze started too,from the south.The Squannacook drew away at the start.The Hecuba's bow man seemed a little uneasy,and the Grayling's bow man did no work on the turn.The Squannacook almost lost her lead on the way home,but recovered in time to win.The Grayling was a good second,the Hecuba a rather slow third.The Pink didn't finish.

JUNIOR FOURS.
FIRST HEAT.

CORKER. 3 m.13 1/5 s.	EBEN.	ABOL.
Bemis	Leland	Chapman
Wheelock	Coolidge	Miner
Abbott	Goodhue	Winthrop
P.Curtis	S.Houghton	Paine

The turn was practically simultaneous,but on the home course the boats strung out considerably.The Corker won by five lengths,and the Eben was three lengths ahead of the Abol.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

SECOND HEAT.

ABOL. 3 m.20 2/5 s.	EBEN.	CORKER.
Hollister	Wheeler	Fairchild
Corning	Thompson	J.Houghton
Lansingh	Scott	Smedberg
T.Curtis	Payson	Whittemore

The Eben got away best, but on the home course the Abol passed her, and won by four lengths. The Corker was one length behind the Eben.

FINAL HEAT.

EBEN. 3 m.8 4/5 s.	ABOL.	CORKER.	RIP.
Bemis	Leland	Hollister	Wheeler
Wheelock	Coolidge	Corning	Thompson
Abbott	Goodhue	Lansingh	Scott
P.Curtis	S.Houghton	T.Curtis	Payson

A very even start, and an even turn. The Rip was put out on the way home for fouling. The finish was a first-rate one, the Eben winning by half a length over the Abol, with the Corker a very good third.

SENIOR FOURS.

CAUGHCOMGOMOC. 6 m.16 2/5 s.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.
Parker	Lowell
Parrish	Pantaleoni
Hun	James
Thorndike	Carey

This race, as is usual with the senior four-paddle, was out and round the rock twice. The breeze was still blowing. The Abol led on the first trip out, but the Corker turned first, and gained on every stretch and every turn, though her gunwale was perilously near the water at times. On the home stretch the Abol went over and filled, so that it was impossible for her to finish.

After all this exercise Digestion Club seemed the natural thing. Then came "Predicament and Cure", and "Shouting Proverbs"; the latter a fine game for the lungs, though less good for the throat.

And then, for the first time this year, half-past boats, with the full moon.

We forgot to say that at afternoon reading we finished "Pickwick", and began "The Shaving of Shagpat."

WEDNESDAY Aug.25
B.29.04
T.63'
Water T.70'
Rain a.m.
Shower p.m.
S.S.W.

The rain began early, sending the pointers in to the shelter of the shop.

This morning R.P.C. gave us an outline of the earth's history, and the different ages. It makes one feel small to know that the last fifty thousand years or so counts as recent.

A bar for chinning was put up by the boat-house this morning, and chinning and four-forties took the place of the usual addy-humps. The following were the best performers:

Parker.....20.
Fairchild.....16.
Remis .....15.
Leland.....14.
Lowell.....13.
Bennett.....11
Carey.....11.
James.....11.
Coolidge.....10.
Hollister.....10.
S.Houghton.....10.
Paine.....10.
Smedberg.....10.

Parker broke the bar, and his twenty was made on the beam in the dormitory, after he had already done several.

By afternoon the waether was pretty uncertain again. Boat building was announced for the majority, with soccer to follow and a Ouananiche trip and two four-paddlers. But the weather changed from uncertain to certain, and the would-be watermen devoted their energies to playing ping-pong, while the shower

WEDnESDAY (Cont'd.) first came up and then came down.It was a good heavy one, too.

PING-PONG SCORES.

G.E.A. beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat Remis.

G.E.A. beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat Leland.

G.E.A. beat Parker.

Leland beat G.E.A.

G.E.A. beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat Leland.

G.E.A. beat Leland.

Leland beat Thorndike.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat A.A.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

G.E.A. beat T.Curtis.

The boat-building came on well.The original Shark is being refitted,and so is that good ship the Blueberry Pie.We notice a good many small boats which are a modification of the shark type,and look rather like tadpoles.And L.M.V.S. has a vessel that is a prolonged triangle,that is wholly original,we think.

When the rain stopped we emerged from our holes.L.C.Z. took a select run for the mail.The Cuananiche went round Pine Island,and came round the point just as the horn blew for supper.The Eben didn't go quite so far,and got in before supper,though there was scant time for those who had to change wet clothes.

The soccer teams,led by A.G. and A.A.,played a 1-0 game,A.A.'s

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) team winning.Bennett made the goal.

Ned Billings came over to supper and sing-song.He and his family are off tomorrow.

After supper it was Games on the Hill,which had the dope-sters fooled.They thought it was too wet for anything but Digestion Club.

SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....T.Curtis,P.Curtis.
2. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
3. Stunt,"Little Miss Muffet".....Goodhue,Bemis,Miner.
4. Choruses.....Fishing Song,October,Merryweather Cup.
5. Stunt,"General Grant".....A.G.,Thorndike,Bemis, Miner,Wheeler.
6. Hampton Trio.

Camp Song.

The Curtises gave us Chopsticks in good style.After all, there is nothing like it.

A.M.R. played the slow movement from one of the Schubert sonatas.

"Little Miss Muffett" was brief,but effective.Goodhue made a charming little girl,and Bemis and Minor together made as horrible a spider as ever crawled on eight legs.We wish there had been more,but Mother Goose didn't make any more.

"General Grant "was splendid.The curtain fell,revealing A.G.,amazingly transformed by spectacles and goatee,in the midst of his interesting family;Thorndike as Irene,and Bemis as his wife.The old hoss (Wheeler) entered at the proper moment, and then Miner as Squire Bill Jones rushed in with the news of the fire.Alarums and excursions,and they went out,"to run

WEDNESDAY
(Cont.d) with the old machine".

The second scene took us to the battle-field,with cannon-balls flying.And they were beneath the Stars and Stripes,for there was a tiny flag hanging from the beam by a wire.What more could one ask of realism?

Then the Hampton Trio gave us all sorts of delightful songs, grave and comic.They named the baby,and told us about a farmer's life;and there was "Ezekiel",and perhaps best of all,"Great Tribulation."

Wegot through on time,wonderful to relate.We have been running late a good deal this summer.

Then came "The Beach of Falesa",till it was time for bed.

AT NOON = 245

THURSDAY,
Aug. 26
B.29.08
T.61'
Water T.61'
Fair
N.W.

O-U-A-N-A-N-I-C-H-E

around the HORN.

H.R.
A.M.R. CAREY
J.G.C. A.A.
C.S. PARRISH
LOWELL ABBOTT
WINTHROP CORNING
LANSINGH WHITNEY
STACKPOLE THOMPSON
15--

****

EXPLORERS

ABOL	EBEN	CORKER
L.C.Z.	C.W.	G.E.A.
BEMIS	CURTIS P	HOUGHTON S
PAINE	MINER	CHAPMAN
PARKER	BENNETT	JAMES
4	4	4

****

BROOKS BROTHERS
RIP
R.P.C.
FAIRCHILD
HOLLISTER
PANTS G
4

****

DEEP SEA DIVERINGS

WILLIWAW	PANTASOTE
A.G.	THORNDIKE
WHEELER	WHITTEMORE
GOODHUE	HOUGHTON J
COOLIDGE	MEEKER
4.	4.

****

Stay at homes
L.M.V.S.
T.L.
NEWBOLD
SCOTT

Campers
As posted....

Camping Trip
August 26th

Hun
Payson
Wheelock
Curtis, T.
Smedberg
Leland, O.
C.F.B.

Yammerschooner
Identical

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The day's list, as posted is so handsome that we have put it in bodily. We must however make a note or two before we start on our expeditions. H.R. took up the question of ponds and other effects of glacial activity this morning.

C.F.B. and his bunch were off in good time this morning. They went in light marching order, without a tent, meaning to go a good way before camping.

Miss Robertson came over this morning just as the expeditions started, with Clem's sisters and various other girls. Poor Clem was celebrating with a bad ear in the Infirmary, but they took Scotty over to the Mills.

The wind was pretty lively when the three big canoes started, so they cut across Monkey Point. They waited at the Mills to help the Quananiche across the carry, and then headed south. They landed at the Hornbeam Hill landing, and then tried for Moose Pond by water. They went up a very beautiful brookwhich finally divided into two. both stopped short of any pond, one very soon. They came back, and when they reached Long Pond, there was a head wind of the meanest kind, blowing hard in their faces. They had been working hard, and the proppect did not look inviting. So they decided that the longest way round was the shortest way home, and turned down Belgrade Stream to come home round the Horn. The wind was bad on Messalonskee, of course, but they came over to the west shore and thus got a good lee. They x reached the station just as H.R.'s train came in, and she took the grub and the Pudwuddle along in her wagon. The other half-past eighters walked home, and C.W., G.E.A., I.C.Z., Parker, and James came behind, carrying the three canoes. It must have been some carry. And when they got to the Pond the wind was blowing harder than it had blown all day.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) There were five of them,and three canoes.So C.W. took the odd canoe alone,kneeling in the middle and using two paddles like a Rob Roy paddle.And in time they arrived,very wet and chilly.

The Cuananiche pursued the same course to the Mills,with the same wind,but did not try to cut across the point,for obvious reasons.At the Hornbeam landing we started off alone, wondering what kind of wind we should get on Messalonskee. At the entrance to the last brook on the right we stopped for a bite of chocolate,as it was very evident that our dinner would be late.The water was so high in the stream that we had a lively time getting under the first bridge,with much shifting of weight and shoving.A.A. didn't quite crack his skull against the timbers,but he came near it.The second bridge, just above the Mt.Vernon dam,was so low that we snubbed the tip of our bow off,and decided to carry round bridge as well as dam.This involved going through a potato patch,but it was so overgrown with weeds that we did not recognize it as such till we were in the middle,and no one seemed to mind anyhow. There was swim for those that wanted it,which was all except the ladies and Killy,who arranged the lunch.While we were waiting for the return of the swimmers along came a bunch of half a dozen boys with packs.They looked natural,and in a moment we recognized C.F.B. and his campers.They passed the time of day and then went on.

Our next real adventure was at the start after dinner, when A.A.,just as we swung into the current,shied a stick at a big hornet's nest.The hornets came out in full force and

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) fury, but luckily did not find us.

The railroad bridge gave us a scare, for there was only an inch and a half to spare; and the thought of carrying up the embankment was a painful one. Just before we went through along came Buster Chapin's train, so we waved and he waved back. The wind on Messalonskee was lively, but twenty minutes of going right into it brought us to the lee of the shore. We reached Gleason's at an unseemly hour, and came home in Millard's motor-boat, with two rowboats towing behind.

The Brooks Brothers, in the Rip, went up Meadow Brook nearly to the second bridge. They also landed and climbed a hill. Their worst time was getting up to Stony Point. They landed at Fourway Lodge to dump, and again at the beach. But after they rounded the point the wind was more astern, so things went better. All the way up they pursued turtles, and caught one. They didn't get him home, though, for he gnawed through the necktie they had hitched him with and got away. There were no turtles on the way down. They had learned a lesson.

The Deep-sea Divers went up Northwest Brook, and landed in the usual field. The sign about parsons has been down for some years, so they did not worry. We are glad that this prejudice against the clergy is wearing off. They explored the "haunted house", but found no ghosts therein. To make up for the hard row that they had going up, they were able to sail home.

Supper was a prolonged meal, as the Ouananiche came in very late, but we got fed at last, and there was time for half an hour of Digestion Club. Then came Monkey in Sight, in the middle of which R.R. and the younger explorers turned up. They were chilly, so we filled them up with ginger wine, in spite of their struggles. Bemis had to be pursued half round the camp before he would be good.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Then we went down to Andy Coggin's,as it seemed hardly fair to read our regular book with so many out.

We finished attwenty minutes past nine,and were just beginning a round of Consequences,when in came the last of the explorers.They were so wet and chilly that we pursued them also with ginger wine,and there was malted milk too. Beef and Jamesy went to bed in ten minutes,of course,and the others at least got warm before the fire,if they didn't get exactly dry.

We have hinted at Buster's arrival,but we give it due space and honor here.All hail to Pine St:

Russell Chapin

So ended a strenuous and exciting day.

FRIDAY Aug. 27 P.99.40 T.51' Water T.66' Fair N.W.by W.

A cool day,thank you,but growing warmer as the wind fell.It would have been a fine day for all sorts of things, but there was a camping trip off,and truth to tell, there were some pretty weary bones in camp.

At morning reading we finished Benvenuto.and began "Famous Escapes of the Civil War."

As Clem's ear didn't seem to get any better,it seemed best to take him over to Waterville for a couple of days.Miss Robertson came over to dinner,and inthe afternoon they motored over.

JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
RICE PUDDINGS VS. PIES.

A poor game,as was to be expected when almost all the players had been on strenuous expeditions the day before.Errors were numerous,almost as numerous as the runs.The Puddings started with three runs,and led all through the game, in spite of the fact that the Pies got going in the seventh and scored five.

Carey	.750
Chapin	.600
Thorndike	.500
J.G.C.	.400
Parrish	.400

Rice Puddings vs. Pies of Aug. 28 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	3		1 Bennie	4	K				K			K					5	3	0
0	6		2 Lowell	1							f6						5	3	1
7	3		3 A.A.	2							K						1	4	0
15	0		4 Chapin	3		f5											5	3	3
3	1		5 Carey *	6				2-6			6-3						4	2	3
0	0		6 Bennett	7	K			K		4-3		1-3					5	0	0
2	0		7 Pants	5	(K) 2-3		0 3	K		2-6		(K) 2-3					5	0	1
0	0		8 Corning	8		K	K		4-6								3	0	0
0	0		9 Whittemore	9		f5	1-3		K	(K) 2-3							4	0	0
			10																
			11																
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3 6	1 7	4 11	0 11	3 14	1 16	0 16					37	15	8

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
1				9	6	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	

* Whittemore remained in 6.

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

Pies vs. Rice Pudding of Aug. 28 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
2	0		Fairchild		5	8-2		5 0 -3		4-3		K	8-6					5	0	0
0	2		Parker		1	K		0-3			3		(K) 2-3					6	1	0
4	1		J. G. C.		6									8-5				5	4	2
7	3		Reynolds		3				8-3		1-3							4	3	2
11	1		Parmele		2					8-6								5	3	2
0	0		Hollister		7	8-3						0-3						4	0	2
0	0		Chapman		8		2-6	1-3			2-3			0-3				6	0	1
0	2		James		4		0-3		4-3			1-3						3	0	0
0	0		Paine		9		K		K	K			1-3	4-3				5	1	0
				10																
				11																
24	9		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	1 0	1 3	4 0	4 0	4 1	5 5	10 0	10 2	12			43	12	9
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	* Paine runs with											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
2	2			6	14	1-b. on errors.													1	

The faculty and the smaller boys had a wild game of pudding-ball, C.V. heading one side and A.G. the other. The former won by a wide margin, but we don't know the exact figures, as they kept no written score.

While the games were going on Arrived the following guest. He may not have gron miles, but he certainly is miles high. William Ehrisholm

After supper came Games on the Hill, and half-past eight Boston.

When the small fry had gone to bed we had a good game of Mythology, and a seelect number played Compendium in K and P.

Camp Greeley came home in time for a swim before supper. They reached their pond, and there they found a friend of T.L. who also knew various other Merryweathers, past and present. He not only let them camp there, but invited them all to spend the night with him, which some of them did, the sybarites!

SATURDAY Aug.28, B.29.45 T.55' Water T.66' Fair W.S.W. A perfect day for paddling,but there was no question of that.Barring an earthquake or a sandstorm,it would be scouting.

Henry Whittemore left this morning,to connect with his family,who are going out to California to see the Exposition.His boat is all ready for the race,and is to be raced for him.Too bad he has to miss so much.

Just as we scattered to get dressedfor scouting,Mrs.Houghton and Billy arrived,and with them the Dormouse.They stayed to see the game,and came back for charades in the evening.Dormouse is sunburned till,as the poet says,he is "ruddier than the cherry",but looks very natural,and so does Billy.

FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The first game came very near being an Iroquois victory,for they had a long lead on shots,but Whitney got through for a run. This made the sides even.

In the second game the Iroquois still had the advantage in shots,but the Algonquins got four runs.This put them one up.

The third game was the closest.The Iroquois were two shots to the good,and made four runs to the Algonquins three,thus tying the score for the season.The last scouting afternoon promises to be an exciting one;a fitting climax to a very lively season.

Thompson was put out of the game for the last two games for calling every name he could think of at one man.We hope that this will put an end to that particular kind of unfair play.Goodhue was out of the second game and Abbott out of the third for poor play.

Bill Chisholm and Buster Chapin both played,and Buster made a run in the second game.

A.A. killed eight in the afternoo,Leland seven,and Lansingh

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.M.V.S	X					/			/
A.G.	X			X	•		X	•	
R.P.C.	X			X			X		
A.M.R.	X			✓			✓		
Bemis	X			✓			X		
Bennett	✓			✓				•••	/
Chapin	X					/	X		
Curtis, P.		•		X	•	/	✓		
Fairchild		••		X			✓		
Houghton, S.				X			X	••	
Hun	X			✓			X		
Leland, O.	✓				••••		X	•••	
Lowell	X	••		X	•	/	X		
Meeker	✓			X			✓		
Parker	X			X			✓		
Scott	X			X			X		
Thompson	X	•		○	○	○	○	○	○
Thorndike	X			✓			✓		
Wheeler	X			✓			X		/
Wheelock	✓			X			X		
Whitney	X		/	X			X		
Winthrop	X			X				•	
	15	6	1	12	7	4	12	10	3

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	X			✓			X	•	
L.C.Z.	X			X					/
G.E.A.		•		X			X		
A.A.	X	•••••			•••		X		
C.F.B.		•		X			X		
J.G.C.	X			✓			✓		
W.C.	✓			✓			X		
Abbott	✓			X			○	○	○
Carey	X	•		✓			X		
Chapman	✓			✓			✓		
Coolidge	✓				•		X		
Corning	✓			✓			X	•	
Curtis, T.	✓			✓				•	
Goodhue	✓			○	○	○	X		
Hollister		•			•			••	
Houghton, J.	✓				•		✓		
James		••			••				/
Lansingh	✓				••••			••	
Miner	X	••		✓			✓		
Paine		•		X				•	
Pantaleoni	✓			X			X	•	
Parrish	✓			✓					/
Payson	✓			✓			✓		
Smedberg		•		X				••	/
Stackpole	✓			✓			✓		
	6	15		7	12		10	12	4

SATURDAY six.
(Cont'd.)
Supper was late,of course,and we had no more than time to plan charades.

CHARADES.

FRIGHTFUL. In the first scene we had Tubera as a most imposing lady,with T.L. as a footman in attendance,in very dressy scarlet and black livery.She gave orders for various things,but was suddenly startled by a mouse,and fainted dead away.(Chorus of small boys:"Was it a real mouse?") The lady being rather a lift to pick up,T.L.telephoned for Dr.Tweedle,who came in at once.He looked in his book to see what to do,and after feeling her pulse concluded that she wasprobably dead.The second syllable was an awful warning to Smeddy of what may happen to people who eat too much.J.G.C. came in late to breakfast,and sat at a side table,where he was out of observation,and could stuff to his heart's content.He ate so much and grew so fat that they had to take him and carry him off to bed without bending him.The frightfulness of the whole word consisted of the degree of noise that was made ata picnic,and it certainly beat even our noisiest picnics,which is saying a great deal.They yelled,they screamed,they banged their tin cups on the floor,till we were really afraid something would break.

TIPPERARY. We began with a barber's shop,L.C.Z. and Carey officiating.A.G. came in for "everything",from a hair-cut to a syrup massage.They finished him off with the fire-extinguisher,and he was so pleased that when he left he tipped them generously with a whole fierce thing.The second syllable must have been "her",which is stretching the pronunciation a bit,but it was a lovely scene. Here were Bemis and Meeker as Adam and Eve,with garments of sweet

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) fern,enjoying life in Eden,and naming the plants and animals as they saw them.Then Eve picked the apple and ate most of it,apologizing to Adam for not leaving him more of it.The curtain before the third scene was a little ineff-ective,as L.C.Z. and A.G. were well above it in their aeroplane.We plainly heard the whirring of the propeller,and their glee as they dropped bomb after bomb upon the enemy was frightful to see."Got 'em again!" And down would go another bomb.For the whole word (the third scene was "airy") we had a regiment starting for the front,with the band playing the tune that we all know so well now.It was a spirited perform-ance.

DRAMATIC. The first scene might have been called "Life under the prohibitory law.We had a"blind tiger",where you asked for silk stockings,and were shown into a back shop where hard drinks of all kinds flowed freely.Just as the fun was growing lively,the police,headed by L.M.V.S. and C.F.B. came in,and with some use of their sticks took the whole gang off to jail.The second scene was a daring robbery.Miner,an elder-ly gentleman,came in yawning,put on pajamas and night-cap, and went to bed with his money-box under the mattress.As soon as he was asleep C.F.B. tiptoed lightly in,stole the money, climbed up to the attic by a ladder,and pulled the ladder up after him.Loud were Ranny's complaints when he woke up.The police came in at once,and promptly found the handkerchief that the robber had dropped,but back-trailed him out of doors without noting his feet,which showed over the edge of the attic floor.So when they had gone out,he swung himself down

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) and bolted. The whole word was as dramatic as we could make it without actually hanging Gus for horse-stealing. The mob got him on a chair, with his hands tied, the noose round his neck, and the end of the rope over the beam, and he looked as if he ha given up all hope of escape, when C.F.B. came in and told them that they were making a mistake. Weren't they looking for a calico hoss? Well, he had seen an ugly looking Dago making off with a calico hoss a little way back down the road. They hesitated, and some wanted to hang this one anyhow, but finally they let him go, and went off after the Dago. "How did you know about the horse?" says A.A., as his hands are untied.

"Why" says C.F.B, "that hoss is in my stable, and I'm of with him."

HOLOCAUST. The first two syllables went together. Some of us were on the tragic expedition to Philin, when the cows ate the supper, and everyone felt so hollow in consequence. The cows did a fine job, especially Lansingh, who carried off two baskets on his horns. The state of mind of the supperless campers was too pianful to describe. The second scene was in a restaurant, where G.E.A. and his friends had a very expensive meal, and objected to paying for it. The proprietor finally called in the police, and G.E.A. then made him out a cheque, though it drew all but a few cents of what he had in the bank. The whole word was as startling and realistic as anything we have ever had. G.E.A. and some of the boys came in and went to bed peacefully, to be awakened by a smell of smoke. We all smelled it, and saw the sparks rising. Pretty soon there were flames two feet high, and the sleepers leaped from bed and got the buckets going. The fire was put out, and only one bucket was spilled. It was a woderful scene; a fitting end to a splendid season.

And then we finished "The Beach of Falesa."

The new Vorromontogus has come, and we hope she will be all right.

SUNDAY Aug.29
B.29.30 T.55' Water T.66' Cloudy S.W. by S. Light rain p.m.

This morning Mrs.Houghton came over with Billy and Dornouse and stayed to dinner.

The dessert campaign has been rather slow this year,but this morning the poems began to sprout on the door like mustard and cress.We have never had so many good verses

When that Auguste wyth hys nippyng colde
Doth pinch ye nose of weery Camper bolde,
When lyttle boys must swift from table gone,
Because of undershirt they wearen none,
Then for to cheare their hartes from most to least,
Good Mayo maketh them a goodly feast,
With plummys stuffed,with sweetest sugars tinct,
Of golden hue,as Sol thereon had wynk't.
What is this royal dish ? Sure kynges might feed
Thereon,and other victual none should need.
Had I a spoon,I'd show ye in a trice
What poets thynke of Puddings made of Rice!

Geoffrey Chaucer.

(By special medium.)

Rice Pudding is go od! rice pudding is good!
Sure no one with brains will deny it.
So if you are seeking the Perfect Food,
O sensible Camper,TRY IT!!!

Scorn not rice-pudding; children, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours; with this dope
Hector unlocked his jaws; the lighted hope
Of puddinged rice cheered Shelley ere he drown'd;
Cooked rice by Borgia's teeth was daily ground,
With it and Virgil, Dante found a way
Through Hell and e'en through Purgatory; yea,
Because of rice did Gabriel's trumpet sound
And Beatrice smile; a cure for cramp,
It cheered brave Peary, called from Baffin's Land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Mayo, by his hand
The Thing became a Marvel! by all odds,
Vote for rice-pudding, the honey of the gods!!!

T.L.

Milk and eggs and sugar and spice,
Raisins and currants and butter,
These things make my PUDDING OF RICE
Choicer than words can utter.
Vote on it !
Doat on it !
Hasten to gloat on it !
Read the remarks of your favorite pote on it !
Chaucer to Shakspeare, and
Kipling to Noyes,
All of them swear 'tis <u>the</u> pudding for boys !

SUNDAY (Cont'd.)

A RUST GASTRONOMICAL.

My natural affiliations are with pie;
With the multitudinous
Ineffectual intersections
That make helping;
The crisp crust hiding
A bog of blue berries,
Or Sargasso-Sea of squash!
The coolth of ice cream
In its creaming,
Roman Noses!
Pomp of conquerors!
Break down the bonds of mere puddingers!
Oh the ineffable freedom
Of the Desert!

Amy Lowell.

OUR FITLINGS IN THIS FOOD FRAU.

I am no craven mugwump,I
Come out upon both ground-grippers
And loud declare superiority
To be upon the side of Skipper's
Pies.
Disheartened not by concentration
I scoff at openly your forces,
Food of oriental nation,
Weaklings and dreamers!The cause is
Rice.

SUNDAY
(Cont'd.)

("I don't think-"said Alice.
"Then you shouldn't vote",said the March Hare.)

"The time has cOme",a camper said
"To vote on many things!
On dumplings,pies,and Roman Nose,
And puddings fit for kings.
"Are watermelons good as prunes?
Does chocolate cow beat syrup?
There's such a host of candidates
That my poor brain won't clear up.
"My head is in a dizzy whirl,
My mind in fearful state;
So as I cannot think it out,
I'll vote the ticket straight."

What are all the campers yellin'?
"Bring along the Watermellin!
None of your cookery!
Off with your bookery!
Old Mother Nature's the cook to suit me!"

Then here's to you,Ricey Pudding,
In your 'ome at North Belgrade!
Though the factions rage around you,
Yet your friends are not afraid.
We give you your certificate,and when you come to table
We'll come and dip our spoons in you as long as we are able.

Rudyard Kipling.

SUNDAY
(Cont'd.)

Blueberry Pie!

Blueberry Pie!

Dark as Cleopatra's eye!

Melting and rich as well might be

Amethyst 'solved in Malvoisie!

Who for commoner cates would ask?

'Twere a fond and foolish task!

Campers all,now join my cry.

"Blueberry Pie!

Blueberry Pie!"

A.Noyes.

OMAR KHAYAM.

I Pie.

Miss Farmer's cook book underneath a bough,

The little cow,a Bit of Cheese---and Thou

Beside me nestling in the Wilderness---

Oh,Wilderness were Paradise enow!

II

Some for the glories of this world,and sone

Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come.

Ah,take the Pie,and let the Pudding go!

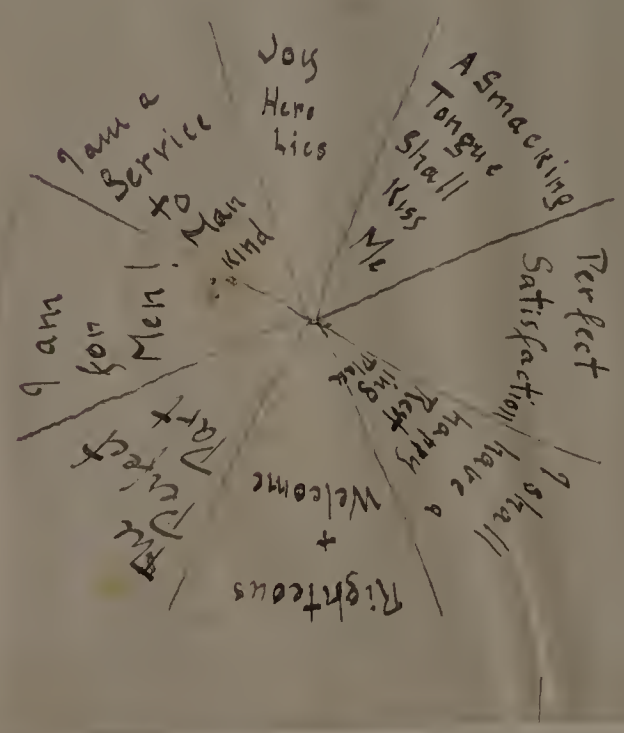
Nor heed the rumbling of a distand Tun!

Today's Geometry Lesson.

If 0 of a suspicion arise
Among the Camp that shout for rice
That in this ◯ of our friends

A group to sharp practices tends,
I would announce without amends:

"Tell Those With Pudding For Their Fare
Supporters of the πr^2!"



WHAT MAKES THE CAMPER'S BELT SO TIGHT?
WHAT MAKES HIS FACE SHINE WITH DELIGHT?
WHAT IS THIS BITE THAT'S OUT O' SIGHT?

·APPLE·PIE!

At dinner the speeches were many and brilliant. One of the best touches was A.G.'s reference to the Pilgrim Father, who left England, and later Holland, "because they could not get their just desserts."

The following is the list of winners:

Apple Pie	49
Mince Pie	39
Jam Tails	30
Bananas	37
Blueberry Pie	37
Roman Nose	33
Frog Dumplings	32
Vanilla Ice Cream Maple Cow	32

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) PICNIC TO BLUEBERRY HILL.

ADOL.	CORKER.	EBEN.	ADLER.....	WORRY.	RIP.	HECUBA.
Chisholm	R.P.C.	C.F.B.	G.E.A.	C.W.	J.G.C.	L.C.Z.
Abbott	Winthrop	P.Curtis	Miner	Corning	Chapman	Bennett
S.Houghton	Lansingh	Smedberg	Bemis	Whitney	Scott	
G.Pants.	A.M.R.	C.S.	Paine	Hunn	Chapin	

WILLIWAW.	YAWLERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
A.G.	L.H.V.S.	Thorndike	Carey	Lowell	Parker
Leland	Wheeler	Fairchild	Parrish	Payson	James
R.R.	J.Houghton	Wheelock	T.Curtis	Goodhue	Thompson
		Stackpole		Meeker	Coolidge

GRAYLING.
A.A.
Hollister

This was a new picnic place, in a pretty pasture east of Blueberry Hill, close by a brook. We had no difficulty in landing, but we found in the pasture two big steers who were so disturbed at sight of us that they ran away, and knocked down their fence, besides going into a field where they had no business to be. Their owner was very much annoyed, and spoke his mind to the crowd when they came up the hill. And when they came down, he came and stood on a commanding position and watched us for fully twenty minutes.

Meanwhile the party that stayed below to get the fire going and boil the kettle was not free from troubles. The fire went finely, but the kettle had a leak. It was a tiny pin-hole, but when C.W. tried to plug it a pice broke away, and the final plug was nearly half an inch wide. We boiled our first help of cocoa in a milk can, and then mixed it in the kettle. After that the plug had swelled enough so that we were able to do the whole of second helps in the kettle. The plug caught fire, but there was enough left to hold.

After supper we started a ghost story, but it immediately began to rain. So we came home, and finished the story under cover.

After hymns we began "The Tomb of His Ancestors." It can't be finished in one evening.

The new Worromontogus is wholly satisfactory. Hurrah for her!

The Race For
The Merryweather Cup.
(Tune,"Lützow".)

On yonder blue water what tumult prevails?
What cries from the slip are resounding?
The sunbeams are striking on spars and on sails,
The air is a-quiver with hollo's and hails,
And loud the deep megaphone's sounding.
And if you should ask what is taking placd,
It is Merryweather's gallant and glorious race.

The starters are off in their Rangeleys so bold,
The boats to the starting-place bearing.
They'll be very wet and they'll be very cold,
They'll feel very faint and they'll feel very old,
When homeward at evening they're faring,
But still they will cry with a jovial grace,
"This is Merryweather's gallant and glorious race!"

The Skipper,as steady and firm as a rock,
Gives out his instructions so clearly;
"From left to the right you shall marshal your flock,
From east to the west,with the hands of the clock,
With the sun,or you'll rue it full dearly!
For"-and a smile here illumes his face-
"This is Merryweather's gallant and glorious race!"

The Campers are gathered on slip and on float,
Their cries to the welkin are ringing;
As everyone yells for his favorite boat,
"She's over!She isn't!she's up and afloat,
And over the water she's winging!
Hi!Yah!she is striking a leading pace
In the Merryweather's gallant and glorious race!"

Now hither,now thither,like birds of the wave,
Their snowy sails bobbing and dipping,
They come;and while some find a watery grave,
Here's one little beauty,as staunch as she's brave,
That over the line comes a-tripping.
Hurrah!for the winner of cup and place
In the Merryweathers' gallant and glorious race!

L.E.R.

THE DOPESTERS' SONG.

A-doping, a-doping,
Beside a summer lake:
All day I heard a dopester guess
What sport we next should take.

"Oh, sure we'll have a scouting game;
'Tis just two-forty-five.
It's glassy calm and beastly hot.
Jump up and look alive."

"'Twill be an all-day expedish.
It's raining good and hard.
The fog it lies about so thick
You cannot see a yard."

"Oh yes, it's final track and field;
With half the camp away,
And jumping pits knee-deep and dank
With slimy mud and clay."

"I know! We'll have the yacht race, sure;
The wind has fallen flat.
My boat has surely got the rest
Knocked into a cocked hat."

And so we dope from morn till night,
And when we fail, 'tis plain
The only thing for us to do
Is, dope it out again.

A.M.P.

MONDAY Aug.30 B.29.20 T.60' Water T.66' S.by E. Rain.

It didn't rain all day,but enough of it to make any sort of expedition impossible.All sorts of plans had been made,but they were laid on the shelf,and boats were built from morning till night.

Bill Chisholm and Russell Chapin left by the morning train.

We had news this morning that though Clem's ear is better,it is likely to start up again at any moment,and tthe doctors think that he would be better off at home,where he can be under observation.Too bad that he has to miss the last week,and for such an uncomfortable reason.

All work on rigging and sails was done in the big room, which soon resembled a sail loft.Thread,paper,paste covered such parts of the floor as were not occupied by sailpmakers, and overflowed on he piazza.It was a cheerful if messy scene.

Trials were going on all day,though the wind was too light to be wholly satisfactory.

At 4-45 the following select company ran for the mail: A.A.,Lowell,Scott,Goodhue,Pun,Parker,Abbott,J.G.C. We give the order in which they came in,J.G.C. staying behind to coach Abbott along.Abbott went only to the cross roads,and coming back Scott and Goodhue walked up the hill.

After supper we had Digestion Club,and finished "Rudder Grange".

Then we went through the pile of unclaimed clothes,and got a good many connected with their owners.

After that came Indoor Golf.We had one very lively round and started on a second.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The half-past niners played the Foot and Mouth game; so called because it has nothing to do with either feet or mouths. We began with eyes.and then took noses and hands.

On eyes,G.E.A.'s side guessed five out of seven,C.W.'s three out of eight.

Noses were easier,for there was not a mistake made on either side.

Hands were harder again.G.E.A. guessed four out of seven,C.W. three out of eight.

Personalities were many and rude,as usual.Perhaps G.E.A. got off the prize remark,when he said "Yes,that is C.S.'s nose. So long!"

By bed-time the stars were out and the moon coming up over the hill,so our hopes were good for a fair day to come.

TUESDAY Aug.31
B.29.22
T.61'
Water T.66'
Cludy
N.N.W.

Not a very propitious day, and some shook their heads and prophesied rai; but the lists were posted, the grub was packed, and off we went.

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

OUANANICHE, AROUND THE HORN.

H.R.

A.G.	L.H.V.S.
R.P.C.	L.C.Z.
Fun	Pantaloein
Chapman	Wheeler
Fairchild	Hollister

R.R., Goodhue,
Heeker, Coolidge.

HAMPSHIRE HILL.

HORRY.	ABOL.	CORKER.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.
G.E.A.	A.A.	Lowell	Thorndike	Carey	Parker
Paine	Snedberg	Corning	Parrish	James	Payson
S.Houghton	Remis	Scott	Thompson	T.Curtis	Whitney
Ieland	C.S.	A.M.R.	Miner		

TIER AND ENVIRONS.

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
C.E.	C.F.B.	J.G.C.
Bennett	Lansingh	Abbott
T.L.	P.Curtis	Wheelock
Stackpole	Winthrop	J.Houghton.

The Log of the Ouananiche.

The crew chosen to bring the Ouananiche home round the Horn was made up almost entirely of tutors and tutorers, and for that reason could not start until 11 a.m. To make up some of the lost time Millard Gleason was engaged, with his launch, to take the party across the bay. They got away promptly on time, either in the launch or in the two rowboats in tow of her, and it was a fine sight to see L.C.Z. and A.G., trying, with set faces, to steer the rowboats, which were wallowing behind the launch in a smother of foam with their noses in the air.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) R.R. arrived at the station in Anderson's Ford almost simultaneously with the crew, at 11.55, and chocolate was served out all round---a good point to remember when luncheon is to be late.

Future Hornets will find a wonderful place for luncheon in the first wood above the railroad bridge on the south bank of the strea.

The point-to-point and total paddling time of the trip are here given, as a fair standard of what a fairly good crew can do under reasonable good conditions.

Station to Midway Island,	28 m.
Island to mouth of stream,	18 m.
Mouth to first bridge,	14 m.
1st. to 2nd. bridge,	30 m.
2nd. to R.R. bridge,	7 m.
R.R. bridge to E.Mt.Vernon,	35 m.
E.Mt.Vernon to low bridge,	9 m.
Low Bridge to Mills,	1 hr., 17 m.
Mills to Camp,	37 m.
Total paddling time,	4 h.15 m.

Delay at 1st. bridge,	1 m.
Time for luncheon,	1 h.32 m.
Carry at E.Mt.Vernon,	24 m.
Delay at low bridge,	5 m.
Carry at Mills,	13 m.
Station to Camp,	6 h.30 m.

Camp to station,	55 m.
Delay for sponging boat, and eating chocolate,	30 m.
Total time,	7 h.55 m.

Th this should be added about fifteen minutes if the crew crosses the bay "on its own". An allowance of eight hours to eight hours and fifteen minutes therefore is about right for a pretty good crew, under fairly good conditions, to round the Horn, without rushing lunch time or carries.

H.R.

To the above should be added that they had a fair wind on Messalonskee, and less trouble with the wind on Long Pond than had been expected. The bridges were no better and no worse than they

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) were last week,but they got under the bridge at Mt.Vernon,which the out-going crew did not do.At the Mills there was one accident.The Ouananiche got away after they slid her into the water,so A.G. jumped in and caught her.A nice coold day for an extra swim.

The Tiber boats went up their stream,and then walked across to Little Pond.Here they played Skowhegan,and had their dinner.They then planned to walk round the pond,fording the mouth,which is narrow and shallow.But finding a new road back to the Tiber,they took it instead.It revolutionizes the Little Pond trip;and though very wet in spots,would probably be perfectly confortable in any ordinary summer.

The baskets etc.having been left on the far shore of Little Pond,C.W. and C.F.B. went back for them,while the rest walked up the hil behind the schoolhouse.Here they passed a house with a very crazy lady,who called them names,and danced and gave them apples,which they much enjoyed.

As they had been very hungry at dinner,in spite of cocoa,or chocolate,which they made over their fire,supper was not very ample,so when they came home they began again,overlapping on the Ouananiche crew,who were still eating.

The Hamshire Hillers.got away at ten o'clock,and in spite of head winds and wet boats made the meadow by the northwest brook in very good time.As most of us were wet,we got a fire going,and then all except the ladies had a good game of prisoner's base,to get dry,and fill up the time before dinner.

After dinner we headed to the left,and then took the first

TUESDAY turn to the right.Some of the younger boys groaned when (cont'd.)
they saw the real Philip Mountain,and learned that they were to walk round it and beyond,but after a few stitches in sides had passed off,and Smeber; had been carried by G.E.A. for a couple of hundred yards,all went well.

A.A. had brought trout flies in his pocket,and he and two or three others went ahead to the trout brook,where he caught a real trout.Then the crowd came up,and after that the fishing was not so good.

We rested by the brook awhile,and then followed it as far as the schoolhouse,when we took to the road again,up the back of the hill.The view was fine,and while we rested on top Miner told us about "Our Hero "and "The Villain".

We walked up the height east of Hampshire,and then came down to the road along the south side.On the way we met a small boy with some trout,and once more A.A. and the other enthusiasts cut on ahead. When we reached Rome Corner they were not in sight,so G.E.A. and Lowell waited for them,in case they got mixed up at the turn,which is rather blind,while the rest of us went ahead and got the fire going.

We had so much time that we had a ghost story after supper; and coming we had such a strong favoring wind that we coasted most of the way.

When we got home we found supper still going on,so we turned to and had some.

The Monkey was in Sight for a little while,and the half-past niners had a story;that is,all who did not go to bed early.

This evening our number was increased by Miss Rosamond Bennett, who has come to see how bad Tom is.

WEDNESDAY Sept.1 B.29.53 T.51° Water T.66° Fair

Very little wind of any description,but we went to work on our boats,and there is prospect that a good many will really get finished.In fact most of the good ones are done already.It is the people who have smashed seven that are wanting more time.

One hears of a bull in a china shop,but did anyone ever hear of a bull in a carpenter's shop?That was what R.R. found early this afternoon.The biggest of Mrs.Cook's bulls was in the far corner of the shop,licking the shellac and oil off sails and anything else that he could get hold of.She made demonstrations through the window with a landing-net,and drove him out.Cheers for the young lady of Hull!

FINAL MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
LOX VS. BOX.

When it became evident that there would be no racing wind,the baseball lists were posted,and we went up for our last senior game.It was very uneven,unfortunately,so it could not be very exciting.The Lox led all the way,and increased their lead at frequent intervals.Their biggest addition was in the fourth,when they had ten men at bat,and made five runs.

The Box pulled off two good double plays,one in the second,the other in the sixth.In the former,Lowell flied out to J.G.C.,who threw the ball to L.M.V.S. in time to get Carey. In the second,Parker threw to R.P.C.,putting out Thorndike, and R.P.C. got the ball to first in time to cut off C.V.

L.M.V.S. batted for .750,C.E.A. for .666,Thorndike and Carey for.500,and C.V. for .400.The longest hit of the game was J.G.C.'s three-bagger,in the first inning.

Lox vs. Box of Sept. 2 at 250

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	0		1 Lowell	5		F3			K			6-3					4	2	1	
6	5		2 A. A.	2				9 F1				4-3					3	2	0	
5	2		3 G. E. A.	6					9 F8								3	4	2	
1	4		4 Thordike	4	4F-3		(K) 1-3			1-6 0							4	2	2	
1	4		5 C. W.	1	4-3		(K) 1-3			6-3							5	0	2	
12	0		6 T. L.*	3			F3			K		9 6					4	0	1	
0	0		7 Painter	7	6-3			8 F4			5-3						4	1	1	
0	0		8 Fairchild	9		4-3		0 3	4-3		K						4	0	0	
0	0		9 Carey	8		9 F6					4-3						4	2	2	
0	0		10 Hollister	7																
			11																	
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3	3	10	11	11	11	13					35	13	11	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitcb.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base bits.	1-b. on errors.
				3	8		

* Lowell runs

Earn'd runs.	2-base bits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
	4		

Box vs. Lox of Sept. 2 at

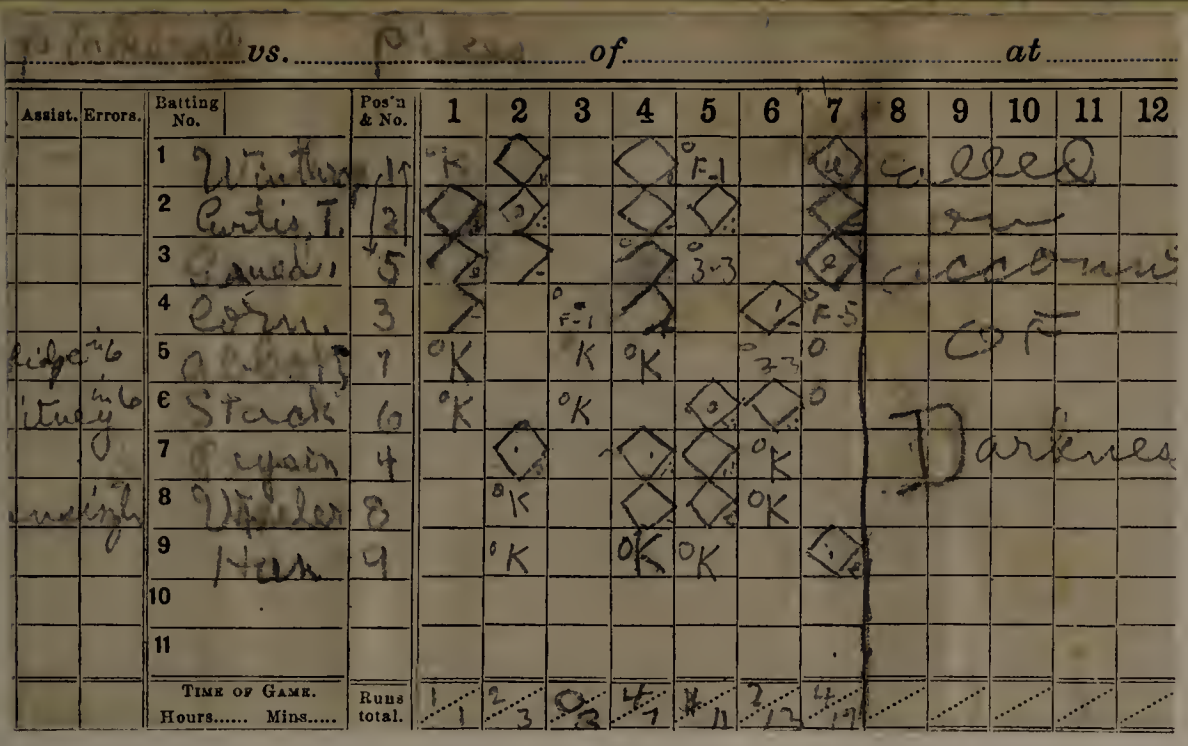
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.	Sacr. bits.
0	1		1 Parker	1	(K) 2-3		K			6-3		K					4	0	0	
1	2		2 J. G. C.	5			K			F-3			8-3				4	1	1	
2	3		3 R. P. C.	6	9 6		1-5			8-3							3	1	1	
2	6		4 L. M. V. S.	4	2-6 0			2-6 0			6-4 0		9 F-3				4	0	3	
14	0		5 L. C. Z.	3		9 6		(K) 2-3									4	0	1	
3	2		6 A. G.	2		K		4F3			0 3		4-3				4	0	0	
0	0		7 Parish	7					K		0 1						2	0	0	
1	0		8 Leland	8					9 F5			9 6					2	0	0	
1	0		9 Bemis	9		K			1-3			4F-3					3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
34	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	2	30	2	6	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitcb.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.
	1			6	5		

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.
	1	1	

Pikes vs. Parish of at

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6 5	7 6	8 7	9 8	10 9	11	12	AT BAT
		1 Carlisle	6	11-3												
		2 [illegible]	11	K		1-3				1-3			Called			
		3 [illegible]	2	OK		0-4				0 3						
		4 Welch	5								OK					
		5 James	7													
		6 Goodhue	4		OK	OK	0				OK					
		7 Scott	9				0 4-3	OK			0 5					
		8 Pikes	3		OK											
		9 [illegible]	9		K		0 3-3		OK							
		10														
		11														
		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	2	2	6	7	1	1	1					



Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	Winther	1	K				F-1			called				
2	Curtis T.	2									on			
3	Gaudi	5					3-3							
4	Corn.	3			F-1				F-5					
5	[illegible]	7	K		K	K		3-3	0					
6	Stark	6	K		K				0		Darkness			
7	Cyan	4						K						
8	Wheeler	8		K				K						
9	Nash	9		K		K	K							
10														
11														
	Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	3	3	7	11	13	17					

BUG LEAGUE GAME.

FINS VS. PICKEREL'S.

The score was of the usual Bug League type,but this game was remarkable in being called for darkness.We think this is the first time that it has happened in Camp.If Francis Perkins were here he would know for certain.

After supper there was a good deal of rehearsing,but those who were not dramatically occupied had games on the hill.

LAST SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....Meeker,Minor.
2. Duet,drum and harmonica,.....A.G.,L.C.Z.
3. Russian Ballet.....C.W.,G.E.A.
4. Choruses.....Drink Puppy,Scouting Song, Merryweather Races.
5. Duet.....T.L.,A.M.R.
6. Stunt,"Ode to My Infant Son".....A.G.,A.A.,A.M.R.
7. Stunt,"College Days".....T.L.,C.W.,G.E.A.,A.G., L.C.Z.,I.M.V.S.

CAMP SONG.

Our new alliterative Chopsticks team did a good job.Why couldn't their names look well on a professional programme? Unless "our hero" feels that the drama is more in his line.

L.C.Z. did not appear with his harmonica,but that may

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) have been because Noah makes such a very big bass drum that it needs the whole stage to itself.We heard him plainly;and some want to know how he managed to play the harmonica and sandpaper at the same time.A.C. discoursed upon the drum,with fire and fury,or with soft pathos,according to what the tune was.

Our Russian ballet-dancers were wonderful.Clad in white,with blonde braids and flowers here and there,waving long graceful scarfs, their mere aspect was enought to charm the spectators;and when they began to dance,the audience went wild with delight.They twirled, they bounced,they pirouetted;and when C.E.A.,perched on C.W.'s knee,with one leg straight out in front of him,threw his final kiss,the applause was so deafening that Camp Kunoia must have heard it.

Mozart's G minor symphony is a very wonderful thing,even if one doesn't have the orchestra.(I hope most people didn't notice too plainly that I lost my place.A.M.P.)

The Ode to My Infant Son has been acted before,but never more effectively.A.C. as the poetice father was a wonderful sight.We have never seen him in a pink smock before,and we think it a great pity that he can't wear one all the time.Perhaps it might cause comment in the medical school,though.

There is no doubt that A.A. as the baby was the wort-behaved child we have ever had to deal with.He not only did all the naughty things he was supposed to do,but whenever he was stopped or rescued he fairly roared with disappointment and rage.If ever a baby needed spanking,it was that one.

Our last stunt was more elaborately staged than most.The red-shaded lamp just above the table,the lettered "banners" on the wall, gave most valuable local colour.T.L. was very much at home in the corner of the window-seat,C.E.A. a little ill at ease,as the sly

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) freshman would naturally be.Then the others came in,full of enthusiasm over a victory.At least,some of them were.C.W.'s feelings were rather too mild and gentle to be called enthusiasm.We had songs.and various card and coin tricks.The one which amazed the audience most was throwing a coin to any part of the room suggested.It landed on the base-balls,on the yachting cup,and even higher up.A missing card was found in Fudwuddle's pocket,and C.W. could tell which card in a row was touched when he had had his back turned to it all the time.It was very amazing.

C.E.A. did not join in the singing,although he was out for the freshman glee club,but devoted his attention to a photograph.He gazed and gazed,and at one time hid it in his breast pocket,but at last the others caught on,and made fun of him.

Altogether it was a delightful stunt,a fitting climax to a splendid season.

This wonderful programme took a good deal of time,so we had only just time to finish the story that we began Tuesday night.

THURSDAY Sept.2, B.29.54 T.51' Water T.64' Fair S.

A lovely day,warming fast,and though not perhaps ideal for racing,good enough to do.The first six preliminary heats were run off in the morning,cutting off the regular morning swim.We will,however,give the whole thing together,for the sake of clearness.

This morning Fred brought back the Pie-plant from the beach inside the point,where she has been lying for a couple of days.He handled her with great skill,not shipping a drop of water.

Just before dinner Mr.and Mrs.Meeker came,to take a look at Arthur.They found him thriving,and thought he had gained not only in weight but in height.

Late in the afternoon arrived,not our oldest,but our tallest graduate.May his shadow never grow less!

Henry Lee Eyck Perry

Oh yes!And at afternoon reading we finished the Shaving of Shagpat.

And now,the decks being cleared,we will proceed to the race.

ANNUAL FEATHERWEIGHT CUP RACE.

FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Boat.	Owner.
Dark Boss	Carey
Golden Grass Bird	Parker
Valspar	Coolidge
Foam	Lovell

The wind was very light,from the south.The Dark Boss and the Foam went over early,but the former,when set up,soon overhauled the G.G.Bird,and took first place,with the Bird second. The Valspar was a very slow third,and the Foam did not finish.By the way,Coolidge's connection with the Valspar was a nominal one.

SECOND PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Vivace	T.L.
Brutus	Smedberg
Skylark	J.Boughton
Purple Cow	Chapman

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The Purple Cow went over at once.It is said that she will race next year.The other three were close for a while,but the Vivace soon drew away from her competitors,and deserved her first place.The Brutus was a fair second.The Skylark went over as the breeze freshened,and didnot finish.

THIRD PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Speedboy	Thorndike
Caesar	Smedberg
Shark	C.V.
Peanut-shell	Winthrop

The breeze was a.little better,but the Peanut-shell was out of it from the first,tough she eventually finished.The Speedboy led at one time by half the length of the course,and the Caesar was a pretty moderate second.The Shark was third. What she likes is a gale.

FOURTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Hydroplane IV	James
White Star	Scott
Foab	C.F.A.
Sea Sled	Chapman

All over at the start,except the Hydroplane.This gallant vessel,though her pace suggested that she had stopped to fish or was anchored,finished the course without a hitch,and won first place,after the next heat had started.The White Star, the only other boat to cross the line,did so in a water-logged condition,drifting helplessly.The Foab could not stay up long,though at times she went well.

FIFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Comet	C.F.P.
Bullboat	James
Yaller Pawg	Payson
Rocket	Stackpole

The Comet had it pretty much her own way in this heat, leading easily all the way.The Bullboat passed the Yaller Pawg,and came in a slow second.The Rocket was fourth.The whole

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) heat was over before the preceding heat;a rather unusual state of things.

SIXTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Hydrox	J.G.C.
Little Pop	Corning
Panama Peel	Scott
Mudlark	J.H.E.

The best heat so far.The Hydrox went over at the start, but did well,and came up to the front,passing both the Pop and the Peel.The contest for second place was a hot one,the Pop finally beating out her slippery rival.The Mudlark refused to soar.

SEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Speejacks	James
Great Salt Spoon	I.I.V.S.
Bear Kitten	Ieland
Funboat	Lowell

The first afternoon heat,with the wind perhaps a little fresher.The Bear Kitten and the Funboat went over early, and could not seem to stay right side up.At one time all four boats were down,but the Speejacks,when rightd,went well and won easily. The Salt Spoon was the only other one to finish.

EIGHTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Little Bear	Ieland
Mo epunkee II	James
Slowpoke	P.Curtis
Dartaway	T.Curtis

Much capsizing,but after being righted the Bear and the Morepunkee went well,the Bear winning by a very narrow margin.The other two didn't do much.

NINTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Rough Stuff	Whittemore
White Bird	Parker
Blue Grass	Bemis
Shamrock IV	Parrish

Only the first two here amounted to anything.The

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) White Bird capsized,and though she care along well afterwards she could not catch the Rough Stuff,which won by a good margin.

TENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Kenesaw
Tubera
Revenge
Shooting Star
James
Thorndike
Paine
Lansingh

The Kenesaw was the only boat that stayed up throughout, and she was slow and steered wildly to port.In fact she hit the float before she crossed the line,and had to be rescued. The Tubera,which won second place,was fast,but went over a good many times.

As there were forty-one boats,the Sunshine Sally,C.S.'s boat,drew a bye.This gallant craft was once the Blueberry Pie and later the Leathery Ape.

FIRST SECONDARY HEAT.

Golden Grass Bird
Vivace
Dark Horse
Brutus

A good heat.The Golden Grass Bird won,but the Vivace, making a brilliant sprint,was a fine second.The Dark Horse, which came in third,tipped over just after crossing the line. The Brutus didn't finish.

SECOND SECONDARY HEAT.

Speedboy
Caesar
Hydroplane IV.
White Star

The Speedboy won easily,with Caesar a moderate second. The Hydroplane was very slow,but as the White Star soon went out of commission she couldn't very well help making third place.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

THIRD SECONDARY HEAT.

Comet
Hydrox
Little Pop
Fullboat

The Comet and the Hydrox had a lively fight of it all the way,the Comet finally winning by a short lead.The Pop was third,not so close,and the Fullboat a slow fourth.

FOURTH SECONDARY HEAT.

Rough Stuff
Moerpunkee
Penesaw
Little Bear

The race was really between the first two,for the Little Bear could not be kept right side up,and the Penesaw was finally picked up heading for Hoyt's Island.The Morepunkee was a close second,but the Rough Stuff was too much for her.

FIFTH SECONDARY HEAT.

Speejacks
White Bird.
Tubera
Great Salt Spoon

A good race.The Speejacks kept ahead all the way,with the Tubera and the White Bird slitting positions.The Bird got second finally on a desperate sprint,with the Tubera a very close third.The Salt Spoon was reported as still sailing,but we did not hear of her crossing the line.

FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Vivace
Speedboy
Caesar
Golden Grass Bird

The Vivace lived up to her name,and set a lively pace.The G.G.Bird was speedy,but yawed so much that she tipped over.The Speedboy sprinted into second place,not far behind the Vivace,with the Caesar third.

THURSDAY SPECIAL PRELIMINARY HEAT.
(Cont'd.)
Hydrox
Comet
Rough Stuff
Horsepower

A fine heat. The Hydrox won, with the Comet a good second, in spite of capsizes. The Rough Stuff tipped over late in the race, but came in third.

THIRD PRELIMINARY HEAT.

Sunshine Sally
Speejacks
White Bird

There were only three in this heat. The Sally was certainly the fastest, and deserved the first place, but she had to work for it, as she went over once. The Speejacks was a steady second, with the White Bird a good way behind.

FIRST SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Hydrox
Speedboy
Vivace

The Hydrox led all through. The Vivace was second, till an unlucky capsize set her back. The Speedboy took advantage of this, sprinted, and got into second place. A very close heat.

SECOND SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Comet
Speejacks
Sunshine Sally

The Comet won, in spite of going over once. In fact every boat went over at least once. The Speejacks made a good second, with the Sally third.

FINAL HEAT.

Speed-boy
Comet
Hydrox
Speejacks

The first start was a poor one, so the boats were sent

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) back to try again.For nearly half the course,they kept a beautiful line,and no one could tell what would happen.The Speedboy finally sprinted into first place,with the Comet close behind,and the Hydrox a good third.The race was won in the last five yards.

Congratulations to Captain Thorndike and his gallant bark. She has served him faithfully,and now comes her reward.At supper,when the cup was presented,he referred feelingly to the fact that this was the Speedboy's fourth year.

REFLECTIONS OF A STARTER.

This is the place to write a pome,
Out on the tossing sea.
Starting the ships that are sailing home,
Tumbling on o'er the scudding foam,
Wandering aimlessly.

This is the place to laugh at the guys
That bring out the boats to sail.
Here we may hark to their horrible cries.
Listen in awe to their pants and sighs,
And scoff at their curious wail.

Hunt is prone on the floor of the boat,
Flat,with his feet in the air,
Yelling like mad 'cause he got Chase's goat,
(Chasey is uttering curses remote,
Curses,and something to spare.)

Chickweed and Doctor are cursing their luck,
Cursing the wind and the sun.
The Foab and Salt--spoon have both run amuck.

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

And sunk with an ominous hollowish cluck:

I laugh at the fiendish fun.

But see,'tis the finals,the boats number four.

The Hydrox ,the Comet,I say,

The Speejacks and Speedboy,are way on before,

The latter has won by a scant foot or more,

And thus ends a glorious day.

T.L.

We doubt if T.L. felt so poetical in 1912,when he was taking boats out to the starters,in a howling west wind.He didn't look as if his reflections would have been safe to print.

After supper we had Digestion Club,and then came in for the tree contest.We have never had such a good arrangement of specimens.Instead of being on tables,they were hanging on cords,each with its tag,two specimens of each of the thirty-one kinds.Thus no one could get specimens away,and there was none of the usual mess and confusion.We take off our hats to T.L.,who thought it up and arranged the strings.

We do not give the whole list of contestants.The first ten deserve mention,but we will spare the blushes of the tail-enders.Suffice it to say that several got only two right.

A.A.	31
C.F.P.	31
Paine	20
T.Curtis	19 1/2
J.Houghton	17 1/2
C.P.	15
Wheeler	15
Bennett	12
Corning	12
Thorndike	12

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The half-past niners played spelling,making words out of "insupportable".It is a very good word.

We give below a list of those whose blushes we do not intend to spare:those who did not get any boat finished for the race. Some of them smashed seven in the course of the summer,but never seemed to learn anything by the process.

Abbott
Coolidge
Fairchild
Goodhue
Hollister
Hun
Hooker
Miner
Pantaleoni
Thompson
Wheeler
Wheelock
Whitney

S.Loughton got one done,but put her off the float and spoiled her just after dinner.We have never had a year with so many boys in the duffer class as regards boat-building.

MERRYWEATHER RACES.

Merryweather ladies sing this song,
Doodah! Doodah!
Merryweather race course eight rods long,
Doodah,doodah day!
Went down the slip with my sails all set,
Doodah! Doodah.'
Came back up with my feet all wet,
Doodah,doodah day!

Chorus: Gwine to race all night,
And gwine to race all day;
Some bet their money on the old Slowpoke,
Some on the Speedaway.

The gay Little Pop and the Caribou,
Doodah! Doodah!
The Tubera and the Bootjack too,
Doodah,doodah day!
See them flying like a sea-bird flock,
Doodah!Doodah!
Heading away for Pickerel Rock,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

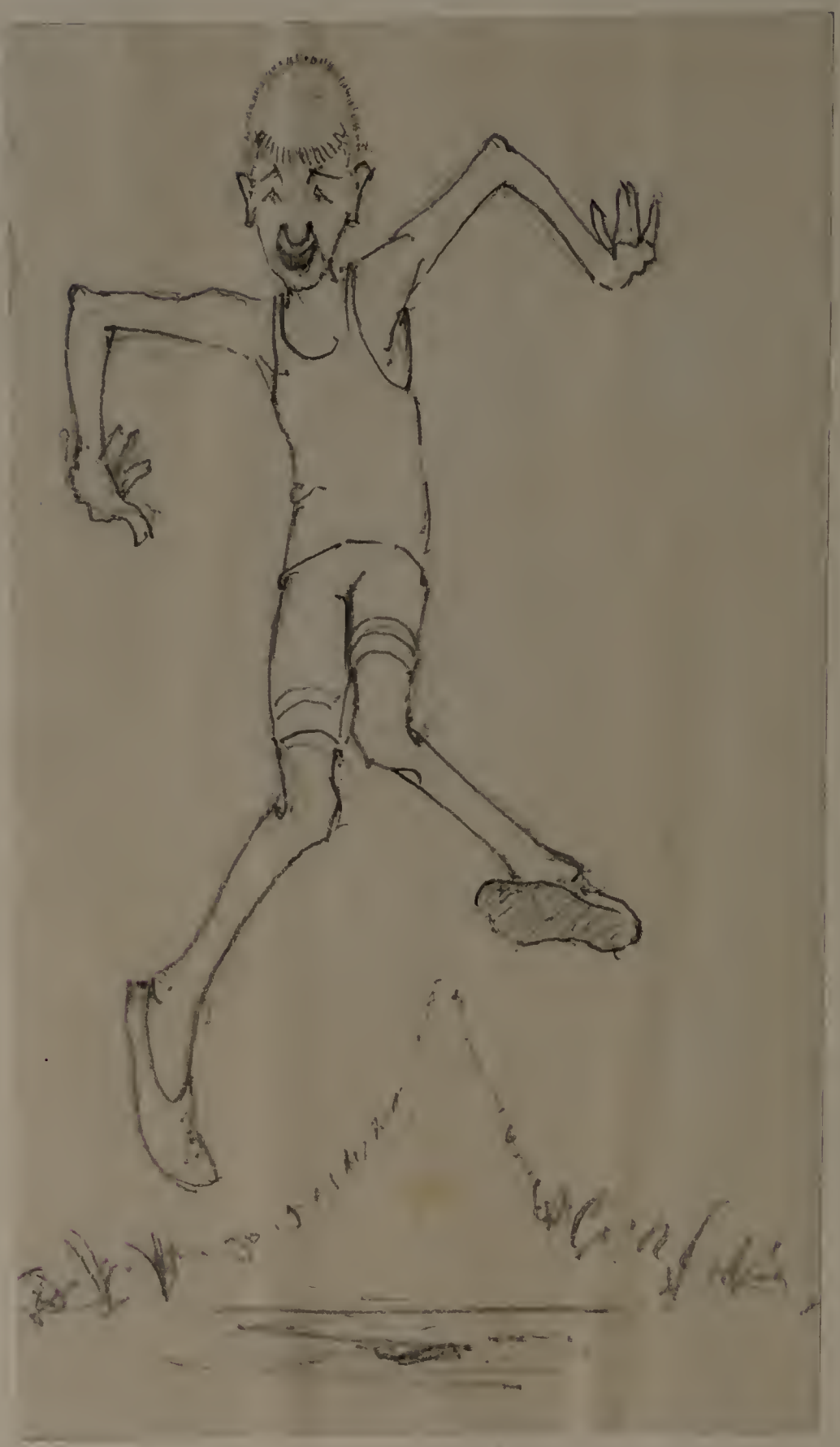
The Pocket and the Tomato -Can,
Doodah! Doodah!
Smart little craft as ever ran,
Doodah,doodah day!
Off they start with a lively dash,
Doodah! Doodah!
Over they go with a lively splash,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

Old Purple Cow is off the course,
Doodah! Doodah!
Give her a shove and send her across!
Doodah,doodah day!
Here with a tack and there with a dodge,
Doodah! Doodah!
Go head her off at Fourway Lodge,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

See them flying before the wind,
Doodah! Doodah!
Some before and some behind,
Doodah,doodah day!
Some of 'em down and some of 'em up,
Doodah! Doodah!
And one of 'em all to win the cup,
Doodah,doodah day!
Chorus as before.

L.E.P.

S. Houghton, Broad Jumping.



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Tree Game

1915.

1 Hemlock
2 Yellow Birch
3 Balsam Fir
4 Beech
5 Larch
6 Red Pine
7 Hornbeam
8 Alder
9 Swamp Maple
10. White Cedar
11 Red Maple
12 Elm
13 Linden
14 Hop Hornbeam
15 Shad Bush
16 Juniper
17 Sumach
18 Spruce
19 Cherry
20 Red Oak
21 Willow
22 Canoe Birch
23 Striped Maple
24 Witch Hazel
25 Large-toothed Aspen
26 Quaking Aspen
27 Gray Birch
28 White Ash
29 Yew
30 Hazel

FRIDAY, Aug.3, B.89.46 T.63' Water T.66' Fair N.N.W. The morning seemed very quiet, after the excitement of the recent boat-building mornings.

We hate to have to record that the Comet, which was taken from her owner's tent last night, was found this morning hopelessly damaged out by the Pine Parlor. We hope that the person who did it will be man enough to admit it.

Having finished Shagpat, we began "Robin Hood" this afternoon, taking it up where we left it last year.

TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

Conditions were good as far as weather went, but besides Bennett and Meeker, who were out all along, Ferris, Corning, and Fairchild were out because of their coughs.

The officials presented an elegant and professional aspect, all wearing straw hats, and most of them wearing the tops of bathing-suits and white trousers, either duck or flannel.

CLASS A HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Height.	Handicap.
Parker	4'7"	Scratch
Carey	4'6"	Scratch
Lowell	4'6"	Scratch
Pantaleoni	4'6"	Scratch

Parrish also got 4'6", but it was by virtue of his handicap, so he was not really tied with the other three.

CLASS A BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Carey	15'2 1/4"	Scratch
Pantaleoni	14'3 1/2"	Scratch
Parker	14'2 1/2"	Scratch

It was very satisfactory in both these events that the point winners were all scratch men. As will be seen, it was very close between second and third, and Lowell, who was fourth, was only a quarter of an inch behind Parker.

FRIDAY, (Cont'd.) CLASS A SHOT PUT.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Thorndike	32' 1/2"	Scratch
Parker	27'2"	1'
Leland	25'5 1/2"	7'

Thorndike outclassed the others,as can be seen by the figures.

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Time	Handicap.
Thorndike	12 s.	2 yds.
Carey		Scratch
Parrish		2 yds.

None of the three who qualified were working very hard at the end,evidently satisfied at getting into the finals, and saving themselves for those.Carey was about three yards behind Thorndike,and Parrish five yards farther back.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Parker	13 1/5 s.	3 yds.
Lowell		Scratch
Pantaleoni		Scratch

This was not a rapid heat either,for the same reason as the former.In fact Pantaleoni nearly missed his calculation, for he wasn't more than a couple of inches ahead of Hollister at the tape.Lowell was much bothered by Hun,who ran all over the field.

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Pantaleoni	11 3/5 s.
Carey	
Thorndike	

This was real business,and the finish was a good one. Carey was about four feet behind Pantaleoni,and Thorndike rather less behind him.

CLASS A 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Pantaleoni	1 m.4 3/5 s.	Scratch
Thorndike		20 yds.
Carey		10 yds.

Thorndike's heavy handicap stood him in good stead, for he led until part way down the hundred,when Pantaleoni

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) passed h'm. This event, which was the last for Class A, gave Pantaleoni the cup.

CLASS B HIGH JUMP.

Name.	Height.	Handicap.
T.Curtis	4'1"	Scratch
Chapman	4'	Scratch
S.Foughton	3'9"	Scratch

Here again good handicapping showed, with three scratch men leading.

CLASS B BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
T.Curtis	12'4 1/4"	Scratch
Snedberg	11'11 1/2"	1'
Chapman	11'6 1/2".	Scratch

Goodhue also did 11'8 1/2", but it was with a handicap, so the place goes to Chapman.

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Chapman	28'2 1/2"	Scratch
Payson	24'7"	Scratch
T.Curtis	24'3"	3'

Chapman was over three feet better than anyone else, and certainly earned his five points.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
S.Foughton	14 3/5 s.	3 yds.
T.Curtis		Scratch
Scott		3 yds.

T.Curtis was three feet behind Houghton at the finish. Scott was about five yards behind him.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Payson	14 1/5 s.	Scratch
Chapman		4 yds.
Paine		Scratch

It looked a little as if Chapman owed his place more or less to his handicap.

FRIDAY. FINAL HEAT.
(Cont'd.)

Name.	Time.
Payson	14 s.
T.Curtis	
Chapman	

This was the second race.The first was not satisfactory,because Curtis was crowded and hampered,if not actually fouled, and fell just before the finish.The time was not so good as in the second race,being 14 1/5 s.At the finish T.Curtis was not more than a foot behind Payson,and led Chapman by about the same.

CLASS B (440 YARD) RUN.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
T.Curtis	1 m.11 3/5 s.	25 yds.
Chapman		16 yds.
Paine		Scratch

Snedeker,who had a very long handicap,led as far as third base,where he was passed by S.Houghton.Then Curtis came to the front,and held his lead the rest of the way.Even if the first two places had been reversed,T.Curtis would still have had the cup.

CLASS C HIGH JUMP.

Name	Height.	Handicap.
Thompson	3'2"	Scratch
Lansing	3'1"	1"
Whitney	3'1"	1"

Wheelock's jump appears as tying Whitney and Lansing, but his handicap was larger than theirs,so he does not share in the points.

CLASS C BROAD JUMP.

Name.	Distance.	Handicap.
Coolidge	12'4 3/4"	Scratch
Whitney	12'2 1/2"	1'
Stackpole	11'2 3/4"	1'

Coolidge did very well,coming up over a foot in his jumps.Whitney bettered his mark by nearly a foot.

(Cont'd.) CLASS C 100 YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Whitney	14 1/5 s.	3 yds.
Thomson		5 yds.
Abbott		5 yds.

Thomson was very close on Whitney,but Abbott was a very slow third.Only two were placed in the finals.

SECOND HEAT.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Wheelock	15 1/5 s.	4 yds.
Stackpole		3 yds.
Leisingh		Scratch

Not a very speedy heat,as can be seen by the time as given.

FINAL HEAT.

Name.	Time.
Whitney	15 s.
Thompson	
Wheelock	

Whitney did not make quite such good time as he did in the first heat,but it was better than the time of the second. Thompson was three feet behind,and Wheelock two yards behind Thompson.

CLASS C 440 YARD RUN.

Name.	Time.	Handicap.
Stackpole	1 m.12 4/5 s.	50 yds.
Whitney		15 yds.
Coolidge		40 yds.

There were no scratch men,as Meeker,the only one,was not allowed to run.Coolidge passed Stackpole at third base,but Stackpole repassed him by the start of the hundred,and kept the lead.Whitney passed Coolidge by a good sprint,and second place was enough to give him the cup.

So ended a very good meet.It was not a day for records, but good work was done,andthat is the main thing,after all. We give the list of point winners on the next page.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

LIST OF POINT WINNERS.

CLASS A.

	High.	Broad.	Slot.	100.	120.	Total.
Pattaloni	1	1/3 3		1	1	11 1/3
Carey	1	1/3 5		3	1	10 1/3
Parker	5	1	3			9
Thorndike			5	1	3	9
Howell	1	1/3				1 1/3
Leland			1			1

CLASS B.

T.Curtis	5	5	1	3	5	19
Chapman	3	1	5	1	3	13
Payson			3	5		8
Snedberg		3				3
Paine					1	1
S.Loughton	1					1

CLASS C.

Whitney	2	3		5	3	13
Thompson	5			3		8
Coolidge		5			1	6
Stackpole		1			5	6
Persingh	2					2
Wheelock				1		1

After supper came Digestion Club, except for those who were rehearsing.

Then came Dumb Cranbo, which in turn was followed by half-past nine Portion.

SATURDAY, Whether the weather report got lost,or Peye
Sept.5, Fair. forgot to make it,we don't know.It was a glorious
Hot.
N.W. by W. day,though pretty hot in the afternoon.

A good many rehearsals this morning,of course.A big squad got pine boughs for decorations,and a bonfire squad did good service.

It was hardly a handy time for callers,but the two we had were very pleasant,and stayed only a little while,so we didn't mind.They were Mrs.Holt and Ilwell,of Camp Mowgli,where John Houghton was last year.Having finished their season,with a fancy dress party,they were motoring in this direction,and thought they would like to take a look at us.

PICNIC AT HOYT'S ISLAND.
Start at 12 Noon.

YORKY.	ROVER.	APOL.	IPIN.	RIP.	TRUNK.
F.R.	C.V.	C.P.I.	J.G.C.	Lowell	F.T.H.P.
Ferris	Corning	Lansingh	Smedberg	Paine	Fairchild
S.Houghton	P.Curtis	Miner	Wheelock	Scott	R.R.
Parker	James	Carey	Parrish	Leland	

TERROR.	SULLIVAN.	IDENTICAL.	YANKEESCHOONER.
G.I.L.	L.C.Z.	L.H.V.S.	A.G.
Hul	Hollister	Pants	Thorndike
Thorpen	Stackpole	Coolidge	T.I.

CHANNICH.
R.F.C.
A.A.
R.F.
Wheeler
Winthrop
P.Curtis
Keeler
J.Houghton
Goodhue
Abbott

This gallant company proceeded to the dry-dock,where they dined extensively.The frog dumplings went too,so no one needed to worry.

After dinner came a rehearsal or two,and then Skowhegan up inthe field.It was very hot,and the field,which has been cut,was full of thistles,but the games were lively all the same.

SATURDAY At three o'clock it was all aboard for home;and once
(Cont'd.)
there the work of decorating began,with rehearsals and collect--
ing of cauldrons,zoetropes theodolites,fenny snakes,and such
other articles as were needed for the evening's entertainment.

The decorating committee did fine service.A great deal of
ground pine had been brought over from Hoyt's,and that and great
hunches of golden--rod,added to the usual pine and cat--tails,made
the room as pretty as we have ever seen it.And when it was done
all hands went in for a swim.

Just about this time arrived one of our western travelers,to
wit L.W.P..It is good to see her back,even at this late date.

Eleanor W. Burrage

And let us also add here the later arrival.though it did not
come till we had begun our stunts.We H been expecting him any
time during the past twenty-four hours,and Roger was very much
worried for fear he had started on his motor-cycle and had lost
his way.Here he was,safe and sound,already to be Ali Baba in a stunt.

Hamilton Coolidge

The dressing was much more comfortable than it was last year,
for there was no rain,and it was warm enough for even the thinly
clad to flit about easily.We began very promptly,lining up in
the South Dormitory as usual.Here follows the full list of
characters,though A.H.R. was playing the piano.and H.C. did not
arrive till the march was over.When one person took two parts,we
have tried to put him down in the character in which he marched.
We may not have done this always,though,not having had so good a
view of the procession as we might have had.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) THE BRAID CARD.

Caesar Borgia	C.B.
Lucretia Borgia	R.R.
Borgiana	R.B.
Ali Baba	H.C.
Robber Captain	H.T.E.P.
First Thief	Carey
Second thief	Corning
Third Thief	J.Foughton
Fourth Thief	Coolidge
Prince Agib	T.L.
The listener	Parrish
First Tartar Minstrel	Fairchild
Second Tartar Minstrel	Hollister
First Officer	Abbott
Second Officer	Bemis
Third Officer	Leland
Fourth Officer	Wheelock
Mr.Weller	A.G.
Sam Weller	Bennett
Mr.Stiggins	L.M.W.H.
The Western Queen	Fun
Jim	Stackpole
Joe	Thorndike
Jerry	J.G.C.
Red Devil	Goodhue
Blue Devil	P.Curtis
Macbeth	A.A.
First Witch	A.M.R.
Second Witch	S.Houghton
A Bloody Child	Miner
A crowned Child	Whitney
Clarence O'Shea	G.F.A.
Sue Lanigan	L.C.Z.
Villian	C.F.P.
The Poet	Pantaleoni
The Villain	R.P.C.
Vermelle	Lowell
Thutbelred	Meeker
King Arthur	Parker
The Miller	T.Curtis
First Lady	Thompson
Second Lady	Lamsingh
A Nobleman	Payson
The Sleeping Beauty	C.S.
The Prince	G.E.A.
Pocahontas	Chapman
John Smith	Wheeler
Powhatan	Paine
First Brave	Smedberg
Second Brave	Winthrop
Third Brave	Scott
Fourth Brave	Janes

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) This brilliant company circled round the room several times, and then took partners for a one-step. The first stunt of the evening was

POCAHONTAS, A FOREST DRAMA.

This was brief but thrilling. The fall of the curtain revealed the hapless explorer in the hands of his captors, who danced and yelled round him in truly blood-curdling fashion. We could not get the exact meaning of their words, and we haven't had time to ask T.L. to translate them for us, but their general purport was only too plain, especially when Powhatan raised his weapon. It was a great relief when the fair Pocahontas rushed in, and flung herself down beside the captive in such a way that any blow aimed at him would strike her first.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Another brief drama, in two scenes. The first revealed L.L.R. as the spinning fairy, turning her mystic wheel. Enter C.S. as the princess, and in a moment the spell had worked, and the lovely maiden lay on the floor in deep sleep. The hundred years passed rapidly, and behold G.E.A. "Fleeter-footed than the fox", making his way through all obstacles in a manner that showed his training in Indoor Scouting. No trees nor table legs could stop him, and in a moment the charm was snapped, and the Princess was his.

A SCENE FROM PICKWICK.

It is a long way from fairy princes and princesses to Mr. Weller and the Deputy Shepherd, but we took the leap, thanks to the actors, with ease and agility. A.B. was a fine old coachman, especially when he began kicking, and Bennet looked like a very lively Sam, in spite of his mourning hat-band. (We have always said that he looked like Sam.) As for L.M.V.S. as the red-nosed man, he was truly a

SARUDAY (Cont'd.) sweet object,and there were those who would hardly have recognized.him.No one could wonder that Mr.Weller kicked him.he looked as if he needed kicking.

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

This brief historical opaera deals with the famous episode of the theft of the barley meal.Parker filled the rol of the king with dignity and cheerfulness,especially when he got a chance to supplement his ordinary bill of fare with barley meal.R.R. made a very domestic Queen,caring for her lord's digestion as well as for his palate.T.Curtis was a capital miller.Parson and Leland were a dashing pair of noblemen,and Thompson and Lansingh were as lovely ladies as one would see in a summer's day.We shall give the full text of the opera a little later.

PRINCE AGIS.

We have seen this noble ballad acted before,but never was a more princely prince than T.L.Ien of evil mind might question whether he were indeed a prince,but we knew better. Why,one had only to look at him,as his gentle spirit rolled in the melody of souls,to see that here was a prince indeed. Parrish filled the painful part of the gentleman who listened with great success.He made his part less painful by putting a folded bath towel in that part of his costume where it would do most good.Fairchild and Hollister certainly played infernally.If their minds were as evil as their music,they must have been pretty bad.Bemis,Leland,Abbott,and Wheelock were firm and forceful as the guards,and walloped their victim in great style.This ballad is an awful warning against eavesdropping.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

MACBETH.

Not the whole play, of course, but the last scene with the witches. The scene was pretty weird. The curtain revealed the cauldron, glowing with strange lights, and three black-shrouded figures circling round it, dropping in their horrid ingredients. A.M.R. was the first witch, R.P.C. the second, and S.Houghton the third. Then A.A. strode in as Macbeth, a fine martial figure with sword and shield, the crown he had gained by his crimes on his royal brow. One by one the apparitions rose; Guido as the armed head, Miner as the bloody child, and Whitney as the crowned child; all in white, ghastly in the glare of the cauldron. There was a good deal of real excitement, especially behind the cauldron, for the lights spat fire all about in a totally unexpected way. The third witch got a big spark in his shoe, and the armed head got really on fire, and had to be put out by A.G. Mosquito netting and cheesecloth are not the materials one would choose to wear with such goings on. But no real damage was done, and the effect was certainly as ghastly and uncanny as could have been wished for.

PORGIA.

We do not often put in a charade at this time, but this is a beauty. For the first syllable we had H.T.E.P. making a call on C.L., and boring her most horribly by his talk. Then came Ali Baba and the forty thieves, for "jar". H.T.J.P., the robber captain, in most wonderful green garments, hit Carey, Corning, J. Houghton, and Coolidge, in the jars, and down they dunked out of sight. Then R.I. appeared as Morgiana, most Oriental to behold, and discovered the peculiar contents of the jars. The groans of her victims as she poured the oil on were very fine. Ali Baba (I.C.), an imposing figure, then entertained the robber captain at supper. Morgiana, noting that the guest would not eat salt, guessed that some

SATIRIST thing was wrong,and stabbed the guest with force
(Cont'd.)
and dexterity,so that he rolled right over on his back and died immediately.The whole word was the best scene.R.S., as Lucretia Borgia,was revealed in her laboratory,which was also apparently her dining-room,experimenting.To her enter in succession Whitney and T.Curtis as troublesome tradesmen, to be given glasses of wine,which finished them in short order.A.G. as old Mr.Borgia was the next victim.He was very uneasy at the idea of breakfasting with his daughter,but she was very affectionate,and finally persuaded him that a boiled egg would be safe,even if he did not trust her.So he ate the eggs,and went off in spasms all over the carpet.And then in came Brother Caesar,(C.V.);a most dashing and swash-buckling blade.He was much amused at the signs of Lucretia's activity, though he thought that the corpse of his parent spoiled his appetite for breakfast.Besides,he was frankly suspicious.But finally the amiable pair agreed to take some coffee,there being an agreement in the family that beverages should be let alone.Of course each poisoned the other;and their disgust when they found each other out was joyful to look upon.As for Caesar's last agonies,when he jumped three feet in the air and dropped with a crash on the floor,it makes us ache to think of it.

THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

The scene began with the landing of the three sailors on the island,where Lunny as the Queen sat in calm splendor. J.C.C. and Thorndike as Jerry and Joe called each other names in great style:while Stacky as Jim cut in and kissed the

SATURDAY (cont'd.) queen,and then the red and blue devils,Goodhue and P. Curtis,came out and set Joe and Jerry to work.It was a delightful scene.and highly moral besides.

ANDY COGGIN'S.

Clarence O'Shea is dear to all the hearts of those of us who know him,and G.I.A. made him even more of a joy than he was before.He surely fought strong and not weak.L.C.S. was capital as Lanigan,and Guido was wonderful as the "Angora poet."He looked as vague and moonstruck as ever a pote can possible look.C.F.F. was extremely haughty,and "shrugged his nose at us" with all the pride of a man who has been in the cavalry.As for R.P.C. as the villain,we can quite believe that he killed Yvernelle's father and Hathryn's,and indeed all the fathers in the neighborhood.He was a bad man if ever there was one.Meeker was a capital Thuthelred. Though we doubt if he would be very villainous.But Yvernelle! Words fail us when we try to describe that vision of golden-haired loveliness.No wonder Thuthelred got lost in the flare of her beauty.Has Done ever thought of bleaching his hair,or getting a blonde wig?He would create a sensation in Chestnut Hill.

Well,that ended the stunts,and grand stunts they were.And then came the reel;forty-five minutes to the second,though it was danced double.Of course it would be quicker if so many of the younger boys didn't have to be coached.Why not a reel squad next year,shortly before the party?

Lemon sherbet was a welcome thought,and we ate and were merry. Taps was fine,with three circles,and then came clearing up and table setting.And then there was Faculty swim:though it really should go on Monday morning.

SUNDAY Sept.5. Fair Warm S.W. Breakfast was late,of course,but with very little to do in the way of wash lists and letters we were ready for service at the usual time.

And then came the photographing;a long and arduous job, and made worse than usual this time by the trying nature of the autographic film.which plays all sorts of games.Skipper didn't order that kind,but they came,and he has had much trouble with them.

But at last it was all done,and all hands went in for a swim.Safety-pins were restored,costumes were piled waist deep in the second ~~deep,~~ tent and swords and shields began to turn up in odd places.

PICNIC AT HEMLOCK POINT.

COMMR.	FINN.	ADJT.	TORPY.	SUP.	MEDICAL.
G.H.J.	I.C.H.	A.A.	I.C.	R.P.C.	L.M.V.S.
Corning	P.Curtis	Penis	Goodhue	Chapman	Parrish
Whitney	Miner	Leland	Coolidge	Paine	Keeler
C.S.	H.M.P.	Bennett	J.G.C.	R.P.	

THIRD.	FREUD.	PANTASOTH.	YACHTSCHOONER.	GUANANICHI.
C.P.P.	H.T.L.P.	Parker	A.G.	H.R.
Hollister	Thorndike	James	Payson	Fairchild Hun
A.M.R.	T.L.	Lansingh	J.Houghton	Snedberg Scott
				T.Curtis Wheeler
				Wheelock Lowell
				S.HoughtonThompson
				L.T.L.
				Abbot
				Winthrop
				Stackpole

It was too bad that we had to have any stay-at-homes from the last picnic,but H.R. had a bad sick headache,and Guido was knocked out entirely by a fall while scrapping on the float this morning.He thought he could get up and go to the picnic,but when he tried to sit up he found that it was not so easy as he thought it would be.As for H.W.,he stayed at home to look out for the invalids.

It was lovely picnic,with a good game of 'Golf' beforehand, After supper we had so much time that we had a wild circular

SUNDAY (cont'd.) story before our songs.

Singing was very good; and ended with "The Merryweather Light", and then Auld Lang Syne, hand in hand round the fire.

And then it was light lanterns, and stumble along the path to the boats; for though lanterns help, they do not make our path a boulevard, by any means.

We kept a good line home, in spite of a brisk following wind, which sent us coasting in great shape.

When we got home we found that the invalids were better. In fact P.P. was up and in for hymns.

Hymns were lovely, and we finished the whole list, which is unusual.

Then we had two poems; Emerson's "The Problem", and "The Long Trail", which we always have the last Sunday night. Then came "In the Bukh", or as much of it as we had time for.

And Peps Wheeler had a special dispensation to sit up. His birthday is Monday, and as he would be sitting up then anyway for the bonfire, it seemed hard that he shouldnt have the evening of half past nine privileges.

So ended the last Sunday of many delightful ones.

MONDAY, Sept.6, Cloudy, Cool, S.W. "The morning dawned full darkly",and we expected at every moment that the rain would come.Still,it held off,and packing and bonfire squads went on in good earnest.No trunks to go early this time,as we had all the checks ourselves,and could put them on at leisure.Bill Paynor,hearing someone speak of cashing a cheque,says"Why, no one did that to mine."

After dinner there came a spatter or two of rain,but we were able to read in the Fine Parlour;and at 8-15 we broke up to get ready for the final scouting afternoon.

LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The first game was a decided victory for the Algonquins, with two runs,and a good lead in shots.This put them one up.

In the second game the Iroquois turned the tables,with three runs,and a good lead in shots.Could a thing be much closer without a final tie?

The third game was hotly fought.The Algonquins made more shots,but late in the game A.A. saw Whitney come up dead,and knew that he was a guard.He started on the run from the bone-yard,picked up a party at the south end of the Upper woods, and took them down.Most of them were killed,but Corning got to the line first.This,with the run C.W. made when he killed Whitney,gave them game,season,and cup.

So ended a close and hard-fought season.Congratulations to the Iroquois on their victory,and to both tribes on their work and their spirit.

Pantaleoni was not playing,on account of his shoulder.It is better,but crawling would be impossible,and he has broken his glasses,he would not have been a very effective guard.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.L.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.M.V.S.	✓			X			✓		
A.G.	X	•	/	X			X	•	
R.P.C.	✓			X			X	•	
A.M.R.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Bemis	X	••		X			X		
Bennett	✓			X	•			•	
Curtis, P.		•••		X	•		X		
Fairchild			/	✓				••	
Houghton, S.	✓				•		X		
Hun	✓			✓				••	
Leland, O.	✓			X	••		X		
Lowell		••		X			X	••	
Meeker	✓			X			✓		
Parker	X			✓			✓		
Scott	X			X			✓		
Thompson	X	•		X			✓		
Thorndike		•••			•			•••	
Wheeler	✓			X			X	•	
Wheelock	✓			X			✓		
Whitney	✓			X	•		X		
Winthrop	X			X				•	
	6	12	2	15	7		9	14	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.W.	✓				••		X	•	/
L.C.Z.	✓			X			X		
G.E.A.	X	••			•			••	
A.A.	✓			X	•		X	••	
C.F.B.	✓			X			✓		
J.G.C.	✓			✓			✓		
H.C.	X			X			X		
Abbott	✓			X			X		
Carey	X	•		✓			✓		
Chapman	X			✓			X		
Coolidge		•		✓			✓		
Corning	X			✓			X		/
Curtis, T.	X			✓			✓		
Goodhue	X			✓			X		
Hollister	X			✓			X		
Houghton, J.	✓			✓			✓		
James	X			X	•		X		
Lansingh	✓					1		•	
Miner	X				••••	1	X	•	
Paine		•		✓			✓		
Pantaleoni	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Parrish	X			X			✓		
Payson	X			✓			X		
Smedberg	✓				•••••	1	X	••	
Stackpole		•		✓			X		
	12	6		7	15	3	14	9	2

MCDAY (Cont'd.) P.C. played for the Irocuois;three Coolidges together.

It is interesting to notice that five out of the seven runs made in the afternoon were made by half-past ~~nineteen~~ eighteen, four of them small.

Thorndike and Smedberg each killed seven in the afternoon and Miner six.

Supper was a prolonged meal.First came the dormitory prizes,as follows:

First Prize, Janes.
Second Prize, Paine.
Third Prize, J.Ieland.

Honorable Mention,in order:Ennis,Langsingh,Bennett,and Reynolds.

TRACK AND FIELD CUPS.

Class A , C.Pantaleoni.
Class B, T.Curtis.
Class C, Hugh Whitney.

CANE CUP.
Parker.

Ther Skipper said a word or two in praise of the grand scouting season,and left the floor to T.I.

The Algonquin captain spoke with feeling of the horrible shakiness of nerves as one sits in the bone-yard and watches things happen and hears shots.Never again,he vows,will he be a spectator and director all the season.(We hope he is right there.We would rather have him that way,than not at all,but next year we hope to see him in the field,leading the charge.) It had been a darned good season,and if one was to be beaten one couldn't be beaten by a better man than C.V.and he earned

MCIIAY the cup to the Iroquois captain.
(Cont'd.)

C.F. responded,speaking of the remarkable good feeling that has been kept up all the season.The Iroquois,he said,are a bit perpy in the temper,but this year there has been splendid feeling on both sides.He praised the Algonquins for the way in which they fought the season,when things looked so much against them at the start.

Then came the healths,the two captains passing the cup round together.

F.F. led off with,"Peter,God bless him." And C.F. went on with "Tyrus and his braves."

"The Skipper,standing on your chairs!(C.W.,and some of us had one foot on the table.)

"The Ladies"(T.L.)

L.E.F. then spoke of the fonde reminders that will remain to us; Moses'sweater,Fudwuddle's stockings,etc.,and reminded everyone of letters.

And in the midst of our fun,we stopped for a moment to drink a silent toast to the memory of Moulton Bartlett,the friend who never grows old.

Then A.A. proposed "The best losers that ever were'.

L.E.F.:"That long-suffering body,the Merryweather tutors."

L.C.Z.:"That ever more long-suffering body,the Merryweather tutees."

J.C.C.:"Captain John."(Don't we wish he were here!)

Thorndike:"The Faculty!"

Parker:"The Prefects!"

F.F.:"Our long-suffering secretary;the man who is always on his job!"

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)
A.A.:"Gentlemen,Hoburkus!"

A.C.:"Duke and his faithful keepers,the Houghtons!"

Smedberg:"Our hero!"

Time was getting on,so we had "The Little Pig",and then cleared the table.

There was a brief interval of packing,checking,and odd jobs generally,and then it was "All hands up for the bon-fire." The work of the birch squads had borne splendid fruit,and the blaze was one that might have roused Pine Island,if they had not broken up last week.

There were also red and green lights,and Roman candles, and Smedberg had two fine fire balloons,which sailed a good way before they burned up.

We sang "Auld Lang Syne" round the fire,and then the half-past eighters went to bed.The rest of us had time to finish "In the Bukh",and "The Lost Blend",and ended the day with "The Feet of the Young Men."Could there be a better ending to day and season?

TUESDAY, Sept.7, Fair, Warm, S.W.

A lovely day,and the getting up began bright and early,for all trunks were to be locked before breakfast.So Tom Bennett came in with his half packed, and had to be finished by force and arms.

Sam Houghton doesn't believe in dressing up for a journey, and wore the shirt he had worn in the last scouting game,and for a week before.Scotty had a wholly unrelated coat and pair of trousers.But Pudwuddle had on garters.They were given to him at breakfast,and A.G. took an extra one in case of accidents.

Besides the two hay-riggings,there was a three-seater for those of us who were coming back,and Gus rode ahead on his bicycle.

All reached the station safely,though Beef had to run back after his overcoat,leaving hat and coat in the wagon.The train-men gasped at the sight of the trunks,but faculty and prefects pitched in and helped,and soon the last boy and the last trunk were on board.

C.W. and A.G. had a good big crowd to see to,but they are able for it.

Besides the big crowd,Thorndike,Jiggs,and John Corning went off very proud and select to Oakland,to catch the Bar Harbor.Tubera had had a pail of fish,as usual.

Greg Bemis's family came for him by motor,and just after swim "Our Hero" departed with his family,in a motor boat.

Well,it was hard to let them go,and here's hoping for as many of them back as may be next year.

We came back from the station eleven in one three-seater;total weight,over seventeen hundred pounds.The back seat relieved its feelings by mauling Chasey all the way home.

We had a good swim,and felt that after all thirteen was a pretty good number.

TUESIAY, (Cont'd.) For afternoon reading we began "The Pavilion on the Links."

After reading we worked till four,picking up generally, and then most of us went out canoeing for an hour.

Then we went up to the pie parlour for supper.It was a very grand affair,with scrambled eggs and bacon and tea!Was ever such magnificence? But you see J.H. had come,and we had to celebrate.He told us all sorts of interesting things about Plattsburgh,and one cannot help feeling that this year's experiment is the beginning of something new and big.

We sat round our fire a long time,but when it got to be eight o'clock we headed for home,greatly assisted by Peps's acetylene lamp.

Then came music for a while,and then we went on with "The Pavilion".

Peps went to bed at half past nine,and none of us stayed up very late.Faculty and prefects moved into the South;all except R.P.C.,who was already in bed and asleep when the move was suggested.

WIDNESDAY, Sept.8, Fog a.m., Clearing, Warm, S.W.

This morning we lost Chick and Caroline.A sad loss,but it was good to have them stay over,even for so short a time.

Gus is on the sick list to-day,with a bad headache,and feeling poorly all over.The rest of the company did a great deal of work among mattresses etc. all the morning.

For morning reading we have begun "The Pentecost of Calamity" by Owen Wister.For afternoon,now that we have finished "The Pavilion on the Links,we have begun "The New Arabian Nights".

After reading to-day we divided.T.L. and F.P.C. made an expedition to the Point in search of sleep,which they found in abundance.Gus also slept,and F.V.F. picked up and read.J.I. went up to Fourway Lodge,to look at his estate,and Pers went out fishing in the Pob Boy.The rest went on an expedition to the Caves,in the Hen and the Ferry.

I.F.I. and F.I. stayed near the landing and found a wonderful new picnic place.They also played a new game of scouting,just by themselves.

H.I.,I.C.Z.,C.F.B.,and A.M.I. went up to the caves by the path, and had a wonderful view.The haze only made the hills look more beautiful.We sat on the shelf for a while,and then C.F.B. and A.M.F. went down to take a look at the caves.C.F.B. could not get in so far as Pudvuddle did last year,but when he saw something white he reached way in,and pulled out-- a scouting cap! So we find traces of out Pudvuddle,even so far away.

When we got home,a bit late,we were welcomed by a comb band, who discoursed sweet but reproachful music at us.We also found our number augmented by Asher Estey Hinds

He hasn't been here for two years. Supper,music,stroy,and bed. This seems an abrupt ending,but I wanted to end on this page.

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	C.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.I.A.	4	13	11	8	2	1	0	1	7	.615
Thorndike	4	16	7	9	3	0	1	0	4	.562
I.I.I.S.	4	19	7	10	1	0	0	0	1	.527
Carey	4	16	5	5	1	0	0	3	2	.312
Pantaleoni	3	13	2	4	0	0	0	1	1	.307
C.W.-	3	17	2	5	1	0	0	0	0	.294
J.C.C.	4	11	10	4	1	1	0	2	3	.285
I.C.S.	1	20	1	5	1	0	0	4	0	.250
T.L.-	1	16	2	4	2	2	0	2	2	.250
R.P.C.	4	20	9	5	2	0	0	2	1	.250
Hollister	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.250
Lovell	4	20	5	4	0	0	0	5	1	.200
Parker	3	16	3	3	1	0	0	3	0	.188
Leland	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	.167
A.A.-	2	7	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	.143
C.F.E.	2	9	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.111
Penis	3	10	1	1	0	0	0	2	2	.100
Parrish	1	14	2	1	0	0	0	7	2	.067
A.C.-	4	19	1	1	0	0	0	7	0	.052
Fairchild	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Bennett	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Corning	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Cross	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000

VISITORS.

A.T.	1	6	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	.333
R.C.F.	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	1	2	.250
J.L.A.	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.200
A.S.-	1	6	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	.166

Compiled by A.A.

FINAL BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	P.P.	Ave.
C.E.J.	8	28	21	18	6	2	0	2	11	.643
Thorndike	4	16	7	9	2	0	1	0	4	.562
I.N.I.S.	6	28	9	14	1	0	0	0	0	.500
Carey	6	24	5	9	2	0	0	0	4	.375
Hollister	3	6	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	.333
K.P.C.	8	28	11	11	5	0	0	2	1	.289
I.C.Z.	8	28	4	11	4	0	0	7	1	.289
J.C.C.	4	14	10	4	1	1	0	2	2	.285
T.I.	8	22	6	6	2	2	0	7	2	.272
A.A.	4	15	5	4	0	0	0	2	2	.266
C.V.	7	28	7	6	2	2	0	6	0	.257
C.Pants.	5	21	2	5	0	0	0	4	1	.238
Ivell	8	26	8	8	1	0	0	12	2	.210
A.T.	4	18	2	2	1	0	0	4	0	.167
Ieland	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	.167
A.C.	8	28	4	6	2	0	0	10	0	.158
Parker	7	24	6	6	3	0	0	1	0	.154
Bemis	7	24	2	2	0	0	0	4	1	.125
C.F.E.	5	20	2	2	1	0	0	5	1	.100
Austin	4	12	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.083
Parrish	8	29	2	2	1	0	0	14	2	.069
Cross	4	15	2	1	0	0	0	4	1	.067
Fairchild	5	14	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Bennett	5	13	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
I.Pants.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Corning	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000

VISITORS.

I.V.S.	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	.500
I.I.	2	6	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	.333
A.T.	1	6	2	2	0	0	0	2	2	.333
I.C.F.	2	8	1	2	0	0	0	1	2	.250
J.I.A.	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.200
A.F.	1	6	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	.167
J.I.	2	8	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	.125
I.V.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
I.Ieland	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

Compiled by A.A.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G...	A.B.	R.	H	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
C.F.B.	2	9	3	5	1	0	0	2	0	.555
J.C.C.	3	14	11	7	3	0	0	0	1	.500
A.A.	3	8	11	4	1	0	0	1	6	.500
Thorndike	4	19	8	9	2	1	0	2	3	.473
Lowell	4	17	10	6	2	0	0	3	4	.353
Parker	4	20	4	7	3	0	0	4	0	.350
Carey	4	18	6	6	0	0	0	1	1	.333
Leland	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.333
Parrish	4	14	4	4	1	0	0	4	6	.285
Cross	2	7	2	2	0	0	0	3	2	.285
Hollister	4	15	1	4	0	0	0	2	4	.266
C.Pants.	2	9	1	2	0	0	0	4	0	.222
James	3	12	0	2	0	0	0	1	2	.166
Hiarchild	4	19	2	3	1	0	0	5	1	.157
Chapman	2	10	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	.100
Bemis	4	18	9	1	0	0	0	9	4	.055
Paine	4	16	1	0	0	0	0	13	3	.000
Bennett	4	15	1	0	0	0	0	6	4	.000
Corning	4	14	0	0	0	0	0	7	5	.000
Payson	3	11	1	0	0	0	0	6	1	.000
Whittmore	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Smedberg	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000
P.Curtis	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Hiner	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000
Meeker	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
			Visitors.							
Chapin	1	5	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	.600
C.Corning	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000

Compiled by A.A.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	S.O.	B.B.	Ave.
A.A.	5	16	14	8	3	0	0	1	7	.500
J.A.D.	3	14	11	7	3	0	0	0	1	.500 #
C.F.B.	5	19	4	9	2	1	0	2	3	.473
Thorndike	4	19	8	9	2	1	0	2	3	.473 #
A.P.	3	13	1	5	3	0	0	2	2	.384 #
D.Leland	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	.384 #
Parrish	7	26	7	8	2	0	0	11	7	.307
Lowell	7	25	16	7	3	0	0	6	9	.280
Parker	7	34	7	9	4	0	0	7	0	.264
Carey	7	27	7	7	0	0	0	1	2	.260
Cross	5	20	3	5	1	0	0	7	2	.250
Hollister	6	21	1	5	0	0	0	5	4	.238
G.Pants.	5	22	4	5	0	0	0	10	1	.227
Chapman	4	12	1	2	0	0	0	4	0	.166
Fairchild	7	27	2	3	1	0	0	8	3	.111
James	6	20	0	2	0	0	0	5	4	.100
Bennett	7	26	4	2	0	0	0	10	9	.076
Austin	3	14	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	.071 #
Rents	7	28	10	1	0	0	0	10	9	.037
Paine	7	24	1	0	0	0	0	20	6	.000
Payson	5	16	1	0	0	0	0	10	1	.000
Corning	4	14	0	0	0	0	0	7	5	.000
R.Pants.	3	11	0	0	0	0	0	8	0	.000 #
Whittmore	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Miner	2	7	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000
Smedberg	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	5	0	.000 #
P.Curtis	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	.000
Winthrop	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Reynolds	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000 #
Wheelock	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Meeker	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000 #

#One month only.

Visitors and Other.

G.F.A.	2	6	4	4	1	0	0	1	2	.667
R.R.	1	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	2	.667 #
Chapin	1	5	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	.667 #
C.Corning	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	.000 #
F.Leland	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000 #

Compiled by A.A.

LIST OF HEIGHTS.

Name.	Height.	Gain since 1914.
Parrish	5'10 1/2"	
Fay	5'10 3/8"	3"
Parker	5'9 5/8"	.1/4".
Lovell	5'9 1/2"	1.7/16"
Thorndike	5'9 1/8	.15/16"
Cross	5'8 1/4"	3"
Bennett	5'7 5/8"	
C.Pantaleoni	5'7 9/16"	
Reynolds	5'7 1/2"	3.1/4".
Carey	5'6"	1.1/2".
Fairchild	5'5 3/4"	
Paine	5'5 3/8"	2.3/4".
Chapman	5'5 1/16"	
Scott	5'4 3/4".	4 1/8"
Hollister	5'4 9/16"	
James	5'4 1/2"	3.1/2"
Wheeler	5'4 1/8"	
Payson	5'3 1/4 "	
T.Curtis	5'2 5/8"	1 7/8"
Meeker	5'2 9/16"	
S.Houghton	5'1 5/8"	1.3/4"
C.Leland	5'1 5/8"	2 3/4"
Austin	5'1"	1 3/4".
Bemis	5' 1/2"	
Abbott	5'. 7/16"	
J.Houghton	5' 3/8"	
Thompson	5' 5/16"	
Winthrop	5'. 1/4"	
Wheelock	5'. 1/8"	
P.Pantaleoni	4'11 3/4"	
Whitney	4'11 3/4"	
Whittemore	4'11 3/4"	
Lansingh	4'11 1/2"	1 3/4"
Newbold	4'11 1/4"	
P.Curtis	4'10 1/4"	3"
Miner	4'10 1/4"	
Corning	4'9 7/8"	
Coolidge	4'9 9/16"	
Hoffman	4'9 1/8"	
Sturges	4'8 3/4"	
Smedberg	4'8 5/8"	2 3/4"
Cochue	4'7 3/4"	1 13/16"
J.Leland	4'7 3/8"	1 7/8".
Stackpole	4'4 5/8"	
H.F.	5'11 1/2"	
C.V.	6' 1/16"	
T.I.	5'10 3/8"	
C.H.A.	5'10 1/16"	
I.C.L.	5'10 3/4"	
A.C	5'11 1/2"	
I.L.V.S.	5'9 3/4	
F.I.C.	5'5 3/8"	
A.A.	5'10 1/4"	
C.F.F.	5'11 3/4"	
A.B.	5'11 1/2"	
C.C.C.	5'8"	

TOTAL LENGTH,101 yds,1 ft.3 3/8". Best gain since 1914, Scott 4 1/8"

WEIGHT STATISTICS.

TWO MONTHS.

Name.	First Weight.	Final Weight.	Gain or Loss.
Payson	107 lbs.6 oz.	118 lbs.9 oz.	11 lbs.3 oz.
Parker	146 lbs.8 oz.	156 lbs.11 oz.	10 lbs.3 oz.
James	120 lbs.4 oz.	128 lbs.8 oz.	8 lbs.4 oz.
Lovell	140 lbs.1 oz.	148 lbs.2 oz.	8 lbs.1 oz.
C.Pantaleoni	126 lbs.4 oz.	134 lbs.3 oz.	7 lbs.15 oz.
Parrish	147 lbs.4 oz.	154 lbs.8 oz.	7 lbs.4 oz.
Carey	123 lbs.12 oz.	130 lbs.7 oz.	6 lbs.9 oz.
Hollister	113 lbs.1 oz.	117 lbs.14 oz.	4 lbs.13 oz.
Wheeler	107 lbs.4 oz.	111 lbs.8 oz.	4 lbs.4 oz.
J.Houghton	77 lbs.6 oz.	81 lbs.7 oz.	4 lbs.1 oz.
Perrett	112 lbs.8 oz.	116 lbs.8 oz.	4 lbs.
Whittemore	78 lbs.9 oz.	82 lbs.8 oz.	3 lbs.9 oz.
Corning	78 lbs.	81 lbs. 8 oz.	3 lbs.8 oz.
S.Houghton	87 lbs.6 oz.	89 lbs.15 oz.	2 lbs.9 oz.
T.Curtis	88 lbs.12 oz.	90 lbs.14 oz.	2 lbs.2 oz.
Stackpole	64 lbs.12 oz.	66 lbs.8 oz.	1 lb.12 oz.
Wheelock	114 lbs.8 oz.	115 lbs.14 oz.	1 lb.12 oz.
P.Curtis	78 lbs.8 oz.	79 lbs.14 oz.	1 lb.6 oz.
Chapman	118 lbs.11 oz.	120 lbs.	1 lb.5 oz.
Lansingh	82 lbs.15 oz.	84 lbs.	1 lb.1 oz.
Bemis	79 lbs.8 oz.	80 lbs.8 oz.	1 lb.
Fairchild	114 lbs.	114 lbs.8 oz.	8 oz.
Paine	104 lbs.4 oz.	104 lbs.12 oz.	8 oz.
Winthrop	96 lbs.	96 lbs.8 oz.	8 oz.
Thompson	85 lbs.8 oz.	85 lbs.12 oz.	4 oz.
Coolidge	75 lbs.8 oz.	75 lbs.	8 oz.
Miner	83 lbs.	83 lbs.8 oz.	1 lb.8 oz.
Newbold	102 lbs.8 oz.	99 lbs.4 oz.	3 lbs.4 oz.
Cross	187 lbs.4 oz.	183 lbs.10 oz.	3 lbs.10 oz.
Abbott	101 lbs.8 oz.	95 lbs.7 oz.	5 lbs.11 oz.
Hun	180 lbs.15 oz.	174 lbs.	6 lbs.15 oz.
Whitney	99 lbs.4 oz.	89 lbs.13 oz.	9 lbs.7 oz.

ONE MONTH.

Sturges	76 lbs.12 oz.	80 lbs.15 oz.	4 lbs.3 oz.
Reynolds	154 lbs.12 oz.	157 lbs.8 oz.	2 lbs.12 oz.
Scott	98 lbs.	100 lbs.5 oz.	2 lbs.5 oz.
J.Leland	66 lbs.8 oz.	68 lbs.12 oz.	2 lbs.4 oz.
Hoffman	75 lbs.4 oz.	76 lbs.3 oz.	15 oz.
C.Leland	95 lbs.8 oz.	96 lbs.	11 oz.
Goodhue	68 lbs.7 oz.	69 lbs.3 oz.	9 oz.
Smeckers	77 lbs.1 oz.	77 lbs.7 oz.	7 oz.
Austin	105 lbs.	105 lbs.	0
Fay	149 lbs.14 oz.	148 lbs.14 oz.	1 lb.
E.Pantaleoni	90 lbs.6 oz.	89 lbs.5 oz.	1 lb.1 oz.
Meeker	106 lbs.	104 lbs.12 oz.	1 lb.4 oz.
Thorndike	195 lbs.	192 lbs.	3 lbs.

Best gain for two months, Payson, 11 lbs.3 oz.

Best gain for one month, Sturges, 4 lbs.3 oz.

THURSDAY, Sept.9, Fog a.m., Clearing, Rain, S.W. T.I. left us this morning by the first train.He spared our feelings as long as he could by coming to breakfast in khaki and moccasins,but all too soon it was grey suit and real shoes,and off he went.

Gus was the next departure;feeling much better,we are glad to say,though he still had a good deal of a sore throat. He finished the batting averages before he left,like a good boy.We shan't see him during the year,as we may hope to see so many,for he is going out to Arizona.

In the middle of the morning E.V.B.'s family,with various friends,arrived in two automobiles.They picnicked on the point,and spent a good deal of the day,ending with a swim. Their original plan had been to take her right away,but we are glad to say that they decided to spend the night at Gleason's and not go on till tomorrow.

Today the Cuaniche slip was taken up.Much work was also done with mattresses etc..and the bon-fire was reconstructed so that we can have another good blaze.

We have now three secretaries in camp,for this afternoon arrived

Prescott N. Mellman

It is three years since he has been here.

After supper we took to the boats for over an hour,and watched the fog rising slowly.Then we came in,and found that the mail had come,with the first letters from the boys.We heard from Pan Coolidge,Tom Bennett,F.T.E.F.,Sam Houghton, both Curtises,Ione,and Rosamond.The journey seems to have been very hot and tiresome,poor dears.

Then we went on with the New Arabian Nights.

By the way,we have again a party cat.

Friday, Sept.10. We began with a fog and a flat calm,but neither Fair, lasted long.The northwest wind did its best to cool Hot, I.W. us off,but accomplished surprisingly little.

I.W.P. left this morning by automobile,We hope they will not all melt on the way.

letters to-day from Charlie Thorndike and Roger Coolidge.

Account of steel continues steadily.It is a big job,even with three secretaries to run it.

This afternoon J.J. brought the Hot White down from Fourway lodge.

We had the Quananiche slip all in,but late this afternoon the essential part of it was run out again temporarily,and we went out for a paddle.We had a crew of eight,and two passengers, with the Skipper to steer,and we went along merrily.We went up by Story Point and round Shute Island.It was a lovely little trip.And then the slip was put away again,this time permanently.

After supper it was getting cooler,and as we were late it was a bit hard for boats.We began reading at half-past seven.and finished the Ten Arabian Nights.

Then rest of us had a good game of mythology.

AFTER HERRICK.

Whenas in white my Peter goes,
Then ,then(methinks) how sweetly shows
That nivifaction of his clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
Him stride in bathing suit so free,
O how that glittering taketh me?

II

Whenas unshorn a Master walks,
Then,then(meth inks,) though proud he stalks,
He much resembles Guido Fawkes!

Next,when I cast mine eyes and see
Him smooth and sleek as eggés be,
O how ~~that~~ beauty pleaseth me!

Next?

III

When down the dance our Hurney goes,
Then,then methinks,we voice our woes,
Lest he should leap upon our toes.

And when the rest before him flee,
And he descendeth ponderously,
Oh how his weight amazeth me!

IV

When through his nose J.Houghton talks,
Then,then methinks,my fancy balks
At the peculiar way he squawks.

And when,eschewing game and book,
He lies and squirms,and grins at Luke,
Oh then I'm sure he is a spook.

(Please excuse bad rhyme.)

COOL KING ARTHUR.

CHARACTERS.

King	Parker.
Queer	F.I.
Miller	T.Curtis
Nobles	Payson,Leland,P.
Ladies	Thompson,Lansingh.

Scene I.

(Enter Miller,carrying bag.)

Miller.(Air,"Days of Absence.")

Oh,how weary do I feel,
Carrying of this barley meal!
'Tis as heavy as 'tis good,
Human nature's perfect food!
Here's a seat beneath a stile.
I'll lay me down and rest awhile.

(Lies down and sleeps.Enter King.)

King.(Air,"The Lone Fishball.)

In me you see that piteous thing,
A weary and a hungry king:
A flake of corn,a bale of hay,
Are all I've had to eat to-day.
(Sees Miller.)

What do I see?A sleeping wight!
A miller,by his garb of white.
Aha! his bag! I'll take a pee,
The while he doth so soundly sleep.
(Opens bag.)

What do I see? 'Tis barley meal!
Oh joy! a portion I will steal--
Or rather take! Of all such things
A portion surely is the king's.
(Fills his pockets etc.)

Three pecks,methinks,will be enough!
No more about me can I stuff.
Now to my queen avayaway!
A royal feast I'll have to-day!
(Exit.Curtain.)

Scene II.

Queen (Air,"The Campbells are Coming.")

The soup is all ready,and so's the roast;
Potatoes and onions are done,almost,
And now I must think of some delicate thing
That's worthy to make a dessert for my king!
He had frog dumplings but yesterday;
To make bread pudding's to throw it away.
And giving him jam-tails is fearfully rash.
They're certain to give him a terrible sash.

(Repeat first four lines.)
(Enter King.)

DUETT,King and Queen.(Air,"Heinrich und Liese.")

Queen. Oh,what do you bring me,[illegible]
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Barly meal,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,barley meal!

Queen. Oh,what shall I make with it,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Make a pudding,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,make a pudding!

Queen. Oh,what shall I put in it,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Many plums,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,many plums.

Queen. What else shall I put in ti,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. Lumps of fat,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,lumps of fat.

Queen. But what shall I make it in,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. In a bag,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,in a bag.

Queen. But the bag has a hole in it,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur.

King. Sew it up,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,sew it up.

Queen. But what shall I sew it up with,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur?

King. With a skewer,lovely dovely Guinevere,
Lovely Guinevere,with a skewer.

Queen. Oh,that's what I'll do,
Royal Arthur,royal Arthur!

King. 'Rah for you,lovely dovely Guinevere!
Lovely Guinevere,'rah for you!

(Dance and Curtian.)

Scene III.

(King,Queen,and Court at table.)

King.(Air,"Long,long ago.")
This is the pudding that Willie did make,
Of barley meal! of barley meal!
Nobles,and ladies,I pray you partake
Of barley meal,barley meal!
Never a pudding so goodly as that,sirs!
Stuffed full of plums and of great lumps of fat,sirs!
Best in the world,I will wager my hat,sirs!
Oh,barley meal,barley meal!

Queen.
Sirs,it is true that I've labored my best
With barley meal! with barley meal!
Now,I beseech you,fall to with a zest
On barley meal,barley meal!
Eat all you can,and if any remain,sirs,
Think not my labor expended in vain,sirs!
Next morning,fried,you shall batter again,sirs,
On barley meal,barley meal!
(All eat vigorously.)

All.
Lo! we have eaten as much as we could
Of barley meal! of barley meal!
Oh Julius Caesar! but wasn't it good!
Oh,barley meal,barley meal!
Being replete,we must leave it in sorrow,
Yet from our Queen a fond hope we may borrow;
Yes,every morsel we'll finish tomorrow
Of barley meal,barley meal!

(All join hands and dance.)

Now we have sung you a sweet little song
Of barley meal! of barley meal!
Truly we hope we have not sung too long
Of barley meal,barley meal!
Never at Camp has this dainty been seen,boys,
Yet if he's asked by a king and a queen,boys,
Surely the Skipper will treat us,I ween,sirs,
To barley meal,barley meal!

(Dance and exeunt.)

Saturday,Sept.[1th
Fair and warm.

A.M.R. left us at 7.30 a.m.,going in to Gardiner per Anderson's motor. A large slice of Camp seemed to go with her,but we all tried to look as big as we could,and spread ourselves to fill all the vacant places. (N.B.The present scribe is not used to this machine!) We had a busy morning, much account-of-stock-taking,etc,etc. Just before swim a long-postponed and most necessary operation was performed--to wit,the washing of Lukey. Noah was taken down to the float, together with warm water,ammonia,soap,gold dust and ~~cat~~ sulpho-nap, and three scrubbing-brushes;also a huge sponge. All being ready,Skipper called Lukey,who came joyfully leaping to the head of the slip.He cast one glance ~~frightened, turned tail~~ and fled.Skipper cajoled and called,in vain.The louder he called,the faster Lukey ran. Finally Skipper took him gently but firmly by the collar and dragged him all the way down,every claw and hair protesting.Then--he was washed! J.H. and Skipper scrubbed and sponged,R.R. washed his face,affectionately but thoroughly;then all three sponged,and rinsed,and poured,and sponged again. For some time the poor old dog was very wretched,protesting,and making frantic efforts to escape;but finally he gave in,and found it after all not so bad.Finally,when all was done,and he the clean,handsome,respectable dog he was meant to be,he ~~having dried himself thoroughly and~~ rejoicedly bounding ~~every~~

was as proud as Punch,and vent capering all round Camp, calling upon us all to admire him,and shaking himself joyously over everybody he encountered. So ended the Great Washing.

Miss Pond and Miss Weiser,the owners and managers of Camp Huncia,came to dine,and very pleasant guests they were. We learned much of their way of life,and were filled with amazement and admiration at all that these two ladies accomplish with no man to help them,save the farmer who does the chores.Later,they took R.R. to Waterville in their automibile,and brought her back loaded with chocolate,etc. Very pleasant neighbors;but during the camp season, they are as anxious to avoid us as---well,I don't wish to be rude!

In the evening we began "The Lost House"a thriller of high degree.and wound up the evening with a 'long word' game.

Sunday,Sept.12th

Fair,calm,warm.

The day began with a great surprise--to all save Patchy! Skipper had called "Great tent!" and I was going to speak to P.I.,when,lo! out from the end tent,all in her bathing-suit arrayed,brisk,calm and smiling,came A.M.P.,who had left us for good ,as we supposed,the day before! Our amazement and delight can be imagined. She had arranged it all,telling no-one but Patchy,who was instructed to take out blankets for her before he went to bed. Anderson met her at the night train,and brought her as far as the culvert;she would not drive farther,for fear of waking someone;so,she crept

ly over the hill and covr into camp,and went to bed just as if she had never been away at all. We thought he a true sport! ---The day was one of perfect beauty.W took tthings pretty quietly,doing more or less picki g up,etc,with intervals of canoeing,swimming,etc. L.E.L. and J.L. vent sailing in the Bob White,A.L.H. and Batchy vent exploringalli in the Hecuba,Chasey and Prescott lounged in the Pink,Peps pottered about in the Sandpeep. Finally,we all met in the Pin Parlor for supper,had a rousing fire,hot tea,eggs,etc,etc.

At 9o'clock,Anderson and his motor came again for A.L.H.,and whirled her off to Waterville to catch the night train.Trintine was the last indeed,as her school began next morning.

Monday,Sept.13th.

Gray,cold and rav. Hasty morning dips,nolingering ,even for Peps. All hands very busy all day,taking account of stock, packing,etc.etc. In the morning we read about Casanova,one of the most astonishing scamps in all history;after dinner we finished the "Lost House",with many thrills.

Then something more important was finished,the account of stock of food and dishes.The book trunk was packed,;and R.P.C. raged mightily in the storehouse and elsewhere. Before supper a small but energetic party paddled swiftly round Cat Island,while J.L. ran twlve four-forties,all of his own accord!! In the evening we read"The Prince's Compliments" and began "The Banker and the Bear."

Tuesday Sept.14th.

Fog in the morning,clearing off soon after breakfast;the little dry,cold storm all gone,and delightful weather again. J.K. has been taking down the decorations all the morning, and desires to present his mingled compliments,respects and curses to the people who put them up. He begs to call their kind attention to the fact thataccording to the best of knowledge and and belief,these decorations were meant to be temporary. If they were destined to emulate the Pyramids,it would be grand to have staples every two inches,and nails in between,and the whole tied up with marline in every knot the Skipper ever taught,from a Turk's Head to a Fatther Waller;but as it is,he rules the aforesaid said presentations,and the next time he will put up,and they shall take down.

We get many dear letters from many dear boys. Dore's was the first,the Curtis next;they wrote the very evening of their arrival,which was the very height of virtue;but we continue to get a few every day,and they are a great pleasure.

Wednesday Sept.15th.

Another warm day. And---alas! a day of departures. In the morning Batchy left us,to our great sorrow;we cannot say how helpful and comfortable he has been. Later in the morning came Mr and Mrs Chase in their car;stayed to dinner,and then carried off the beloved R.P.C. and P.V. So here we are just our four selves, Skipper,R.R.,J.K.,L.I.H.,and Pepperell Wheeler,who is to stay with us till he goes to St.Paul's.

Rich sailing this afternoon, northwest breeze.Skipper took R.R. and Peps round Hoyt's.and I don't know where else. A good letter from Augustus Aspinwall.

Out -of- Doors Notes.

Three pairs of hermit thrushes nested along the wood path and their singing, through July and half through August, has been most beautiful.

Veeries hve been singing close about Camp, for the first time for several years; and whippoorwills have been close about Four Four-way Lodge.

A White-throated sparrow nested near the Pine Boudoir, the first time that one has ever been heard on the (Camp) grounds.

A few tern, and a few other small gulls, have been seen at intervals through the summer, as usual, and twice we have seen a big herring gull.

An osprey flew over the ball field on the afternoon of the 1st June.

The Tree Squad, under F.L.'s leadership, has done delightful work.

The aquarium has had a smaller variety of fish than last year, only yellow perch, striped dace, a few bream, and a good-sized pickerel. Next year we must get salmon and trout from the hatchery again.

Three curious hybrid specimens have been found along the wood path, a cross between a hemlock and a white cedar.

A record has been made earlier of the otter which swam past Camp in the early morning. He looked like a German periscope, swam very fast but without a ripple, kept fairly close in shore, and landed just above Faculty Cottage.

A raccoon walked past the Sunshine Alley tents just at about first light, one August morning, and on Sept 13 a handsome skunk, nearly all black strolled about the same place, but did no harm.

On Sept 8, on the way to the Caves, we heard a White--throated Sparrow singing, and saw witch hazel in blosson. This is certainly late for the one, and early for the other.

On Sept. 13 a belated fire-fly was seen.

Four new varieties of fossil shell prints have been ~~found~~ found, two by R.T. Paine, two by R.R. We wishve knew their names.

R.R. also found a good flint arrow-head, among the pebbles, close by the boat-house.

Thursday, Sept. 16.

Fair, very hot.
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It was still and hot yesterday, but stiller and hotter today. J.R. has been reading some most interestin and valuable extracts from the Plattsburg Camp paper, chiefly the speeches of the different army officers, Gen. Wood, and others, upon our frightful unpreparedness.

We forgot to mention that we stayed up till ten o'clock on Wednesday, to finish the Banker and the Bear, with thrills of excitement, reading for over two hours.

A lovely letter from L.C.E. cheered us to-day.

R.R. drove over to call on Mrs Wallace, who had prepared a hospitable little feast of ice-cream, cake, etc. She showed us the great airy shed charher, spotlessly neat, where the damp washing is done, the pipes that collect the rain water (that is why our clothes are so beautifully white! Nothing less is good enough for Derryweather garments!), and her extremely ingenious arrangement for keeping each boy's laundry separate.

Lively work has been done, in sending off the left behind clothes and other belongings. Twenty-three bundles have been done up so far. I range to say, the largest package was of the things left by Messers Curtis! They took a wooden packing box.

Friday, Sept 17.

60 Still very hot, but a breeze relieved us.

. . . The heat in Boston has been excessive.

There were six deaths and over twenty heat prstrations yesterday.

We keep up reading , of a rather mixed sort; more readings from the Plattsburg paper, the Outlook, etc, and yesterday we thrilled over "Gallegher".

To-day the Slip came in, and the shore looks queer, though very pretty, without it. J.R. did mighty work at Four-way Lodge. He larded all his pots auspus, Mayo doing the same for the deep ones, and got up his anchors, and swam his float in.

The Rat-trap was nightly packed.

Ruth and Marion Thompson have given us good help with cleaning and closing up.

Peps has been a very useful and merry citizen. He and R.R. co continue to get in three good swims a day, R.R.'s let by the merry moonlight. P's unending laughter is a conlete comfort; and when it gets too loud, and we remonstrate, he says "And you pick on me, just because I have a buoyant temperament!"

On Tuesday, we had word that Lieut. Roger Draper, to whom dear Anna Gardiner was married last Christmas, had fallen in action at the Dardanelles. We had only seen him a few times, but we had an indelible impression of a very rare personality. Their brief married life was one of rare and beutiful happiness and he leaves her a noble and uplifted memory. He was twenty six years old.

Saturday, Sept. 16. A perfect day, the hot wave passed.
Fair, bright, We woke early enough to see the
cool and still. windows of the little camp on bearer
mountain twinkling as the sun rose,
and some early gulls flying over. Everybody had a good swim.
Mare, Miser and White, looking very spick and span, got off in
fine shape for the nine-nineteen. ##

J.R. started earlier for the Hills, in his green boat#, to return oars, etc.

We forgot to say that we have been watching the scattered flight of endless little companies of migrating birds, all this last week, with greatest interest, and have stayed down on the sl slip to hear them passing over at night.

The tents look very queer, in just their frames; and doing ones hair in them , up on an open platform, gives a quint feelin

Ruth Thomson is washing the dishes. We don't know exactly what we shall have for dinner, but there are hay-bales , and part of a mince pie, and bunny fish, and jam.

If all goes well, Anderson and Scott will come for us at thre in the Ford and the Buick, respectively; so this is the last entry, and we go to the last packing; very thankful people for this beautiful and valuable summer.

[illegible]

[illegible] arrived at camp 1 to this afternoon,by [illegible]'s [illegible], cloudy. Ford,P.R.,J.F.M.,and R.I.,to spend [illegible] and [illegible].

Much of [illegible] is possible,with [illegible] to some bad behavior on the part of the machine we are later than we expected to be, but in a few minutes we had the lamps lighted and [illegible] in the big tent on the kitchen,and in half an hour we were [illegible] supper,and as cozy as if we had never been away.

There had to be some getting out of blankets and getting down of mattresses,besides washing up the dishes,but we had time before bed to walk up to the bone-yard and look at the trees,which are most wonderful.How do we live without a broad [illegible]?

Well,there being no tents,we slept in various places.J.F. went into the tent,R.P. on her mattress on the pebbles right in front of the [illegible],and A.L.R. went out in the pine [illegible] by herself,because it isn't good to be steeply on hills.

My only disturbance during the night came from the plank.It is nailed in front of the bed-house,and as it rises and falls on the wheels under it pushes and pulls at the nails a rather loud noise.Those of us who were out of doors wondered a little how [illegible],Cook's cattle would ever [illegible],but we didn't think about it enough to keep us awake.Here were we and here was the [illegible],and it would take a good deal more than growling bears,or even hills,to spoil it.

Sept. 7th. A fine cool morning, especially when one came out of the water. But we went in, all three of us, at half-past six. Sept. 8th. There are five family tooth-brushes among the pots of the tree over Ponsonby Rd. Low tides really remind one of the pre-Flood era as one sits on the Point, and could through the window be found a curly haired child!

NATURAL HISTORY.

A fine calm hazy morning, and another this afternoon, to say nothing of a hazy hot and two moon days. Looks like a storm tomorrow.

L.A. found seven cockle to-day. This is a record. We nearly were in the stone doorway in Alec Judge's pasture.

L.A. saw a house wren on the stone wall to-day.

This morning we spent a good deal of time on the beach by the baron, mostly in the sun. In the afternoon we walked over to Leonard's by way of the pa-pa flats and the abandoned house. Everything is looking beautiful, but there is hardly a sign of autumn colour anywhere. There was a frost last night.

To-day F.A. turned on the hot water. The fire stove fitted her very well.

Bringing home
the apple crop

SUNDAY, Sept.26, Rain, S.W. The vignette on the opposite page really belongs with to-day's record,but there was the space,crying to be filled.

The day began with a Scotch mist,but that soon developed into a good Yankee rain.None the less,the apples were picked. We got very wet,and it was slippery coming down the hill,but we got a bushel.Not bad,in a year when apples are so scarce.

H.R. put a roof on the "Bob White",to keep out rain,snow, skunks,and other undesirable things.

To the Faculty Tooth-brushes.(Pomander Walk,Sept.26.

Neglected and unlovely,here you lie,
Beside the lonely levels of the lake.
Naught save the storm shall now your slumbers break,
Poor pallid relics of the days gone by!
Where are the hands that clutched you,when the cry
Arose that made the guilty brother quake,
And turn from cocoa,eggs,and johnny-cake
To brush and curse under a pouring sky?

The boat-house knows them not.Their bathing-suits
Are packed away,or strewn along the shore.
The bath-tub and the shower claim them all.
For sneakers,now they stride in polished boots.
The flannel shirt and khaki are no more;
Convention holds them in her deadly thrall.

A.M.R.

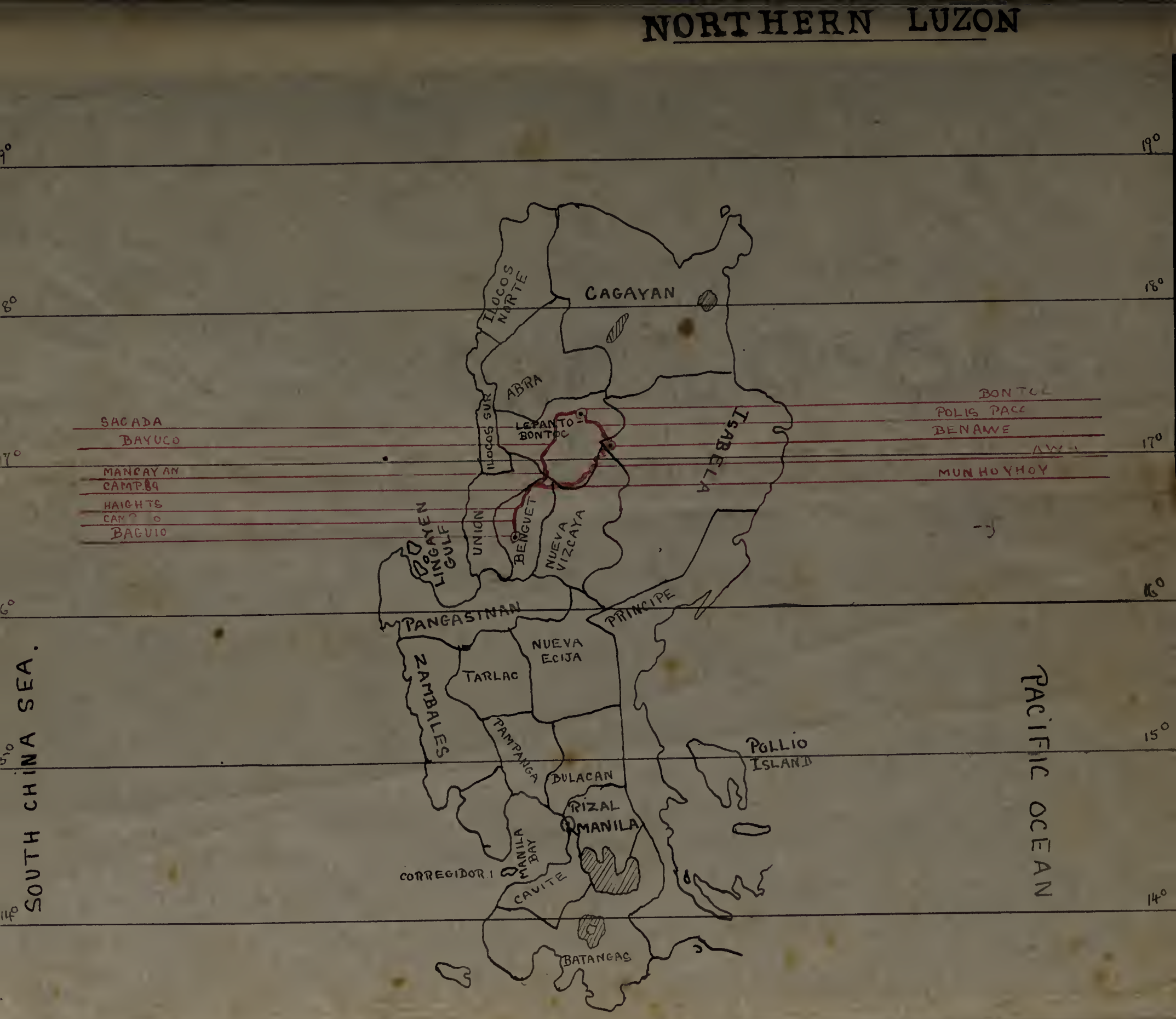
SUNDAY, (Cont'd.) Well, all too soon the last meal was cooked, the last dishes washed, and the fire put carefully and prayerfully out. Mr. Anderson arrived, with his Ford curtained like a nice little Noah's Ark, and in we climbed, with bags, coats, and baskets of apples. The soap that Mayo made was too bulky, and besides it really smelt too horrible. It is to come in by freight, and Heaven help the washerwoman that uses it.

The waves were running high when we left, under a low driving fog. Everything was grey and white, and very beautiful. It has seemed very wild these days, with golden winged woodpeckers all about, and a partridge flying so close to H.R. as he went up to the shop that he almost hit him. While we were picking apples in the rain we saw a white-throated sparrow, so close that we could see his white bib very plainly.

Oh, and before I forget it, I must mention that we picked ripe raspberries, and had them for dinner.

And so goodbye till next year to Camp and pond, birds, beasts, and boats. The faculty tooth-brushes will keep watch on the shore till we come back again.

NORTHERN LUZON



BAGUIO SCHOOL HIKE -1914-

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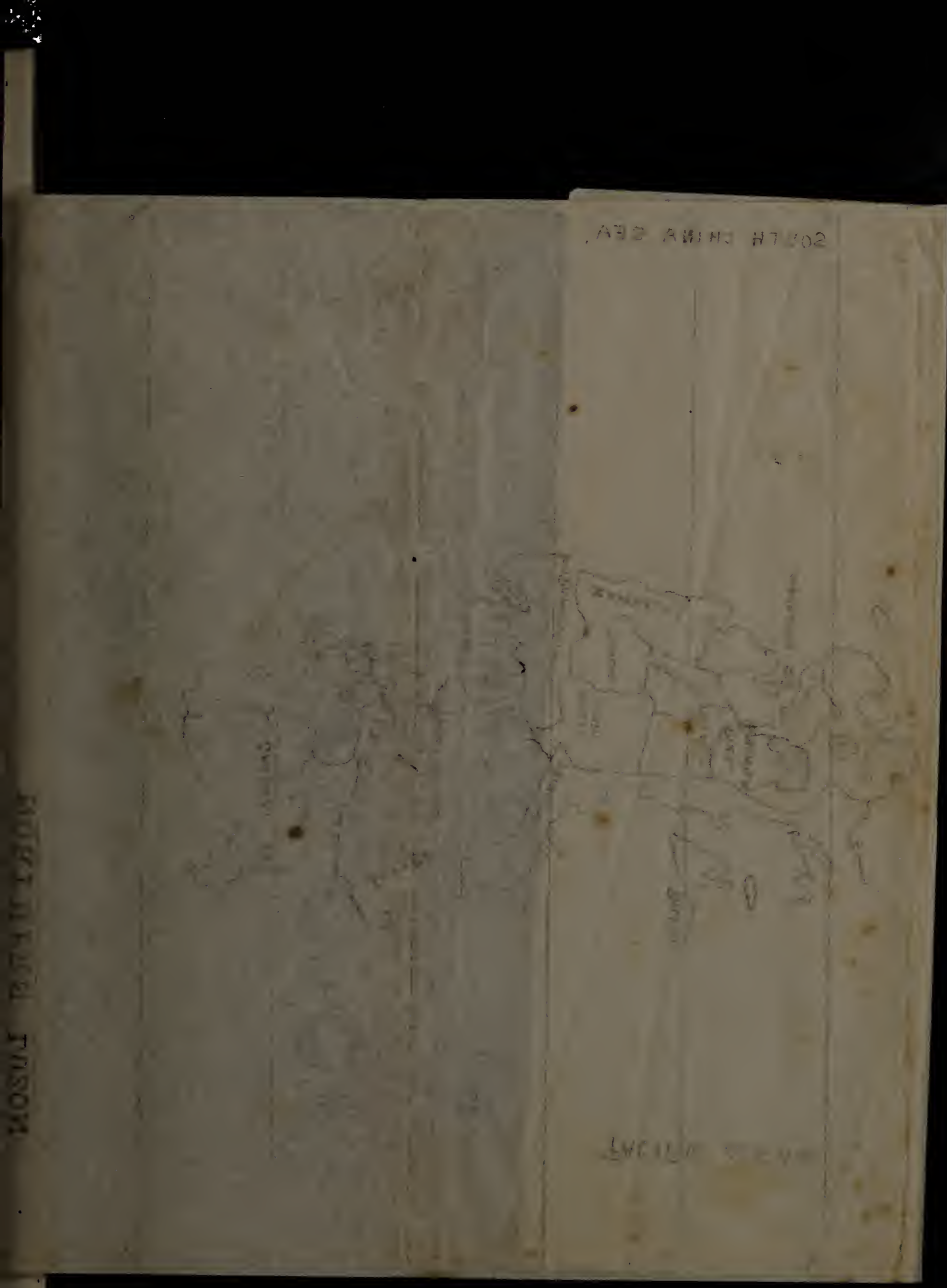

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BAGUIO SCHOOL
BAGUIO, P. I.

July 21st., 1914.

Dear Mrs. Richards:-

A long vacation morning has given me a chance to go all through my letter-files, and the finding of three pages of a letter which I started to you months ago has made me realize what a poor correspondent I have been. Marcus Aurelius says it is very poor form to begin a letter by telling a friend how the pressure of work has prevented one from writing before, for it seems to relegate friendship to second place when work is concerned. Marcus is sometimes right, isn't he?

Still I do like to feel that I haven't been wasting time that I might have spent in writing. It has been a busy year. I had a brand new faculty to break in, with a crowd of entirely new boys and very few of last year's stalwarts; so it was necessary for me to give myself to the job all the time, in order that things might go as I knew they ought to go. Tradition is a very powerful factor in most educational institutions, but the transient nature of our constituency here robs us of much of its help. Still we got through very well, and our fifth year was easily our best. The faculty all turned out splendidly, and have all signed up for next year, with the addition of Jack Clark, who will add another item to the debt we owe to Groton School. It is a great privilege to have the education and training of boys entrusted to my care, but I am beginning to see it is an even greater responsibility when young men fresh from college, with the whole world before them, are ready to come out here to look to me to give them their start. The loyal service of sub-

ordinates tends to keep a fellow very humble, I find.

Our material prosperity has been steady and so far not affected by the shift in the political situation out here. We have had our full school of forty boys almost all the year,- a very good number, just about the size of the Merryweather where I learned so much that helps me how. We are paying our running expenses at a tuition fee of $400., of which I am proud, and as we can do that, I do not want to see the School grow much larger. Forty boys are enough for one man to know well, and I have not yet found the assistant to whom I can depute the general moral responsibility that a headmaster feels. Our buildings suffice for our needs,- except that I long for a School Chapel,- and Baguio continues to be the most delightful spot for a boys' school that I have yet found.

We had a merry year too. The School Play was a new thing, and the boys had lots of fun working up that old standby, "The Fox of Monkeys". They freshened it up by topical songs and even wrote a little curtain-raiser themselves, to help the show along. As at Merryweather, charades and stunts form a regular feature of our life. And we have transported the Scouting Cane over sea and land, so that with some adaptation to local conditions it is as popular here as it ever was with you. We have no lake, and cogon grass is a poor substitute for sweet fern, for it cuts bare hands cruelly as the young scout crawls through; but the pleasure of the game is really international. Our great event of the year was our annual hike north over the mountains: suppose I give you the story of that,

for you might like to read it to the brethren some time.

Baguio is on the frontier of civilization. We are connected with Manila by the famous Benguet Road, one of the most wonderful automobile roads in the world, which runs from the railroad in the lowlands to Baguio, 5000 feet up in the mountains. Baguio is quite a modern city, with electric lights, good roads, a water system, and even two moving picture shows; but north of us are range after range of rugged mountains, inhabited by various wild tribes of Igorots, and with no communication but mountain trails, passable only on foot or on Igorot ponies. Baguio School is just on the edge of the town, and from the school porch we see the Mountain Trail winding up over the ranges, 120 miles to Bontok, the capital of the Mountain Province.

Preparation for the trip begins some time ahead. We do not take the whole school of forty boys, partly because it is too hard a trip for the younger ones and partly because as we have to take practically all our food supplies with us, a party of more than twenty is hard to handle. This year there were twenty-two of us, including Bishop Brent, who was going north with us for his annual visit to our northern mission stations. We took along five ponies, so that tired boys could climb aboard them and not delay the party, and then we had twenty Igorots to carry our baggage. Each boy is limited to two blankets, an extra pair of shoes, a change of underwear and trousers and a sweater. We carry our own canteens, but we have found we can make better time by letting the Igorots, "cargadors" as we call them, carry the blankets etc. They also carry the food: rice for themselves, oats for the ponies, and food for us, which consists largely of rice and things to eat

with rice. If I ever have the luck to be at Camp Merryweather again, I am going to ask the Skipper to let me take out a camping trip and live in Igorot style. Rice is the basis of everything, and the dirtiest, wildest Igorot can cook it better than many a chef at home. The typical meal is a big plate of steaming rice, with a little bacon or some canned meat cooked up with plenty of gravy or some canned beans (Heintz's!) on top, seconds and thirds of the same, and then for dessert a plate of rice with some Karo syrup poured on it. Then we also take what the boys call "veterans", small Spanish rolls made without yeast and baked with such a hard crust that they can be carried around in a sack for weeks and still be as good as ever. They are excellent for lunch along the Trail, so that we do not have to stop to cook anything, and three of them with a sardine and some jam make a good meal. The chief difficulty about tramping in the Philippines is the water. It is never safe to drink any water without boiling it first, and though it is usually fairly cool on the mountains, it is often terribly hot in the valleys and thirst is indeed hard to bear. We boil water every evening, letting it cool during the night, so that each boy has a full canteen to start the day with. When he drinks it up, he goes dry,- unless he can prevail upon some wiser virgin to share with him. "C. W. Coffee" helps out, and then I never travel without a little tin of tea and some saccharine tablets in my shirt pocket; for boiled water while still hot in unpalatable even in emergencies, but weak tea is always refreshing. Such is our menu, and we find that a fellow can tramp on rice just about as well as he can on any kind of food. Occasionally along the line we can buy some "camotes", Igorot sweet potatoes, and at certain places where there are Americans, we get meals that taste better

even that Andrew's best. (Cries of "Impossible!" "Treason!", and a deep growl from the kitchen).

Our first day was as usual hard. We camped for the night at a rest-house about 20 miles out, built by the government for the use of travellers, but the novices always get blisters the first day on their tender feet, the cargadors have to make frequent pauses to adjust their loads (they are carrying about 40 pounds to the man), and it takes time for the boys to learn to swing into the Trail Stride. Breakfast at daylight the next morning, after a more or less troubled night (it takes some experience and some weariness to learn to sleep comfortably on a rough board floor), but the second day is easier. I had a little pocket chess board and had a hard-fought game with the Bishop as we walked along at the head of the procession, and by the time I had checkmated him, the morning had passed. The scenery on this second day is as grand as one could wish to see. The mountains are not as high as in Switzerland (Pulog on our right is the highest, 10,000 feet), but they are broken by deep valleys and rugged cliffs, so that as the trail winds back and forth on either side of the ridges, we got a delightful variety of views. First we were among tall pines, then among tangled scrub oak, with glorious orchids hanging from the branches, with gigantic tree-ferns that suggest the carboniferous age. 8000 feet up, on the top of a mountain, we got to Haight's place, a farm run by an enterprising American, where we feasted on fresh vegetables, hot biscuit and wild honey, till our belts broke. Leaving Haight's, the trail gradually dropped down, wild raspberries on every hand, till we came to Mancayan, a little town on the edge of the Headhunters' country, and there

our timid Baguio cargadors refused to go a step farther, but with significant gestures to their necks, said they wanted to go home. As a matter of fact American rule has made it absolutely safe for Americans or Igorots to go unarmed everywhere, except perhaps through Apayao; but generations of fear showed itself in their voices as they refused double wages to go further. It took some time to gather twenty new men to take their places, so we were delayed a bit in Kancayan, an unlovely, tree-less spot. Finally we left, this time at four in the morning, for we had a hot valley to cross and it would be impossible to walk through it in the middle of the day without heat prostation. By nine the worst of it was passed, and at eleven we stopped for several hours, to rest until it got cooler. Even with all our precautions it was a very hard day for the boys, and we finally stumbled into the little town of Bauco at eight at night, so weary that some of the boys dropped asleep on the floor before we had the rice cooked. Sixteen hours on a hot trail under a tropic sun is something of a strain, yet we covered about 28 miles that day. The next day was an easy one, up in the mountains again, and early in the afternoon we strolled into Sagada, where we were hospitably received by Father Staunton and the most genial group of missionaries I know.

Sagada is a great place. It used to be just a wild Igorot town, the people of which were lazy and worthless, but Staunton, a rare combination of an extreme ritualist and a practical civil engineer, has transformed the place and the people. Sagada men are known all through the province now for their industry and faithfulness, and the Mission Station, from its reve-

rent little church to its saw-mill, electric light plant and printing press, is its own reward for the trials and hardships that Staunton and his wife went through in the early days. We took a day off here to rest our tired feet, though my boys found they had plenty of ginger left to beat the Igorots in an exciting game of baseball.

From Sagada is was an easy morning's walk down to Bontok, the capital of the province, where we have another mission station, and where we had two more ball games, beating a team of Igorots and losing (we had only seven men the second game) to a team of Americans and Filipino government employees. Bontok is quite a place, and is the centre from which the fine work Mr. Worcester, till recently Secretary of the Interior for the Islands, established for the mountain tribes has been carried on. There is an excellent hospital, a model jail (which stands for the complete breaking up of the genial customs of borrowing other people's heads and not returning them), and many comfortable houses, besides a large Igorot town, unusually filthy and smelly. Many of the Igorots are personally very clean, but the Pontoks have a pig-pen adioining every hut, and this with the smoke from their fires keeps everything far from clean. Lubuagan, on the other hand, another Igorot town forty miles to the north, might well be called Spotless Town, for I would cheerfully eat my food off the floor of any house in the town.

After a good rest of a day in Pontok, we made an early morning start over the Polis Range into the Ifugao country. We found it easy to get cargadors to carry our packs, but to our surprise among the twenty that reported for the job, several were

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tall, strapping women. I could not quite go that, and an inborn feeling of "Place aux Dames" made me refuse to allow women-folk to carry baggage for us. They were very much puzzled at my refusal, and one of them, whom the boys named at once "Mrs. Pankhurst", maintained that she had just as much right to earn her living in any way she wanted, just as much as any lazy man in her town. But I could not go it somehow, and we divided up the loads among the men. But do you think that a Mrs. Pankhurst would give up when she so clearly had the right on her side? Not a bit of it! She gathered her militant followers in a little band and followed us up the hill. When we got to Talubin, a struggling little town that has never recovered from a terrific defeat it received at the hands of the Bontok warriors in the good old headhunting days, five of the men who were carrying our baggage disappeared. We waited for an hour, but they did not return, and we could not persuade any of the inhabitants of Talubin even to come out and touch the baggage. Then up came Mrs. Pankhurst and her attendant nymphs, and in an impassioned oration (I could not follow all of her voluable Igorot, but I imagine it was the same thing as you can read in any London paper), she told me that I would have to abandon our baggage or surrender. I surrendered, and with shrill cries of triumph Mrs. Pankhurst and the other militants picked up the biggest packs and led the way up the trail at a pace the men could hardly follow. I don't know what "Votes for Women" is in Igorot, but "Mravajo nga daguiti babábay" might have been what they were saying.

We camped that night in a rest-house on the top of the Polis Range,- not a pleasant camp, for Mrs. Pankhurst had her own

ideas as to how the party should be run. I finally got her and the Igorots stowed away in a house a little way down the trail, and we were enjoying the peaceful slumber that comes to veteran trampers, when the silence of the woods was broken by an eloquent speech from the lady, announcing that it was time to start. My little trail watch with its phosphorescent face told me it was only three, and I knew we did not need an early start; but by five there was no more sleeping possible and again we capitulated. I can imagine but few worse ways of dying than being talked to death.

A delightful walk through shady woods brought us into Benawi in time for lunch. This is the heart of the Ifugao country, and indeed the Ifugaos are a wonderful people. They know it themselves, for the very name "Ifugao" means "We are the people" or something like that, and they all have a silent composure that shows the wild man at his best. Born fighters, they enlist in the Constabulary with great glee and make model soldiers, by far the best rifle-shots of any of the native troops in the Islands. We stayed with a fine young Constabulary officer, who gave us his entire house; and the sentinals at the barracks behind took a grim pleasure in ringing out their "HALT!" if any of my boys chanced to stroll across their beat. Their pride in their organization is immense. Spotless equipment, hat, shirt, breech-clout but of course no trousers, they are a fine-looking lot of men. The young American officer told us that once he found a sentry dozing on his post (of course the sentries are for form only), and he reported it to the sergeant of the guard. The next morning he told the sergeant to put the man to work carrying stone,

but the sergeant after a mament's thought volunteered that the man might carry a little stone, but he doubted it. Investigation showed that the man's comrades had undertaken to show him what they thought of him, and he was in the hospital for three days!

But the greatness of the Ifugao country is in its rice-terraces. You see rice has to be grown under water, which means level ground, but in all the province of Ifugao there is not enough level space to make a tennis court, barring the parade ground at Benawi. But the Ifugaos, perhaps two thousand years ago, built a series of terraces on the sides of every rugged valley, really a system of stone retaining walls, which they filled in and flooded from some spring high up the mountain side. These walls, about eight feet in height, start at the rocky stream at the bottom, and mount perhaps a thousand feet, one above the other. Placed end for end, they could go around the world and back. An elaborate system of irrigation ditches keeps the water at the required level, and then the rice is set out by hand, and watched till it ripens. To duplicate any one of those valleys with the use of cement would be an undertaking that would daunt even the Panama Canal gang! The effect of step above step of stone terrace, each one covered with green rice and in places a peculiar red kind of yucca plant on the edge of the terrace, the red leaves of which are used in all head-taking ceremonials,- the effect is morvelously pretty.

We were very fortunate at finding at Benawi a young American from the Bureau of Science who had lived for eight years among the Ifugaos and was able to tell us a lot about their customs. He told us about the great battle they had in 1901, when all the Igorots from the neighboring tribes formed a league to

clean up the Benawi people, but the latter rallied, collected their allies, and caught the others in the bottom of the valley and fought them till the river ran red, taking 156 heads. You can imagine how my boys sat around open-mouthed hearing of such doings, seeing the men who did the fighting wandering around, and perhaps bargaining for a spear or a head-axe used in that great fight.

When the time came for our return to Baguio, we met a man who turned out a real friend, Ugnayan, an Ifugao chief. He had been planning a trip to Baguio, and he undertook to get our baggage down. The word of an Ifugao is absolutely reliable, and when Ugnayan said that he would get it carried down, we rested easy. He had no easy time keeping his word, for the first night out from Benawi we reached the rest-house late and one of the cargadors fell over the cliff in the dark. His comrades picked him up without any trouble and we did not lose the pack. The next day was a long, hard one; and we did not get the daylight start we should have. A swimming hole tempted us to waste a precious morning hour, and then we got lost taking a supposed short cut, losing another hour. The result was that darkness overtook us on the edge of a cliff, and the rest-house where Ugnayan said he would be that night was nowhere in sight. We had to take a rope from one of the ponies and tie the boys together, for fear they would fall off the trail in the dark. Feeling our way along,- it was pitch dark,- we finally reached the rest-house about nine o'clock, a place well-named "Mun-hoy-hoy", which means "Pig Wind". It was litterly cold there and we were without food or blankets, for the cargadors were far behind. They said they would get in though,

and they did, at half past eleven that night. How they came along the edge of that cliff in the dark with those heavy packs, one of them gone so lame he could hardly walk, is more than I know.

From Mun-hoy-hoy we dropped down a long slope for four hours, finding a good stream at the bottom for a swim, and then after lunch we climbed the ridge on the other side, finding ourselves back on the Mountain Trail, up which we had come. Another day brought us back to Haight's place, and the biscuits and wild honey. From Haight's it is 35 miles to Baguio, but we were so fit by that time that of course we wanted to do it in a day. Some walk that, and some of my boys were not ten years old! The ones sixteen and eighteen of course can take care of themselves, but one has to watch the younger ones, for they would die rather than ask to ride a horse! We rose early, breakfasted at 4.30, and were out on the trail just as soon as it was light enough to see. It was cold that morning too, even though we were just a few degrees north of the equator. I remember seeing ice on a little stream we crossed, while all Haight's meadows were white with frost. And so we kept steadily at it, walking our three and a half per hour, and if you could have seen that crowd swinging up the road to the School, singing 'John Brown's Body', with the Igorot spears glistening in the setting sun, you never would have supposed that they had walked 35 miles in one day,- total tramp of 285 miles in fourteen days! We were as hard as several varieties of nails!

There, it has made me homesick for the trail to be writing about it again! I shall be out on it though tomorrow, going up north with the Bishop to spend our school vacation

working at our Bontok mission station. It is not so much fun going up the trail in the rainy season. Half the fun of going in March is that rain is hardly a possibility; while now we can expect it every day. Still I shall enjoy it, and being with the Bishop makes all weather sunshiny.

Greet all Merryweathers for me, please, from the Skipper to Andrew. Tell the latter that I should like to have a good black bass chowder again before I die! "First call for seventh milk, second call...." can anyone say it now?

And finally, my dear good Lady, please do not think too badly of me if my letters are so very far between! Every year I get a new crop of boys, and the old crop wander off, so that I must write to them! If you don't hear from me, it is not because I have forgotten you and Merryweather; for I know that I couldn't get Merryweather out of my system if I tried!

Yours as ever,

Der Herr!

Alias Professor Doughnut Actor.

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